ELBERT HUBBARD AND ELBERT HUBBARD II

MODERN BUSINESS

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SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a MEMORIAL EDITION

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LEATHER WORKER

The American Business Philosophy

SO this, then, is an essay on The American Business Philosophy.

The American Business Philosophy is founded on the Science of Economics.

Just here, in order that we may speak a common language a few definitions are in order. Economics is the Science of the production, distribution and use of wealth.

Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact—or, as Herbert Spencer expressed it, " Science is the classified common knowledge of the common people."

All that which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on dogmatic statement, or read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible.

All practical businessmen are scientists.

Business is a vocation.

Philosophy is—or should be—an avocation. To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love and religion is to degrade and lose them.

Religion is philosophy touched with emotion.

Philosophy is your highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny

A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff. It then becomes superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Science is definite, accurate, organized knowledge concerning the things that make up our environment.

Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of wisdom that eventually flows from science. Or, if you please, philosophy is the explanation of science—a projection from science.

Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising, salesmanship, are all variants of business.

Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration. Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements of science.

Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. It never is or never was scientific, not being derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from books or the hearsay words of men long dead

Theology is voodooism; in matters of importance it is in the class with alchemy, astrology, palmistry, augury and allopath medicine

Science is understood, theology believed.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another.

Superstition is scrambled science, or religious omelet, flavored with fear.

Organized religion, being founded on superstition, is, perforce, not scientific. And all that which is not scientific—that is, truthful—must be bolstered by force, fear and falsehood. Thus we always find slavery and organized religion going hand in hand

Behind every great church in feudal times was a bastile. Priests needed prisons for doubting disbelievers, for only truth is a sufficient shield. And although religion as a police system is much vaunted, a genuine and tangible police system is always needed to back up the other.

John Calvin, when he ran his Reign of God, filled the prisons of Geneva so full that he was compelled to have block and broad ax, fagots and stake, scaffold and hangman, all working time and a third to relieve the pressure on his prison-walls.

Organized religion is never abandoned, because property-holders, like Democratic officeholders, seldom die and never resign. A

religious organization soon ceases to be religious; and finds its final form as an exclusive Social Club, with the clergyman as a social promoter.

Business, to be successful, must be based on science, for demand and supply are matters of mathematics, not guesswork.

Civilization turns on organization. And organization, in order to be of any value, must be scientific.

Economics is a new science. History does not show a single instance of its existence in the days of Greece and Rome. They had simple mathematics, but not complex. Fractions, percentages, statistics, averages were beyond them. The blueprint, even for humorists, was unguessed. Philosophy was speculation; business was barter. Since then, up to within ten years ago, the problem of how man could save his soul has been uppermost. This world has been neglected in the endeavor to gain another.

When the Science of Economics is finally formulated it will be expressed first in America. In America all the nations meet and blend. Here the factors, elements and categories of Economics are to be found.

Here we have one language, and no more, and this is necessary for the expression of a new science. The first endeavor to found Economics as a science was the work of Adam Smith.

And when Thomas Henry Buckle said that Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* had influenced the world for good more than any other book ever written, save none, he stated truth.

Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music will and do.

An Indian baby taken to New England and adopted into a Massachusetts family will grow up the proud possessor of all the Yankee prejudices and peccadillos.

Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx all wrote on Economics, but none was an Economist. Each based his logic largely on presumption, assumption and hypothesis. If this happens, then that will occur.

They were Political Economists—they pursued Economics as a policy, not as truth. They loved love, not the lady. They were students of Economics, and their work was not grounded in Science. Since the days of Smith, Mill and Marx we have had many students of Economics.

But the world has not yet produced an Economist. To be an Economist, a man must first be a Scientist. He must be both a man of action, and one who knows why he acts. He must work and he must contemplate his work. He must act and he must think

A Scientist is a man who has done the thing—who has seen and knows. Then from his positive knowledge springs his Philosophy. And the Philosophy of a businessman, analyzed, explained and formulated, would constitute a Science of Economics.

The world has many students of Socialism, but it has not yet produced a Socialist, for Socialism has yet to be advanced from where Karl Marx carried it. And Marx himself called it a " Garret Philosophy."

All our good friends who call themselves Socialists are fed, clothed and sheltered by the present social order.

Socialism is a " Garret Philosophy," not a science, because it has never been tested. It has not advanced from conjecture and presumption into the world of fact.

It can not either be proved or disproved, because it has not been tried. It is a belief—a faith—a gospel of hope—a Dream of John Ball. Whether it rings true to psychology and economics is a guess. An indictment of the present order is not an argument. Things can be imagined that are worse than the present order in America—look at Odessa!

Socialism may be true, but it lingers yet in the region of the rainbow ❧ ❧

The American Philosophy will be formulated by Scientists—by Businessmen who have succeeded. Thackeray's lawyer in the Debtors' Prison, who was working out a new financial policy for the Nation, was not a Scientist. His knowledge was academic and his scheme conjectural. Science was outside his orbit. He lacked experience. He had feelings, but not facts. He did not have enough cosmic mortar to construct an arch.

Emotionalism, charity, altruism, optimism are not science, and they may be hysteria.

When I speak of success I do not mean it in the sordid sense. A successful man is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation.

The result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an Orthodox canoe.

To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow.

The rock upon which the civilizations of Egypt, Greece and Rome split and went down to their death was ignorance and indifference to economics.

They went bankrupt—were insolvent—and a receiver took charge. And you know what that means!

The average limb of the law looks upon a failing concern with the same eager interest that a wolf on the plains regards a sick cow.

The cornerstone of the great nations that have lived their day and died the death was law. Lawyers ruled. And behind the lawyers there was the army. And side by side with the lawyer strode the priest—indeed, the priestly office and the legal were usually one.

Conquest and exploitation were the only ways known of acquiring wealth. Monarchism and slavery always go together.

Democracy and freedom are synonymous. Freedom symbols truth, for only free men can speak truth.

A lie is the defense of the weak; so untruth and slavery are twins.

The only man who is free is the one who has everything and wants nothing. To such a one, truth is the most natural thing in the world

A tyrant is a slave disguised in purple. Or, as Emerson expressed it, " Chains have two ends, one is attached to the slave and the other to the wrist of the owner."

Only a government founded on the consent of the governed can be called a " free government."

Said Lincoln, " A government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

This was scientific truth, for any other government is founded on the shifting sands, since at the last the people always really feed, clothe, house and maintain the government.

Political parties, where the leaders are not animated by high and holy ideals, are masked monarchies waiting for a swoop.

A government of the boss, by the boss and for the boss is a monarchy

A government of the bunch, by the bunch and for the bunch is a tyranny—call it what you will.

Legal exploitation is polite loot; and acquisition by political conquest is the method of Alexander the Great, carefully whitewashed by Tom Sawyer and his friends.

Up to the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six the business world was tainted by trickery in trade. The methods of booth and bazaar were everywhere practised. Business was barter, and he who could cheat and not get caught was accounted clever. On the customs of the time there was no copyright. They were a takeover from monarchical days.

But a new ethic has arrived. Within ten years' time the thought has gone through the entire business fabric that to cheat and not get caught is really a worse calamity than to get caught.

To be caught means that some one has applied the brake and you are given pause.

Not to get caught means that you are headed for the precipice on the high clutch and down grade.

To cheat another is to cheat yourself.

Theology did not teach us this, for precept and preaching never touch our lives. We shed them.

We are moved in only one way, and that is by self-interest. Cut off our food-supply and we are no longer apathetic.

And self-interest is a form of selfishness; it is the desire for life. It is the instinct of self-preservation in action.

It is all a matter of mental growth, evolution.

The discovery of truth as our most valuable business asset is the one great achievement of the age in which we live. For truth there is no substitute, and this discovery was made by businessmen. Honesty as a working policy was first put forth by Benjamin Franklin; and his remark was regarded as a pleasantry until yesterday ❧ ❧

The clergy have not yet adopted it; the doctors are considering it, and the lawyers have n't heard of it.

However, all these will finally adopt it, as a last resort, as a means of self-preservation.

Economics based on falsehood leads to dissolution. Falsehood is a polite form of conquest. The lie is exploitation.

The preacher has diverted us while the lawyer picked our pocket; the doctor gives you ether and accomplishes the same result. Egypt, Rome and Greece lived on their slaves and outlying colonies. Slave labor is the most expensive kind. In time the land is exhausted, and the slaves die.

But before this happened to the capitals that were, the aristocrats

who wasted, destroyed and consumed had gotten nervous debility, and were impotent, also impudent.

Then they died and the barbarian overran the land.

A wise Economist—and America has many—could have figured out exactly how long Babylon and Nineveh would have lasted.

None of these ancient civilizations produced economists. They had soothsayers, priests, lawyers, poets, artists, clowns, dramatists, orators, rhetoricians, singers, philosophers. And most of all they had guzzlers and gourmands.

But they had no scientists, and their philosophy being based on augury, dreams, theology and fear, was futile and fallacious. A philosophy that is not founded on science is false in theory and base in practice.

Modern business betters human environment. It means gardens, flowers, fruits, vegetables; it means quick, safe and cheap transportation of people, commodities and messages; it means books, maps, furniture, pictures, playgrounds, pure water, perfect sewerage, fresh air, sunshine, health, happiness, hope, light and love—because business gives opportunities for all to work, earn, grow and become.

Business consists in the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Through this exercise of our faculties we educe the best that is in us; in other words, we get an education.

Inasmuch as business supplies the necessities of life, it is impossible to have a highly evolved and noble race except where there is a science of business.

Business is human service.

Therefore, business is essentially a divine calling.

Once men believed religion to be the chief concern of mortals here below.

Other men have thought that killing is the chief concern of mortals here below.

Gladstone once said, " Only two avenues of honor are open to young men in England—the army and the church."

This has been the prevailing opinion of the world for nearly two thousand years, and is the one reason why the Dark Ages were dark. During those years of night the fighting man was supreme. It was a long panic, and human evolution was blocked through fear. The race crawled, crept, hid, dodged, secreted, lied and nearly died.

We now say that the Science of Economics, or Business, is the chief concern of humanity. Business is intelligent, useful activity. The word " busy-ness " was coined during the time of Chaucer by certain soldier-aristocrats, men of the leisure class, who prided themselves upon the fact that they did no useful thing. Men of power prove their prowess by holding slaves, and these slaves did all the work. To be idle showed that one was not a slave. But this word " business," first flung in contempt, like Puritan, Methodist and Quaker, has now become a thing of which to be proud. Idleness is the disgrace, not busy-ness.

The world can be redeemed only through business; for business means betterment, and no business can now succeed that does not add to human happiness.

In Wisconsin I saw a palace in a park, clear back in the country. It was a general store, where everything was sold that people use and need. This store had rest-rooms, bathrooms, lunchrooms, a library and an art-gallery. It was simply a store for farmers and their families. The owner ministers to human needs, and he is making money. He is helping himself by helping others. In all the great cities are stores and factories that are radiating centers of beauty, education and industry, where the welfare of employees and of the public is carefully considered by men of power

That errors and inequalities exist in business is very true; but, they must and can be righted without destroying the business

fabric. Just here are required men with great insight, patience, poise and love of kind. Fanatics and reformers with a Gospel of Despair should be shunned.

He who makes war on business removes the roof from homes, takes the bread from mouths, leaves human bodies naked to the storm—replaces confidence with fear, hope with dread, love with hate and robs men of their right to work.

It is a great thing to maintain a Payroll! If in the last two thousand years men had devoted one-half as much time to this world as to another, one-half as much time to business as they have to war, this earth would now be a paradise, peopled with a noble, happy, self-sufficient race, proof against panic. A panic is just a little cross-section of the Dark Ages. Make it permanent and you have the Dark Ages, indeed.

The world has had enough of war. War opens destruction, waste, violence, disease, desolation, poverty and death. War arises from an ignorance of Economics.

We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business. We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did those earlier civilizations.

¶ Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards business enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as " educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition—all that dissipates and destroys.

The day is dawning!

A Question of Equity

I wish the wheels inside my head
Went 'round the other way;
Then I 'd begin my alphabet
With Z and end with A.

VERY important question in equity, never before passed upon by any court law, has recently been adjudicated by the New York Court of Appeals. The question relates to the right of a passenger on a railway train to hold a seat for his exclusive use and benefit, by placing baggage or other goods therein.

It seems that the Plaintiff, one Gould, left a " grip," one umbrella and two newspapers in a seat on a car of a corporation duly authorized and licensed as a Common Carrier, and known to wit as the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Plaintiff went into a car known as the smoking car, fully confident and with firm faith that he had a right so to do and fully believing that no one would trespass upon his seat or tamper with his property which consisted of: (a) one grip, (b) one umbrella, (c) two newspapers, all of which were left in a seat in the car familiarly known and called " the ladies' car."

Returning after a reasonable length of time, Plaintiff found Defendant, one Keene, sitting in his seat. Said Defendant had placed the grip on the floor, the two newspapers in a rack over head, and the umbrella in a corner.

Plaintiff explained to Defendant that he had trespassed and must vacate the premises. Defendant demurred. Trainmen called in, but the Conductor declined to act.

Whereat Plaintiff then proceeded to enforce what he believed were his rights, and forcibly eject Defendant.

Result: Defendant snatched off Plaintiff's necktie and took with it Plaintiff's shirt bosom. Then Defendant did hammer Plaintiff violently with Plaintiff's umbrella. Defendant chucked Plaintiff's " derby " out of car window, and followed up action by throwing out also the grip, (Exhibit A), the two newspapers (Exhibit B), one umbrella (Exhibit C), which action was argued by plaintiff's attorney to be inelegant, immodest, irrelevant, indecent, immoral, improper and uncalled for.

There was considerable testimony, more or less conflicting, on minor points. One of which was whether Plaintiff Gould began attempt at eviction by tweaking Defendant Keene's nose. But in the main the facts were admitted to be as hereinbefore mentioned and set forth.

The lower court held (1) that the New York Central R. R. is a duly authorized Common Carrier and as such is empowered to transport passengers and their baggage.

(2) Passengers are carried in cars or coaches and baggage in baggage cars.

(3) Baggage should be given over into the keeping of the Railway Company's servants or agents and not be carried into passenger cars. The railway company only grants, through courtesy, the privilege to a passenger of carrying baggage into a car or coach.

(4) If placing goods in seats secures the seat, how much and what quality of goods secures a seat? Would an umbrella, a lead pencil, a newspaper, a tooth-pick, or a bent pin be sufficient to warn off intruders?

(5) Held that these questions in paragraph No. 4 are all irrelevant, for seats are for passengers to " set " in, and are not provided as receptacles for goods, or baggage of any sort.

(6) Defendant paid for one seat and could not reasonably expect to occupy one in the smoker and one in the " ladies' coach." And even if he paid for two he could not hold them to the exclu-

sion of a passenger who had no seat. See Par. 225,681, Davies vs. Chandler—Warner, Judge, 37 State Rep., 481. No man in a sleeping car can pay for two berths and hold them if another passenger desires one and there are no vacant berths.

(7) Plaintiff had no right to cumber a seat with two newspapers, one umbrella and a grip. When he went into the smoking car "to see a man" it was his duty to take his goods and chattels with him. And he had no more right to go back and evict Defendant than if he had not left his goods there. A grip, one umbrella and two newspapers in a seat gave no right or privilege to tweak Defendant's nose.

(8) Defendant was at fault in chucking Plaintiff's goods and chattels out of car window, but the overt act was done under great stress to emotion, more or less evoked and provoked by Plaintiff. Action for damages can only be maintained for actual loss and in a separate suit. The prayer for damages to Plaintiff on account of injury to feelings in being deprived of seat can not be considered. Railroad Company exonerated from all blame. The Court of Appeals has just handed down a decision confirming the opinion of the lower court, and making plain these points.

(A) Seats in a passenger coach are for passengers to sit in.

(B) Seats are not for goods, chattels or baggage.

(C) Seats containing baggage are, in the eyes of the law, vacant.

Three-Cent Fares

THE city of Edmonton, Canada, has a street-railway system that is municipally owned. ¶ When bonds were voted six years ago to construct the system, it was on the express agreement with the taxpayers that fares should be three cents, and no more.

And now after several years' trial there is a goodly deficit, which the city is called upon to face.

In truth, there has been a deficit every year since the line began to operate, but the city administration has been hoping against hope that "the tide would turn" and eventually the system be on a self-supporting basis.

Now a frank statement of the situation has been put up to the taxpayers by the city auditor, and a committee of citizens delegated to investigate and report.

The report includes the interesting statement that the railway paid no city taxes, and was run on a most conservative and economical basis, by skilled operators hired in "The States."

As an apology for the failure of the three-cent fare the committee says, "If nothing but actual transportation were involved, a three-cent fare might be considered ample payment for the service rendered; but we find there is a constant deterioration in equipment, losses through theft, damage-suits, accidents by snow and storms, expense of conveniences at terminals demanded by the public, few of which items the original projectors anticipated."

One other source of loss was the fact that property-owners insisted that lines should be maintained in sparsely settled districts "in order to settle them, because if the cars do not reach these districts the people will not build."

There is a strong sentiment on the part of many taxpayers in

Edmonton that the system shall be sold to a private corporation, to be run on a five-cent-fare basis with six tickets for a quarter. In any event, if the city continues to operate the property, it must be on a five-cent fare. The whole proposition is to be put up to the people to be voted on at a special election.

The three-cent-fare microbe was first evolved in the fertile brain of that very able man, Tom Johnson.

Tom made a fortune of several million dollars by promoting and building street-railway properties.

However, he never made any money operating them. As fast as he built he sold out and got from under.

He was elected Mayor of Cleveland on a three-cent slogan. As an expert in street-railroads he declared a three-cent fare was enough, and beyond this was robbery.

His action in this respect was not unlike that great and good ironmonger who maintained a high-tariff lobby until he sold out his iron interests, when he came out in favor of free trade.

¶ In Tom Johnson's nature was a mixture of motives—just as there is in all of us.

Tom switched his ambition from promotion to politics. And all the shrewdness that he had brought to bear in the one he put in the other.

Three-cent fare as a party platform was a great idea—it caught the proletariat.

It was the old, old story of something for nothing. The voters liked the idea, and Tom also succeeded in convincing himself of the righteousness of it. He bit at his own bait. Then he roamed the world for reasons.

Tom was very fond of saying that in London the bus-fare is two cents—otherwise an English penny. But the use of this argument proves the old adage that the devil can quote Scripture for his purposes. All falsehood has in it a basis of truth; otherwise it would not be listened to at all.

It is a fact that the bus-fares in London are a penny, but there are no transfers given with these penny fares, and moreover the distance you can ride for a penny is strictly limited. Usually it is under half a mile. You ride from one certain spot to another; for instance, from the Bank to Charing Cross, or from the Miter Tavern to Golden Lion, and then another fare is collected. In riding from Convent Garden to Hammersmith, a distance of six miles, I noticed that seven fares are collected.

So when we compare bus-fares in London with trolley-fares in America, we should make the explanation that the five-cent fare means transfers and often a ride of three or four miles or more; and that London buses run in thickly populated districts only.

¶ The congested condition of the streets in London throws a great deal of traffic into the buses. Even if a man is going only a couple of squares, rather than push, wriggle and fight his way through the crowd, he will patronize the bus.

It is the belief of experienced and unprejudiced men that a three-cent fare is not feasible save in a highly congested district where the cars run full and the passenger is carried only a few blocks.

¶ A universal three-cent fare would spell bankruptcy and sure deterioration of the service. Perhaps the most efficient street-car system in America is to be found in Los Angeles. This system has steel cars, extra heavy rails, and gives the public a service that is equaled by very few systems in any city in the round world

The fare is five cents, with six tickets for a quarter. The business done is big, but all the profits above bare expenses go back into the upkeep and the equipment. The prosperity of Los Angeles owes a big debt of gratitude for her splendid system of transportation

The scrap-heap plays a big part in modern railroading. New inventions, new safety-appliances, better terminals, are constantly coming to the front. And every improvement must be put in

that the advancing and progressive ideas of the times demand. ¶ To put our railways on a bread-and-milk diet in the interests of the low cost of living is a great mistake. It all comes out of the ultimate consumer at the last. The public has to pay the bill, just as today the taxpayers of Edmonton are called upon to foot a deficit.

We can not fool calves by giving them whitewash instead of milk ❧ ❧

Any business that is depressed, suppressed and submerged until it is hanging on by the eyebrows spreads a depressing effect on the entire community. Run-down equipment, unpainted cars, shabby interiors, flat wheels, what the railroadmen call " Harry Thaws "—that is, loose nuts—these things all re-act to the disadvantage of every businessman in town. Cheap men, cheap equipment and cheap service all tend to put a town to the bad. A street-railway system has got to be kept right up to date. The whole thing should be smart, and have a look of prosperity and well-being if the town is going to prosper and go ahead. Visitors judge a town, first by its lights, or absence of them, next by its transportation facilities.

A three-cent fare has only one genuine positive use—and that is to nurse along a political boomlet.

Greece started on her downfall when she began to give the voters something for nothing.

A pension was devised for every citizen, under the specious argument that a man must be paid for jury duty and was liable to be called upon at any time.

This of course was very pleasing, but it pauperized the citizens, evolving a race of Weary Willies.

Rome did the same thing over again with free shows, spectacles, pageants, and finally with free bread.

To decrease the cost of living is not primarily the desirable thing. The first thing is to have an efficient and sufficient buying power.

A community is made up of a great number of individual units. We are molecules in the mass. There is no such thing as success for a few. We are all bound together. Where one prospers all prosper. Where one enjoys all enjoy. And the best item of wisdom in a municipal creed is this: ***Let the Public Utilities be run on a prosperous, paying basis.***

This does not for a moment mean that they must be extravagant, careless or indifferent. Eternal vigilance must be the rule. Unending industry must ever prevail, and economy should never relax.

But we must not kill initiative, invention and originality, and stifle animation and ambition by demanding a service at a price which means a loss for the public servant.

There is no such thing in economics as something for nothing. ¶ The voter who is caught by the cheap slogan of free bread, free trade, free rides, free entertainments or three-cent fares, is not wise in his day and generation, and the best of it all is the fact that voters everywhere are now becoming alive to the truth of this dictum—something for nothing leaves nothing.

For twenty years the city of Cleveland was split up by political feuds, dissensions, cliques, and diverted from legitimate business by this bogus cry that the workingman was being exploited through being obliged to pay five cents instead of three for a ride on the street-cars.

The service ran down. Business of every kind suffered, and instead of standing together for a common cause and fighting the demons of inertia, stupidity, ignorance and idleness, the town seesawed, wrangled, jangled, masticated the textiles and fletcherized the lint—aided by a couple of degenerate newspapers that thrived through sensation, scandal and handmade prevarications. One of the big businessmen of Cleveland recently said to me that the loss to Cleveland through the Tom Johnson administration was incomputable.

Scrapping is unproductive activity and leads to Limbus and Davy Jones' Locker.

Tom finally bankrupted himself, and in the operation he absorbed the savings of a great number of very excellent and worthy people who had placed confidence in him.

That Tom had an earnest desire to help the workingman there is no doubt, but he also had in this heart an overweaning ambition to be Governor of Ohio, and to him Ohio was the mother of Presidents ❧ ❧

President Grant was born in Ohio. And Garfield, Hayes and McKinley were Ohio products. Political ambition was the base of the three-cent-fare bacterium. The bug was founded on the idea that something for nothing is a good bait for catching bullheads. No longer do we bribe voters with actual money, but the day is far distant when we will cease to promise them something which no political party can fulfill.

Tom would have scorned to give a man two dollars for his vote, but he did not hesitate to make promises he could never make good, just as he guaranteed the deposits in his bank and then left the faithful floundering in the mulligatawney.

Shakespeare puts it this way: " In law, what pleas so tainted and corrupt, but, being seasoned with a gracious voice, obscures the show of evil? In religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text, hiding the grossness with fair ornament ? "

It is good to know that voters everywhere in America are giving absent treatment to the screaming Scripps; and that the politician who offers perpetual taffy on a stick to all who listen to wily promises, is going to be deposited deep in the rag-bag of time.

Oral Righteousness

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON once stood on a certain street-corner in Lichfield, bareheaded, in the rain, as penance for having spoken unkindly to an old market-woman, on the same spot, twenty-five years before.

This did n't bring back the rude words; and if the old market-woman were alive, let us hope she had forgotten them ❧ ❧

But the recollection of the fault remained with Old Ursa Major, and it was a relief to him to know that he had done the only thing he could, and that was to make public acknowledgement of his guilt.

Only a few weeks ago there was published in a New York paper an article written by one of the world's great artists, wherein this man made public confession of having for twenty years passed the citrus fruit to everybody within reach. He says that the grouch became chronic with him, and the growl and the groan leaped easily to his lips.

Doctor Johnson, seemingly, would have had the world think his unkindness to the old market-woman was an exceptional circumstance. But the New York artist puts the case plainly and says: " For twenty years I have been peevish, irascible, unreasonable. Also, I have been only about fifty per cent efficient."

¶ He then goes on to state the cause of his grouch. It seems it was due to inability to masticate his food properly, because of a lack of molars. This threw too much work on his stomach and liver and made his life a continuous nightmare.

The trouble was of long standing, but a skillful dentist was able to give relief to the grouchy artist, and thus the grouch was exorcised, kiboshed and skidooed.

And now comes the artist, makes public confession of his sins,

and lays it all to the bad condition of his teeth, which he had in ignorance and carelessness overlooked. He promises not to repeat the offense, and to devote himself hereafter to his art in a way he was never able to do before.

Also, he speaks well of dentistry, and says he will pay more attention to his teeth in future, especially to his grinders.

Through a bad oral condition this man's efficiency was reduced to about fifty per cent, when it should have been ninety-five per cent good.

The case of the grouchy artist is not a rare one, as physicians generally agree that many diseases begin in the mouth, especially diseases of the stomach, kidneys and liver.

The first rule of health, therefore, is to have a good mouth and know how to keep it so.

If we lived out of doors, ate parched corn, and drank nothing but water, our teeth would take care of themselves, and a healthy mouth would not be the exception.

All disease manifests itself in the mouth. The tongue is a telltale, even when it does not talk. The gums indicate the condition of the circulation.

The breath is an advertisement of what the man is.

An unclean mouth means thoughts to match.

The liar and cheat usually has a dirty mouth.

Truth-telling people are not fevered. Also, they prize cleanliness, for cleanliness is not only next to godliness—it is godliness.

¶ If you have a clean mouth, you can put fear and hate and prejudice on the slide to Limbus.

If we can not be pure, let us at least be sanitary. Man was made to be well, and he should be no more aware of his teeth than of his conscience. Anything that disturbs or diverts the mind absorbs energy, and thus takes so much out of life.

We do business on a mighty small balance of energy. It takes considerable power to keep our bodily machines running. Just

to keep alive and in motion consumes a lot of vitality. To do big work in the world—in the way of running a business, mastering a profession, or surmounting the every-day difficulties of life—requires all the available energy you can muster. And yet most men take better care of their clothes than they do of their teeth. Will we ever evolve a race of men who will care for their bodies as well as they do for their automobiles?

I think so. The time is coming, and fast, too.

Within the last twenty years the insurance companies have added six years to our lives. That is, the average length of human existence has been increased that much.

Men are living longer and they are living better. And now comes the greatest of all aids to good living and long life, in the line of oral righteousness.

In the Marion School, at Cleveland, Ohio, were recently worked out some statistics on the subject of mouth hygiene that are rather startling.

This school is in the congested section of the city. Most of the children are born of poor parents. Many of them are foreigners. Their homes are poorly lighted and poorly ventilated. The children are sometimes overfed, but usually underfed. Many of them are under-loved.

By permission of the Cleveland Board of Education, ten dentists, with their assistants, examined eight hundred forty-six children in this school.

Out of that number, only three were found whose oral conditions were perfect.

Decay, abscesses, cavities, mal-occlusions, filth, and a general bad condition of the mouth prevailed. Forty of the worst cases were selected for experiment. Several of these were mentally deficient; several others were incorrigibles, and had been placed in an ungraded room.

These forty children were assembled, and the proposed experi-

ment was explained to them in the simplest possible language. They were told over and over again as to the value of having good teeth and a clean mouth, and they were urged to co-operate with the dentist.

They were sent home to explain the matter and get the consent of their parents, with the understanding that their teeth were to be put in perfect condition free of charge if they would follow instructions.

They were given toothbrushes and dentifrice, and were shown how to use them. Moreover, they were promised a Five-Dollar gold piece at Christmastime if they lived up faithfully to the requirements ❧ ❧

At the end of three days, after talking the matter over with their parents, five children dropped out.

The remaining thirty-five agreed to follow the plan laid down. ¶ Twice every day the subject of having a good mouth and clean, perfect teeth was discussed.

Lessons were given in mastication and in the importance of eating slowly and chewing the food perfectly. Teeth were for use, and food must be prepared in the mouth. Otherwise, it would not be digested properly, and would not be used to build up tissue.

Certain tests were prepared in the way of memory, perception, accuracy of association, differentiation of ideas, rapid calculation. ¶ At the end of a year, twenty-seven children had followed this course to the end.

The amount these children had gained mentally and physically was away beyond that of any of the other pupils in the school. ¶ Moreover, they all showed a marked degree of self-respect and obedience; truancy and incorrigibility had disappeared.

In one year every one of these children had accomplished as much as most of the other children accomplish in two years. ¶ The lesson of the Marion School is well worth the attention

of the whole world. It was so startling that similar experiments have been carried out, and are still being carried out, in other schools, with similar results.

The Marion School experiment demonstrates that the value of oral righteousness can not be overestimated. It demonstrates that diseases of the body and of the mind come directly from a bad condition of the teeth. By putting the teeth in proper condition the whole human body is strengthened, benefited and uplifted, and enabled to do its work better. Moreover, a man's happiness and usefulness turn largely on the condition of his teeth. Bad teeth will take the edge off any man's genius and reduce him to dull and deadly mediocrity, in short order.

Dentistry is a new science. It has come into being along with electricity, the internal-explosive engine, the long-distance telephone and wireless telegraphy.

It is a science that is not fully evolved, but is still in process of evolution. Any dentist who practises now according to the methods laid down ten years ago is a has-been.

Dentistry has grown until it embraces six distinct branches, each requiring a different kind of skill.

No dentist was ever born who possessed equal skill in all the six branches of dentistry, or who could keep his skill in any one branch up to the highest mark unless he made a specialty of it

The old-time dentist confined himself to the simple proposition of pulling and filling teeth and making artificial teeth. Then crown-work came along, requiring a more artistic eye and touch.

Next came bridge-work, demanding a metallurgist's knowledge of gold, and a jeweler's skill with the blowpipe.

After that came inlay-work, both porcelain and gold.

Then came orthodontia (the science of straightening teeth in the jaw); pressure anesthesia, high-pressure anesthesia; the

Buckley methods of treating the roots of teeth, and a new way of treating pyorrhea alveolaris, or Rigg's disease.

Thirty years ago the barber's chair and the dentist's chair were indentical in construction. One chair was bought for either or both purposes.

The modern dentist's chair is a barber's chair with a college education ❧ ❧

Today we live in an age of specialists. One man may know in a theoretical way the various departments and branches of dentistry, but when it comes to doing the work and doing it well, no one but a specialist can fill the bill.

Something more than knowledge is necessary in dentistry. There must also be digital skill.

It is one thing to write music, and another thing to produce it. ¶ Richard Wagner was a great composer, but he was not a pianist; and when he wanted to hear his productions played superbly, he had to call on his old friend Liszt. Music was in his head, but he could not get it out with his fingers.

I am a printer and a bookbinder, but instead of working all day at the case or bench I employ a hundred capable men to do things for me, and the real fact is they do the work better than I can—better than any one man can.

A businessman may understand every department and branch of an intricate business, but he succeeds only by employing specialists in each of these departments.

The finest department store in New York has one hundred sixteen separate departments, each of which is managed by a specialist in his particular line.

The general manager of the store may have a theoretic knowledge of all branches, but he leaves the details to specialists.

Any man today who succeeds beyond the average is one who knows the secret of getting specialists to do his work.

On the other hand, there are men, skilled in various lines of

human endeavor, who have n't the ability to manage a business. Business responsibility subdues them. The risk, the danger of failure, the worry of management, are constantly before them. ¶ These men must be economically free; and being free they naturally choose the line of work they can do best, and specialize. Then they gradually evolve the peculiar and delicate skill in manipulation which only specialists acquire.

In short, as the specialist has come in every other line of human endeavor, so now he has come in dentistry.

Only, dentistry being a new art, dental specialists are as yet exceptional ❧ ❧

A dentist's success is due to a number of things: science, cleanliness, order, honesty, kindness and sympathy. But the two most important things are specialization and painlessness.

Anesthetics were formerly used in dentistry, the same as in surgery, to make operations easy.

In fact, it was a dentist—Doctor Morton of Boston—who first discovered the principle of anesthesia and used it in extracting a tooth.

The principle of Doctor Morton's discovery was to deaden the entire nervous system of the individual, so that pain could not be felt in any part of the body.The patient could be operated on at any point or place in his physical cosmos without feeling it. ¶ As is well known, Doctor Morton's discovery revolutionized surgery. But now it is a back number.

The modern dentist has special local treatments that do away with pain in the particular spot only on which he operates, and affect no other part of the body. As the part operated on is small, and involves such a minute portion of the human anatomy, no interruption of general bodily comfort is experienced. The patient is never put to sleep and does not lose possession of any of his faculties in the least degree. Moreover, there is not the slightest risk.

It ought to be said, however, that much of the pain in dental work is the fault of the dentist. The average dentist, like the average man, is unsympathetic. His mind is riveted on getting the job done. He wants to earn his money as quickly as he can, and he has n't the imagination or the sympathy necessary to put himself in the place of the patient.

Now, sympathy is the first requisite of a good dentist, because from it come patience, gentleness and carefulness.

Of course, he must have skill—the ability to do a thing well and do it quickly. But not too quickly. If a dentist has sympathy and skill, many delicate operations in dentistry can be performed without the use of an obtunder.

" Obtund " in the old dictionaries meant to pound into a state of insensibility.

The word " obtund " now, however, has a new use and a new meaning. It means to cause the local nerves to throw up their job—to sleep. Sensation for the time being is done away with, and the operation goes merrily on without a trace of painful sensation

The assumption that all advertising is charlatanry goes back fifty years or more, when the makers of nostrums discovered that by the use of space in newspapers the public could be exploited. Business then was mostly on a basis of barter. The legal maxim, *Caveat Emptor*—" Let the buyer beware "—mirrored the times.

Legitimate advertising was limited to bare announcements. A. T. Stewart's first advertisement read as follows: " The public is invited to inspect some Irish linens at the store of A. T. Stewart." That was all.

To use a page was regarded as vulgar, brazen, bold and suspicious.

¶ Not until the days of John Wanamaker and R. H. Macy did the drygoods trade dare to tell what it had and describe its fabrics

And then it was done on a new basis; to wit: you had to have the thing you advertised.

Here was a brand-new proposition—the idea of honesty and reciprocity in business.

It was long before this that the medical societies adopted their rules against advertising. These rules have never been changed to conform to the times, as have the rules regarding advertising in every other line.

Dental societies were founded on the lines of the medical societies and sprang out of them. Their rules regarding advertising are the same as the rules of the medical societies.

They are both out of date.

The ethical code of the dental societies is a straight lift from the gentlemen who call themselves "Regulars." That code is a relic of the Dark Ages. The ethics of all business have changed, and now approve of honest advertising.

The ethics of dentistry and of medicine should do likewise. They will a little later.

Let the dental societies come out of their comatose state. To advertise is no longer immoral. Even the churches are doing it. In April, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the Men and Religion Forward Movement used up more newspaper space than was ever paid for in all the history of the world before by churches. And recently in Dallas, Texas, every pulpit in the city was filled by leading men in the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, who delivered lay sermons on the moral influence of advertising. Advertising has come to stay, and in the most ethical circles. Let the dental societies and the medical societies sit up and take notice.

The association of men for mutual study and social interchange is beautiful, but an association that formulates a code of false ethics is outrageous. There are enough actual sins without adding imaginary ones.

The error lies in the assumption that all advertisers are unable to make good their promises. But the man who advertises now can not afford to misstate. He must make good.

If you don't tell people what you are able to do, you may not have the opportunity to do anything.

If you don't advertise, you may become a sluggard. and what does the proverb say about sluggards?

If idleness is a crime, it is not a crime to be idle through failure to let people know you can work?

He who imagines that modern advertising is not good ethics and good morals as well as good business is a bicuspidati diplidoccus, and ought to come out of his comatose state and curry-comb his convolutions.

It is easier to be taught than to attain. It is easier to accept than to investigate.

It is easier to follow than to lead.

Yet we are all heir to peculiar and individual talents, and a few men are not content to follow.

These have frequently been killed, and suddenly. Today the cry is, " Make room for individuality."

Yet your " ethical " dentist or doctor harks back to a day that is dead, and cries " Anathema " at the man who infuses his own God-given individuality into his business.

Some men can only do their best amid the buzz of industry, surrounded by a group of congenial souls.

For such a man, if he be a dentist, to coop himself up in a cubby-hole of a room and wait for customers to push in the door, is death. He may have a genius for leadership, but your ethical says, " Nay," and thrusts him back.

" Truth," says Doctor Charles W. Eliot, " is the new virtue."

¶ Let the truth be known about your business.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for the Down-and-Out Club

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust.

They look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric. A good Adcraftscripter is never either a philophraster or a theologaster; he is a pragmatist. He seeks the good for himself, for his clients, for the whole human race ❧ ❧

The science of advertising is the science of psychology.

And psychology is the science of the human heart. The advertiser works to supply human wants. He educates the public as to what it really needs, and shows where and how to get it. The idea of the " ethical " dentist who refrains from advertising is founded on the proposition derived from the medicos that advertising is fakery. This no longer applies.

We are living so fast, and inventing so fast, and there are so many of us, that to advertise is not only a convenience, but also a necessity. He who does not advertise is left to the spiders, the cockroaches and the microbes. And this applies to dentists and doctors as much as to druggists and drygoods dealers ❧ ❧

What the world needs is more publicity, not less. He who has nothing to advertise is a dead one, whether he knows it or not.

¶ But the man who advertises now must be able to produce the goods. When he surprises a customer he must surprise him by giving him more than he expects.

Exaggeration, misstatements, and misleading propositions lead straight to the Bankruptcy Court.

The successful advertiser must tell the truth.

Having tried everything else, the world is now trying truth. We are all of us interested in the things we know. I believe, also, that every strong man makes a pretty good estimate of his own value and his own worth.

But I am also fully convinced that just as many people fail properly to appreciate themselves as overestimate themselves.

Self-reliance is born of success.

Courage consists in having done the thing before.

The thing you are used to doing you can do easily. For instance, most people think it a tremendous achievement to stand up on a platform with a thousand people looking at you, and talk to them intelligently, amusingly, and at your ease.

The fact is, this is simply a matter of getting used to the situation, and when you are used to it everything and everybody helps you.

It is a great deal easier to talk to a thousand people than it is to stand up on a platform and talk to a thousand empty benches.

You may see sour faces, but they afford you merely a pleasing difficulty

You must convince the man who is bound he will not be convinced

We grow by facing difficulties, opposition, obstacles—these are all things to surmount. Life itself is largely a matter of overcoming unfavorable conditions.

Dentistry offers many difficulties.

The dentist requires the knowledge of a physician, the skill of a surgeon, the eye of an artist and the sympathy and gentleness of a trained nurse.

There used to be an idea abroad that a dentist was something less than a doctor of medicine. But the entire medical profession now admits that dentistry is a very important specialty of the great art of healing.

The dentists deals with abnormal conditions. He also deals with the science of prophylactics—prevention. It is his business to put the patient's mouth in hygienic condition, and then by instruction and advice show the patient how to keep it so.

The old plan of pulling teeth that were manifesting too much

ego has gone out of fashion. The very worst use you can put a tooth to is to pull it, just as the worst use you can put a criminal to is to kill him.

But through ignorance or neglect, teeth will disappear. Then the proposition is to replace them, especially the molars, which do the most important part of mastication. People without a full set of molars can not possibly chew their food properly, though they may think they can. They bolt it, thereby throwing too much work on their other organs. The result is seen, sooner or later, in diseases of the liver, stomach, kidneys or intestines. A large per cent of cancer of the stomach comes from this cause, and many cases of appendicitis have been traced.

Nature's plan is that the first stage of digestion of all food, except fats and proteids, shall occur in the mouth, through thoroughly mixing the saliva with them. To use a medical term, they must be insalivated.

Now, note that mastication does two important things—not one. First, it causes saliva to flow, and second, it mixes it with the food. You won't have enough saliva unless you Fletcherize, and saliva is a chemical production, the invention of God, which you can not omit without paying the penalty.

Saliva changes starch into sugar, which the juices of the stomach can not do. Think of this the next time you eat bread or cake

Saliva also changes cane-sugar, which is very indigestible, into grape-sugar, which is easily digested. Remember this the the next time you have a box of Huyler's.

A noted English authority, Doctor H. Campbell of London, says: " On starch the saliva acts very potently, and herein mastication plays a special part in promoting the digestion of starchy foods. Indeed, if only mastication be persisted in long enough, starch may be wholly converted into maltose (a form of sugar) within the mouth. Provided they be sufficiently insali-

vated, there are few starchy foods that are indigestible, not even excepting the proverbially indigestible new potato."

A great German professor, Doctor Von Oerfele, has found that so much starch is undigested when food is not insalivated, that he can actually tell by the excretions whether the patient has molars or not.

His investigation included many people who wore artificial teeth. He had these people eat part of the time with their teeth, and part of the time without them, and he was able to tell every time, by examining their excretions, when the teeth were in and when they were out. When they were in, the starch disappeared, because it was digested. When the teeth were out, the starch was found in large quantities, because the stomach and intestines could not utilize it when the food which had contained it was not insalivated.

Professor Von Oerfele's investigations prove that we can cure diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys, by establishing proper mastication, and that we can not have normal digestion or realize full food value without the molars.

Goodwin Brown, in *Scientific Nutrition Simplified,* says, on page sixty-four, "While the saliva has no appreciable chemical effect upon fats and proteids, it is capable of practically completing the digestion of the starches and sugars, before they are swallowed into the stomach, if they are retained in the mouth long enough and *subjected to sufficient mastication.*"

¶ Horace Fletcher was down and out physically, and had been rejected as an impossible risk by the best insurance companies. He put himself on the slide, and discovered that his teeth were in bad condition. He had his teeth put in good order and then began masticating his food properly. Today he is not only well, but unusually vigorous for a man of his years, and any insurance company in Christendom would be glad to insure him. That was the beginning of Fletcherizing. Page after page might be

quoted to show that thorough mastication is indispensable to health and long life.

But commonsense will tell you that thorough mastication is impossible without a full set of grinders, or molars.

This is such an important matter that if you have any molars missing, you had better get busy and study it. Read Goodwin Brown's book mentioned above, or Horace Fletcher's, *The A B Z of Our Own Nutrition*, both published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. After you have read them you will hike to a dentist and ask him to furnish you with molars, without delay, if you are wise.

A Lesson In Economics

CONOMICS is the science of the production, transportation and distribution of the commodities that human beings require.

The producer is the man who produces commodities of use or beauty. The most important producer, of course, is the farmer; next is the manufacturer. The jobber is a wholesale dealer who sells to retailers. Commission men are known as middlemen.

The retailer is a man who sells to the consumer.

The consumer is the man who purchases for his own use or consumption

Competition is the rivalry between manufacturers or dealers, each prompted by the desire to increase his own individual trade. In law, competition always refers to prices. In the broad and general sense competition refers to quality and service.

There is a folk saying to the effect that " Competition is the life of trade."

Competition possibly was the life of trade in the days of the handicrafts

This was when commodities were produced by the family and sold to the neighbors. Manufacturing was then done in the kitchen

There things were whittled, carved, fashioned by human hand. ¶ The wife was the weaver.

The man was the blacksmith, the carpenter, the shoemaker. Manufacturing began for home use, and business began when a surplus was produced and sold to the neighbors.

If the neighbors did not come in and buy all that the family had to offer, the man of the house went " on the road," just as Henry Thoreau's father made lead-pencils and Henry peddled them out, or the father of Seth Thomas made clocks and Seth sold

them. The limit of production then was the ability of the household to manufacture.

The different shoemakers in a town competed with one another until the price was forced down to just a fair living wage for each. Below a living wage the man would not go. He would quit work first and go to sea.

Sidney Winslow's father was a shoemaker. Sidney learned the trade himself and used to sell the shoes which he and his father made, to the Cape Cod fishermen and their families.

When competition pushed the price down below a living wage, Sidney simply took off his apron and went a-fishing.

The economic Law of Diminishing Returns is a law which provides that because a thing is good is no reason why you can not get too much of it.

Many things are good up to a certain point; beyond this you get a gradually diminishing return of good, until the thing which was good in small quantities becomes in large lots a positive evil.

¶ For instance, a moderate amount of food is good. It gives us strength and ability to act. Double your quantity of food and you do not double your strength. Too much food will certainly weaken you, just as surely as will a lack of food.

Competition under certain conditions is well. But when competition forces the price below the cost of production it ceases to be beneficient and becomes destructive. And anything destructive is suicidal, and that which is suicidal is dying—dead.

In the days of the handicrafts, when competition pushed things to a point where the men could not manufacture and sell at a profit, the producer turned to something else.

He had no fixed investment, no plant, no bonds, no stocks, no mortgages, no payroll.

Competition became destructive when machines were invented whereby production exceeded the immediate demand of the public. Then it was discovered that it was better for the manu-

facturer to produce and sell things at cost than to close down his factory.

In fact, he had obligations: contracts, perhaps, for materials, contracts with employees, many workers depending upon him, looking to him for bread-and-butter. Towards these he had a moral obligation to perform.

To shut down a factory means rapid deterioration. The first thing is a jump in insurance, and in fact many insurance companies will not write a policy on factory property if it is not running, and operating, too, on a paying basis.

To let machinery stand still is a very serious proposition. Interest on investments eats night and day. Mortgages never take a vacation. Rats, mice, microbes and a multitude of mites in the way of germs and bacteria send out word, and the germs of dissolution come a-running, like shysters following in the wake of an ambulance.

So when competition pushes the manufacturer too hard, instead of going angling for cod or signing before the mast, he clings to his factory and sells his product at cost.

And any man who sells at cost is beckoning for the commissioner in bankruptcy. It is only a question of time before the referee in bankruptcy will drive up in his auto.

Then there is a shut-down. A great many employees are thrown out of work. Naturally many of these suffer. A majority find new jobs, but some there are, old and unskilled, to whom change is death.

The fallacy in the saying that competition is the life of trade lies in the assumption that the consumer thrives when prices are low. The fact is that low prices, or high prices, are all relative, turning on buying ability. If bread is a cent a loaf, and you have n't a cent, then bread is very high.

A cut in price below cost is bound to be paid for by the public in a decreased purchasing power.

When farmers are making money; when factories are getting a fair return for their commodities; when railroads receive a just return for the one thing they have to sell, that is, transportation; when the iron-mills have orders ahead, and rails are being produced at a profit, then we all are prosperous.

No one is out of work who is willing to work and can work. These things spell buying power.

Competition may be a good thing where little men in small deals are concerned, but when we get vast facilities for production, unlimited competition becomes a destructive thing, and to insure prosperity, co-operation must take its place.

And he who assumes that co-operation and conspiracy are one should have his mentality rated in guinea-pig power.

The tendency of big business is to compete in quality, and not in the matter of price. Big facilities beyond the immediate demands of society suggest just one thing, and that is an increase in consumption.

Thus we find the United States Steel Corporation maintaining a promotion department, which has for its object the education of the public to an increased consumption of steel products, to the end that more metal shall be consumed.

The steel-frame sky-scraper came not as a suggestion on the part of the builder, but as the idea of a rolling-mill man who had metal to sell. There being a dearth of demand for steel in proportion to its possible production, new ways must be devised for its consumption, and so today we are manufacturing garages, portable houses, doors, window-frames, railroad-cars, fence-wire and fence-posts—and a multitude of other things from iron and steel which came as innovations.

Let a manufacturer increase his profits beyond a reasonable amount, and he invites competition that may embarrass him and possibly wipe him off the slate. So wisdom prompts a wise producer not to put too high a price on his products.

Monopoly is the logical end of free competition, but before this comes great hardship among many prevails.

The man who can do a thing with masterly skill, and produce a thing of superior quality at the least possible cost, will eventually evolve a monopoly. And he is entitled to the regard due to his enterprise and genius.

To look upon this man as a predatory parasite and an oppressor of the poor is false in theory and vicious in practice.

Big business has come as a result of natural law, and natural law obtains in economics exactly as it does in biology.

Economic law is a part of Nature. In economics, Energy plays a big part, and Energy should always be spelled with a capital. Energy is the secret of God. What it is we do not know—we see only its effects. Energy moves things.

Work is the intelligent direction of Energy. Energy takes various forms. We have Chemical Energy, gotten from disintegration and combustion. Thus do we produce heat at will, and take advantage of the natural law that water expands when heat is applied.

Then we have Animal Energy, or the use of horses, oxen, camels, elephants. Animal Energy of course includes the labor of human hands. Then we have Electric Energy. And the invention of machines for the diffusion of Electric Energy has been the chief factor in modern progress.

You can not operate an electric fan, a sewing-machine, a graphophone, or a piano by steam. The big thing about Electric Energy is that you can divide it up into very small units and use it for a multitude of delicate operations, and this most economically.

¶ To say that electricity is the life of trade is a deal nearer true than to say that competition is. And the success of electricity as the chief factor in modern civilization did not come as a matter of competition.

Savages compete; wise men co-operate.

Two Roycroft institutions in East Aurora working on similar lines could not exist. They would eat each other up.

Quality would deteriorate as competition advanced, and the final result would be on a parallel with the sad ending of the Kilkenny Cats, that fought until nothing was left but their tails ❧ ❧

When the Supreme Court of the United States ordered the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, on the ground that the subsidiaries were not competing, but should be compelled to compete, our highest tribunal did one of two things: It was guilty of gross ignorance of economic law in supposing that competition can be brought about by legal enactment, and that competition is always beneficent, or it deferred to a popular superstition ❧ ❧

It will hardly do to assume that the men on the Supreme Bench are ignorant men; neither are they triflers and tricksters, in any sense. They are men of the highest degree of intelligence, courage and moral worth.

However, the fact is they are men, just human beings, and they realize that the Supreme Court of the United States, like all other parts of our government, exists on sufferance of the multitude ❧ ❧

Public opinion is supreme, and no legal enactment that is contrary to public opinion is operative.

One-half of the laws on our statute-books are obsolete, simply on account of the fact that they do not reflect the will of the *Zeitgeist*. So, in degree, as a matter of self-preservation, every court is bound in its very nature to reflect the ignorances and prejudices of the people who stand behind it and make it possible. Legislation is always a compromise between the wisdom of the few and the ignorance of the many.

Any government that is wiser, more virtuous, more sensitive, finer than the many, is doomed. The Supreme Court of the United

States is bound to reflect public opinion, and when the multitude on the streets cry Barabbas, depend upon it, they are going to have him, and when they cry on any man, " Away with him! Away with him! " that man goes.

The ignorance of the public demanded competition, and therefore the Supreme Court deferred thus much to the rabble, and at the same time protected the owners against confiscation of their property.

Judge Landis when he ordered a twenty-nine-million-dollar fine did not dip to the man in the street—he deferred to the hobo in the sewer—and read public opinion a-wrong.

This is why his verdict was not sustained by the higher court.

¶ The dissolution of the Standard Oil Company was based on two fallacies:

First, that competition is the life of trade and therefore a good thing ❧ ❧

Second, that you can compel competition by judicial decree and legislative enactment. The dissolution worked one positive wrong and one disadvantage. The wrong it worked was an increased cost of production, through a complex instead of a simple system of management.

The disadvantage it brought about lies in the fact that breaking up the organization into a large number of small concerns puts government control just that much further back on the dim and distant horizon.

It were easy to deal with one set of officers, but to deal with thirty-three or a hundred is difficult. Responsibility can not be fixed, and nobody knows nothing about anything.

The power to declare the Standard Oil Company a monopoly and wisely control it was within the grasp of the Government. But now the legal status of these thirty-three corporations has been fixed. They are not a monopoly.

The avowed intent of the Standard Oil prosecution was to give

the consumer goods at a lower figure than he had been paying. ¶ The actual result was the reverse. In no instance where the Sherman Act has been invoked have the people been benefited in the slightest degree. In fact, increased cost to the consumer has been the rule, for the ultimate consumer pays not only the cost of the prosecution but of the defense, and he pays also for all of the vexatious delays and embarassments that throw sand in the industrial bearings.

Trust-busting is for trust-busters. It never benefits either consumer or producer.

The whole idea of trust-busting is based upon a popular delusion, and the delusion itself is a present from the yellow journals and muckraking magazines.

We hear much of combinations in restraint of trade. But in all legal lingo I can not remember of ever hearing a single reference to combinations for the increase of business.

Combinations in the past have usually been for destructive purposes. Combinations for constructive purposes are a new thing, and are beyond the imagination of many.

Yet this is exactly the tendency in most modern combinations. They increase trade, not limit it.

The entire change through which we are passing has been brought about by the vast increase in productive power.

To increase consumption is the great desideratum. And to bring this about, prices must be reasonable and quality attractive. ¶ Price maintenance is a move in the direction of self-preservation, its object being to make business permanent, and ultimately increase volume.

Price maintenance is based on the fact that if a dealer does not receive a fair profit he will not be interested in pushing sales. ¶ Thus to kill interest in an article by cutting prices is to destroy the market for that article.

And to destroy the market for a commodity can not be defined as

anything else than a move in restraint of trade. The first effect of price-cutting is stimulation, but the reaction is death.

This is the rule with most stimulants, notable strychnine, whose first effect is increased heart action. But the final effect is no action of the heart at all. Strychnine kills through over-stimulation. Price-cutting the same.

The legal mind does not recognize competition in matters of quality and service. Cutting of prices is the only competition it knows anything about.

This is not wholly because the legal brain lacks imagination, but because all it hopes or strives to do is to reflect the opinions of the many.

The law mirrors popular prejudices and superstitions. When the mob believed in witches, witchcraft had a legal status in court. The law reflects the ignorance of society as well as its virtues. No popular fallacy has ever existed that was not recognized as truth by contemporaneous courts.

So in this fallacy of the beneficent effect of price-cutting, the legal view is the view of the short-sighted, improvident, selfish consumer ❧ ❧

To buy a thing that is worth a dollar for fifty cents is his fond ambition.

The ultimate effect on society of selling below cost he can not imagine. In fact, he is not interested in his country's prosperity. This requires another kind of brain.

So the question resolves itself into whether the United States of America is to be ruled by the ignorant many or the scientific few ❧ ❧

A demagogue is a politician who dips to ignorance in order that he may control it for his own private and transient good.

A statesman is a man who is building a State. A statesman is a leader—not a follower.

The legal maze into which this country has been led in matters

economic is owing to the fact that we are suffering from an overproduction of demagogues, and a shortage of statesmen.

The demagogue in an editorial chair is just as dangerous as he is in Congress—possibly more so.

To secure subscribers the coyote publishers follow the lead of the coyote politician, catering to ignorance and kow-towing to error

So we have a combination in restraint of truth—a conspiracy between the printer and the politician, a condition which no law can reach.

Salvation lies in the education of the public to the simple truths of Economic Law. We then, possibly, can create a public opinion which will manifest itself in a commonsense attitude of Government towards Industrialism.

Fiscal Reform

THE Olivers have recently bought a large tract of land at Hamilton, Ontario, for factory purposes. This land is traversed by the Grand Trunk Railroad and it also borders on the lake front, so deep-water vessels can load and unload right at the Oliver docks. ¶ The first investment for land, dockage, buildings and machinery is over a million dollars. This, however, is only a beginning.

Before they get to shipping plows the investment for materials will climb up, and in five years, at a guess I would say the Olivers will have twenty-five million dollars invested in Canada —and then some.

This plant of the Olivers at Hamilton, Ontario, will not only be the largest plow plant in Canada but the largest in the British Empire

This Oliver expansion means that they will build up and maintain a population equal to a city of twenty-five thousand people, which in twenty years will be a city of fifty thousand people. And this city your Uncle Samuel has lost, very much as George the Third lost the Colonies.

The tendency of trade is toward decentralization. A big factory gets so big that when it is enlarged, it must be enlarged as a unit; that is, an entire new plant must be built—duplicating the first

And when you build a new plant you do the job better than you did before.

To meet their growing trade the Olivers had to duplicate their magnificent South Bend plant.

The question naturally arose—where?

And naturally answered, you would say at South Bend, of course.

¶ The Olivers control a water-power at South Bend that is

ample to care for the new works as well as the old. They also own a thousand acres of land adjoining their present site. Yet they chose Canada for the new works, all for reasons eminently sound and safe.

The words " repudiation " and " degeneration " in the Dominion are not known. The good old Scotch virtues there prevail—Canada is coming, not going.

Canada has one-tenth of the population which we have; but she has an available farming district fully as large as ours.

Canada needs plows. She has the money to buy the best. But she can't buy South Bend plows, because there is a tariff on goods carried into Canada from the States that is prohibitive.

The Olivers have never catered to Canadian trade. They could not. But they had a very large trade with South America, Russia, France, Turkey and the Orient.

A manufacturer in Canada is very much better situated to take care of a foreign trade than we are. First, we have no merchant marine ❧ ❧

And second, we have barred the products of the world, in a good many instances, and the countries that we bar, in turn bar us ❧ ❧

This is what you call "Commercial Reciprocity." Russia, for instance, is in Canadian custom-house parlance " a favored nation." Goods made in Canada go into Russia free. But goods made in the United States are barred by a tariffoski.

In the making of plows, six ingredients enter—wood, iron, paint, labor, enterprise, capital.

The United States is getting short of wood. Canada has plenty. We need Canadian lumber, yet we place a tariff on lumber that keeps it out. The beds of iron ore in Canada are practically untouched. But it is a well-known fact that the Lake Superior iron region is not limited to the United States. Canada has the iron and she also has the coal to smelt it.

Lumber is more easily secured in Canada than here. Food stuffs are cheaper, and this tends to make the labor market easy.

These hard-headed businessmen who are going over from the United States to Canada, carrying capital and enterprise in their grips, and building vast factories on the King's soil, are not dreamers or theorists.

They are simply following the grand trek of farmers and plain people who have each two thousand dollars and nine children.

¶ Your capitalist and man of enterprise knows what he is doing. He figures that with the tariff between Canada and the States as it is, and the natural resources of Canada practically untapped, Canadian investments are eminently wise and safe.

Next, in case of any disturbance or change in tariff relations either up or down, or wiped out entirely with free trade between the countries, he is still safe.

The Olivers are not politicians, lobbyists or lawmakers. They are financiers and manufacturers.

They accept things as they are and then adapt themselves to them ❧ ❧

And the fact is the Olivers could hold their own against the world. When Andrew Carnegie said that American interests did not require protection, he invited a laugh and the obvious statement: " You did n't say that until after you sold out." But Andy is right, just the same.

When breezy orators point with pride or view with alarm—as the case may be—let us all take heart, and remember Halley His Comet, that had no tail at all, only a tail belief.

Nothing was side-swiped but Calamity Jake's prognostications. The Twentieth Century Pleiades did n't even hesitate.

" However, the thing may come back," says Jake.

We 'll take the chances on that.

As for America's greatness under a protective tariff—yes, certainly. Also, please glance at England's greatness under a tariff

which covered only ten articles, none of which was produced in England ❧ ❧

When Richard Cobden made his heroic fight to abolish the Corn-Laws, the accusation was made that Cobden was not a scholar nor even a student—only a businessman. If bread stuffs were allowed to enter England free of duty the farmers would be ruined, so said the orators. Cobden was aided by God Almighty, who sent late frosts in the Spring and early frosts in the Fall. Hunger hammered on the doors of Parliament.

The Corn-Laws were repealed.

The food flowed in.

And increased ability to buy equalized the increased supply, so that the farmers of England were really unaware of any change save as they read of it in the newspapers, and counted the increase of jingling coin in their pockets.

Things are automatic, and Natural Law is at work in the world of economics as elsewhere.

The tariff ideas of Alexander Hamilton were all right in Hamilton's time. But Hamilton is dead, if the newspapers have told us the truth—dead by the bullet of Aaron Burr, on the field of honor.

Burr, I am told, is also dead.

Hamilton and Burr were lawyers, both. The bullet that killed Hamilton, forever disbarred Burr.

With no desire either to recommend or to discourage the plan of lawyers killing lawyers, I beg to intimate that it is probable that if the method became a vogue, clients would be benefited.

¶ Burr and Hamilton were very much alike. They had the same ideals—the same ambitions.

This is why they clashed.

Under a Hamiltonian economic philosophy this country has prospered ❧ ❧

But neither Hamilton nor Burr, even in their wildest flights,

ever imagined such a thing as American capital, invention and enterprise leaving the glorious United States in order to obtain a fairer and freer field in the British Provinces. ¶ Here is a brand-new proposition in Toryism.

When an American tariff law is causing our capital to trek, millions at a hike, it is about time that we check our boastful Yankee arrogance at the bundle-counter and listen to the mellifluous, musical roar of the British Lion, keeping time, time, time, in a sort of runic rhyme, with caudal appendage quite untwisted ❧ ❧

The arguments of David Ricardo, Richard Cobden and John Bright for free trade in food products, are all applicable here in America today.

High prices are no idle theory. We have them right here. Also we have a stiff tariff on Canadian cattle, wheat, fruit, lumber and farm products of every kind.

Why shut out the things which our people need?

Answer: Alexander Hamilton said we should.

David Ricardo was a successful London businessman—a Jew. He made money for himself and for others. He was an eminently practical man. Men of his keen mental quality—men like Richard Cobden and John Bright—are sadly needed in Washington. Three-fourths of our Congressmen are lawyers. The laws they make are for lawyers. They view everything from a sort of shyster standpoint. Their efforts are largely in the line of " practise "—that is, of holding each other up. Also, they hold the people up. A lawyer's way of making money is to get yours. ¶ Some one has said that a committee is a thing which takes a month to do what any good man can do in an hour.

We are moving fast toward the Age of the Business Man. Even the lawyers—some of them—are beginning to realize that to conserve business and not to dissolve, disrupt and disintegrate it, is the wise policy.

We need businessmen at the head of this government, not attorneys for political parties.

Businessmen!

Leaving the general subject of tariff for protection to be settled in these pages at another time, I want to say now that this country needs no protection from Canada or Canada from the States

This four thousand miles of guarded frontier, with customs and gilt braid all along the route, is an insult to the intelligence of the age.

The very fact that the frontier has to be guarded is proof of the wrongness of the tariff law. Things should flow to where they are needed. Especially does this apply to people who are intimately connected by language, literature, religion, social customs and blood-ties as the Yankees and the Canucks.

We are one people, and to block our friendly, natural, commercial intercourse is an error of lawyers and lawmakers.

Businessmen know better.

It was the States that taught Canada how to pass tariff laws. We legislated against her, and she turned the other cheek, and then gave us one on the jaw.

Up to only a few years ago Canada made gentle and discreet tariff advances in Uncle Sam's direction. She was spurned.

Later, it came our turn, and only a few months ago, President Taft came off of his high, sway-back horse and bowed low to the Lady of the Snows, with her elevators full of Number One Hard, and her big supply of pulp-paper stock.

It 's now Canada's turn to be chesty.

It is a question whether she will allow Uncle Sam again to chuck her under the chin, and say, " I love my Columbia, but oh, you Canada! "

Uncle Sam must stand on the stoop, and state his case with hat in hand.

My plea is for absolute, full and complete Free Trade between the United States and Canada.

I have heard every argument for and against this proposition. The only argument against it is the neutralization of our tariff laws through goods being shipped into Canada from foreign countries and carried across the border.

To remedy this, Canada and the United States might agree on a uniform tariff against foreign products; or else the Free Trade could apply exclusively to all articles made or produced in the respective countries.

The States and Canada must get together. The commonsense of the times demands it. Geography and topography demand it. The good of the people on both sides requires it.

But it is a problem to be adjusted by businessmen, not by professional officeholders, nor by politicians who feed fat at the public trough

Businessmen, three paces to the fore!

The New Way

THE most numerous of all the various divisions of trade is that of Retail Grocer.

There are two hundred and fifty thousand Retail Grocers in America. We can't eat a meal without first interviewing our grocer. You can omit the preacher, waive the lawyer, but you 'll have to send for the doctor unless you deal with the right grocer

Our lives are literally in his hands.

He supplies the fuel that keeps our vital processes in motion. Just a little of the wrong kind of food and our outlook on the world is disturbed, and the young men carry us out.

" Of all the men in my employ, the only one with whom I dare not break friendship is my cook," said Frederick the Great. He would better have said " my grocer," for the cook cooks what the grocer provides. Of all men the Retail Grocer should be a man of integrity and intelligence.

But what do we find? This—that the Grocery Trade is popularly regarded as the smallest, meanest and most insignificant of all the divisions of business. When we wish to express our disdain we call him a " Grocer's Clerk," and at all of the German Universities the words " Philistine " and " Grocer " are synonymous. Recently, the word Philistine has been redeemed, for we remember the definition given by Leslie Stephen, " Philistine—a term of reproach used by prigs to designate people they do not like."

¶ In truth, many a good word was first flung off as an epithet—Methodist, Quaker, Democrat, and Commercial, were once all words of contempt.

The Grocer has often stood to us as a glib and oily party, who sold us sand for sugar, chicory for coffee, alum for cream of tartar, and axle grease for butter. Then another reason why we

have despised him, is the ease with which the sheriff has sold him out. He has n't made enough money to be really respectable, and we all recognize that a man hopelessly in debt is dishonest. No man on half rations can ever tell the truth.

But gradually the Grocer is being caught in the Spirit of the Times—he is in the grip of the *Zeitgeist*, just as we all are.

¶ A clergyman does not necessarily minister to society as much as does the grocer, and should not be granted any more privileges or honors.

In the time of Mozart, musicians ranked with coachmen and grocers, and ate at the same table. Possibly the idea was all right, only they did not think enough of coachmen and grocers

And the grocer is growing honest—or I should say, he is desiring to be honest.

And all we sincerely desire comes about.

Grocers deal in two kinds of goods—package and bulk. The package goods are packaged by the manufacturer, and bulk goods are packaged by the grocer.

With the marvellous invention of machines that can talk, have come machines that package goods without the touch of human hands, in one-tenth of the time and one-half the cost, that a grocer can package them.

Many of these packages of proprietary goods are made by responsible, scientific men, who guarantee weight, count and quality. To facilitate trade they place on the package the retail price at which it shall be sold.

And within a very few years some of these manufacturers have begun to print a guarantee on the package that if the consumer is not satisfied with his purchase in every way, the retailer is authorized to pay the customer his money back.

This plan of trade is called Moneybacking your product.

It is a brand new idea, and never before has been attemped in

the history of the world. Money back without question or quibble on demand!

That is to say, the retailer offers to give the customer back his money on return of the goods; the wholesaler stands ready to take back from the retailer all or any goods and pay his money back; the manufacturer agrees to take from the wholesale dealer his stock and return the money on demand.

The initiative in this New Way, it will be seen, has come and must come from the manufacturer who has the capital, the courage and the faith to Moneyback his product.

The plan of Moneybacking all package goods saves the Retail Grocer from the risk of overstocking, and better still, it saves the manufacturer and his salesman from the temptation of putting out inferior goods, and selling stock for which there is no market ❧ ❧

And this gets us around to the ethical proposition that no Business Man can afford to sell anybody goods that he does not need. All trade must be reciprocal or it is immoral. This thought has found lodgment in the business world only since about 1890.

¶ Package goods are coming into general use for three reasons; First, the realization that goods in bulk exposed to dust, dirt, and bacteria in the air, and from the handling by human hands are unsanitary and dangerous. Second, the economy, safety, tastefulness and great convenience of the package. Third, the guarantee of quality that goes with the name of a responsible and scientific manufacturer.

And this is appreciated by all intelligent people.

Yet in handling package goods there has been one very great and serious evil to face for all parties concerned. And that is, the cutting of prices. If a proprietary brand was known by the public to be excellent and desirable, some dealer in order to attract trade was sure to cut the price. If the regular retail price fixed by the manufacturer and printed on the package was twenty-

five cents, some dealer would advertise it at twenty cents. Another would meet the cut by selling it for eighteen cents, or actual cost to him. Even if he sold at ten per cent profit he lost money, for a retailer should have at least twenty per cent margin or he is skating on thin ice.

What was the result? Why, the genuine brand would be dislodged from the market and something " just as good " made by an irresponsible maker would be substituted, and the precious innards of the consumer would pay the penalty.

The great question has been, how can the Retail Grocers be protected against each other, so all may reap a legitimate profit, and the public still be protected from spurious brands and bulk goods of doubtful quality?

The Moneyback plan was good as far as it went, but it did not stop cutting prices, which meant ruin for the brand and ruin for the dealer. When one man cut one thing, one another thing, each would have to meet the cut of all and all of each, and so ruin each other's business.

The vast increase in proportion of package goods to bulk goods requires that the retailer be protected against his own indiscretion; and the package goods industry must be confined to those who have the ability and faith to Moneyback their products. The time is at hand, and now is when retailers will refuse to buy any but Moneyback goods, and when manufacturers in order to save themselves must adopt the New Way.

And this is the New Way, the invention of Mr. A. Schilling of San Francisco, a man who has raised a Business to a Fine Art. The New Way is a ridiculously simple plan, but a method which means a just profit, and a fair field for all concerned. So here you are: The manufacturer fixes the retail price and bills to the wholesale dealer at that price, less his trade discount, freight prepaid, an agreement being signed that the wholesale dealer shall keep to the established price, and give up his stock if he

breaks the agreement, the whole transaction being Moneyback either way on demand.

The wholesale dealer then bills to the retailer at the retail price, no discount excepting the usual discount for cash in ten days. When the retailer opens his case he finds in an envelope a draft, for the amount of this profit on that particular case. He signs his name on the back of this draft, and at once deposits it to his credit in the bank as so much cash. On the back of this draft is an agreement that the retailer will give up his stock, and accept his money back on demand if he cuts the price, and when he endorses the draft he signs the agreement.

And that is all there is of the New Way. It is so simple and plain that any grocer's clerk can understand it, yet being new, it will take a little time to come into general use, for we always look with suspicion on new ideas and new plans.

But it has got to come— it has got to come in order to raise the business of the Retail Grocer to a point where it commands respect, insures safety, and where the man makes a profit that will make him respect himself. This has got to come, in order to encourage the manufacturer to give us the best result of his labor, and to insure the consumer that he is getting what he pays for.

Study it out now, ye wise men, and see if you can find a single, solitary flaw in the New Way!

A New Light

A NEW light appears in the East.

It looks like the dawn of a better day.

If Government and Big Business can get together for the interests of all the people, why not?

¶ I 've been down to Washington, feeling Miss Columbia's pulse and taking her temperature. And it is very sure that she is taking a new view of Big Business. There is much earnest talk about co-operation, and "community of interest."

"Let us use Big Business—not destroy it," said a member of the Cabinet to me.

This grew out of a conversation where Mr. Vail's recent "Statement" was the central theme.

Instead of using the word "commercial" as an epithet, commerce is now regarded by many as the great civilizer.

That our Government is made up of men who, for the most part, have the best interests of the people at heart, can not be doubted. Further than that, government springs out of the needs of the people.

Call it "Uncle Sam, Inc.," if you choose—because that is just what it is. Uncle Sam is really our Uncle Trusty. This government of the United States of America is a corporation—a parent company, with forty-eight subsidiaries.

Mr. Vail's recent Statement has had a deal to do with this new light. It has been the talk of the town among men of brains.

¶ The whole document breathes an air of frankness, conciliation, simplicity, and is in such good temper that a good many of our Washington friends not only read it once, but also took it home and read it again.

Mr. Vail has said similar things before, but not so well. Besides that, the time was n't ripe for them.

You can't fight a man who agrees with you. The President of the " Tel. & Tel." is a statesman himself, for a statesman is a man who is helping to build a State, not merely a politician who is dead, as Thomas Brackett Reed averred.

The idea of Government regulation of public utilities is no new thing. But so far as I know, the proposition has always been put out by the opposition.

When a man who is at the head of the most wide-reaching public service in America makes a suggestion of Federal supervision, it comes as a surprise and an innovation!

The Statement made by the President of the Bell System, which has been published as an advertisement in the principal newspapers of the country, is so free from flourish, so frank, simple, direct and unpretentious, that I doubt yet whether the general public has awakened to its far-reaching beneficent influence.

¶ As a people we are suspicious. If a man really wanted to deceive humanity he could not do it better than by telling them the truth. Carlyle once wrote a story that might have been true, about a man who offered genuine gold sovereigns at a shilling each, on London Bridge, with no takers. He got taken, however, by the police as a swindler.

Mr. Vail has made Washington " think about it."

The Government of the United States owns the Post-Office System. The Post-Office System is a monopoly, fixed by law. No one is allowed to go into the business of carrying letters and delivering them in competition with Uncle Sam.

In fact, no one could do so successfully.

They might, however, start letter-carrying companies, " independents," in various cities, and thus set up a local competition, or, if you prefer, local irritation.

The public would then have a duplicate system, two sets of post-offices, two sets of mail-carriers, and rival mail-boxes on each corner bidding for patronage.

The little concern, however, no matter how worthy its intentions, could serve only the people in its immediate vicinity. All letters going any distance would have to be transferred to Uncle Sam.

¶ However, for the good of all the people, Uncle Sam has seen fit to monopolize the business. That this is done for selfish reasons on the part of certain men, is unthinkable. Yet your Uncle Sam is not equipped to do the business without the assistance of railroads, and this was the first suggestion of Government control of railroads. The railroads, however, have always fought any encroachment in the way of Government control.

The Hepburn Bill was vigorously opposed. Nevertheless, it passed in spite of the opposition, and all good railroad officials now admit that the Hepburn Bill is a good thing, both for the people and for the railroads. In fact, we have ceased to differentiate between the interests of the people and of the railroads—their interests are identical. Prosperity for one means prosperity for the other. Hardship for one means hardship for both.

The idea of the Interstate-Commerce Commission was at first vigorously opposed. Gradually, however, the situation was accepted, and we believe now that the Commission is gradually working out a positive gain to carriers as well as shippers.

Now comes Mr. Vail and suggests Government regulation and a monopoly of the telegraph and telephone.

Vail is universally conceded to be one of the most practical and level-headed men in the country.

He began as a railway mail-clerk, and was advanced step by step until he became head of the United States Railway Mail Service. He resigned this position to go into the telephone business

Not only has Vail seen the evolution of the telephone from a plaything into a business necessity, but he has also seen the Post-Office Department of the United States increase its receipts from forty millions a year to two hundred fifty millions.

The business now of which Mr. Vail is head serves more people daily than does the Post-Office Department.
There are thousands of people who use the telephone daily who do not get a letter once a week.
The telephone business has doubled its number of stations and its number of customers and its entire equipment in the past seven years.
The most important business in the world is farming. Farming is man's primal business, because food is our first need.
The next most important business in the world is transportation —this, because for a thing to possess value it has to be at a certain place at a certain time.
Food separated from human bodies is without value.
Our great cities in the interior are only possible through the existence of railroads.
In olden times all great cities were on the seacoast.
The wealth of the Middle West was not available until we had efficient transportation.
Transportation makes famine impossible, because crops never fail all over the world at one time.
Crop failure is local, and the famines that have occurred in the olden times were on account of insufficiency of transportation and lack of communication.
The whole world now is bound together by quick communication and efficient transportation.
These two things mean a New Race.
Transportation, however, is not efficient without quick communication
Instantaneous communication by means of the telegraph makes railroading feasible.
The telephone is taking the place of the dot and dash to a very great extent in the management of railroad-trains.
Talking over long distances is the great modern miracle, and the

cheapness and efficiency of this great service to the people is our greatest factor in progress.

Even the poorest and most illiterate know how to use the telephone. It is available everywhere.

Recently a company asked for the privilege of building a railroad from New York to Buffalo, paralleling the New York Central. The Public-Utilities Commission, after repeated hearings, refused the application, on the ground that the New York Central Lines had ample equipment for taking care of the business, and a duplication would tend to cripple and embarrass the service rather than benefit it—hence in the end the people would suffer.

Duplicating telephone and telegraph equipment is an economic sin. The only reason possible for having rival telephone-companies is that, if there were only one, this one system would resolve itself into a monopoly, and a monopoly is a thing that takes advantage of the necessities of the people and gives a minimum service at a maximum price.

This, however, is a theory which does not work out true to the prophecies of its expounders. The Post-Office System is our one great monopoly, and we find in the Post-Office Department a constant, steady bettering of the service to the public. The very fact that the public is critical, faultfinding, captious, difficult to please, presages progress.

Buckle, in the wonderful preface to his book, *The History of Civilization,* says that the English people as a rule are critical, faultfinding and ungrateful toward their rulers. These very facts, however, Buckle avers, put their rulers on their good behavior. The fact that an Englishman is jealous of his rights and hates tyranny in any form has helped to give him a noble, even if not a perfect, form of government.

It is a law of Nature that everything exists only during good behavior. As the Post-Office Department serves the people at a

minimum of expense with a maximum of service, so should the telephone and the telegraph systems. We need only one complete system of communication. Duplication of outfits is paid for eventually by the people, and the country is that much poorer. The telephone and telegraph service is just as necessary to the country as the Post-Office System. In fact, they should go together. There are reasons, however, why the Government should not own the telephone and telegraph system, but there is no reason why the Government should not regulate them, and if the Government does regulate them, then Uncle Sam need not worry about who owns then.

Private ownership will tend to give us more efficient service than if Uncle Sam owned the equipment. Private ownership conserves initiative, prevents official bumptiousness, makes somebody responsible, cancels anonymity.

Government regulation gives all the advantages of Government ownership without the disadvantages.

As it is now, Uncle Sam, we say, owns the Post-Office Department, but he certainly does not own the equipment that carries the mails.

This is a matter of private ownership.

Uncle Sam owns mail-sacks, but the roads, the streets, the pavements, the railroad-rails, the mail-cars, belong to others. Practically we might say that Uncle Sam merely controls the Post-Office Department, for he certainly does not own the transportation equipment, without which the Post-Office Department could not exist.

Also, it is very sure that the Post-Office Department could not exist except as a monopoly.

The exasperation and irritation of endless competition would tend to demoralize the entire Post-Office System.

As it is, we are getting a better service now than we have ever before in all history.

Within the past year betterments have been brought about that are of great advantage to all of the people.

There is no such thing as a complete public service. Everything is comparative. As we grow better we require better things. Our standard of life increases with our mentality. We have wants today which a hundred years ago we could not imagine.

¶ As a people we are filled with discontent. And this is well. The users of the telephone and the telegraph are the people who suggest the betterments.

The success of any institution lies in its ability to serve. The country that is strongest is not the one that can kill most and destroy best, but the one than can bestow the greatest benefits. Strength lies in service, and when Mr. Vail, our foremost authority on communication, and an expert on transportation, suggests Government regulation of the telephone and telegraph, Washington does well to cultivate the receptive mood.

Mr. Vail has reached an age when selfhood and self-aggrandizement are in abeyance. He has lived long and he has also lived well.*

He has been one of the world's workers, and he is one of the world's workers yet.

In the way of personal success he has received about everything that the world has to offer.

Selfishness exists in his character, if at all, only as a chemical trace.

¶ He realizes that in the course of events he will be eliminated from the scene. He knows, however, that the work that he has begun will go on. But this work will be bettered, improved upon, for a growing, expanding and intelligent people will get what they deserve. When we deserve a better system of transportation, of intercommunication, of government, these things will be ours.

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* This article was written October, 1913. Theodore N. Vail was born July 16, 1845, and died April 15, 1920.—Editor's note.

Mr. Vail is an opportunist. He does the thing he can do. He is no dreamer, no theorist. He is a pragmatist, and a pragmatist is a man who keeps his feet on earth, even though his head touches the skies.

The time has arrived for the Government to step in and regulate the telephone and telegraph—this for the good of all the people. And this includes not only the owners of the telephone and telegraph systems, but the users. And we are all users.

Children that can not read use the telephone. It is the one democratic, popular, safe, cheap necessity in our common lives, next to food.

You can telephone in any language. I trust we will have no argument on this proposition. All that is needed is that there shall be a reasonable and fairly intelligent person at each end of the line.

Any one who can talk, can telephone—and they do.

The question is, Shall this necessity of our lives continue to be owned and controlled by private interests?

Mr. Vail says the time has come when the means of quick communication should be regulated by the government (and the Government is the People), just as our waterways are regulated by the Government.

The last paragraph in Mr. Vail's Statement is a surprising one. It is this: "A majority of the shareholders are women." Mr. Vail might have added that a majority of the employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are women; that the largest individual shareholder is a woman; and that most of the people who use the telephone are women.

It looks as if this were Woman's Day.

Just here I want to note one fact that Mr. Vail does not make mention of in his Statement, and that is that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has recently put out a bond issue in hundred-dollar units. These hundred dollar bonds have

been quickly picked up, and I find on inquiry that they are in great demand, even in spite of the so-called "hard times." ¶ These "baby bonds" are not bought by Wall Street; they are purchased by simple, plain, every-day folks—school teachers, stenographers, clerks—and a great number of the bonds are being picked up by employees of the "Bell."

The Company, so far as I know, has never made any public mention of this fact, but arrangements have been made for supplying these hundred-dollar bonds to employees of the Company at specially advantageous rates and terms—this, with the intent that as many employees as possible should be owners of the company and think of it as "our" Company; also that patrons of the Company should think of the concern as "we" or "us," and not as "they" or "them."

The first railroad, I believe, in America to issue a hundred-dollar bond issue was the "Milwaukee," one of the strongest and best companies in the world. They have sold great numbers of these bonds in country towns, villages, and farming districts all along their route. It was not so much because they needed the money, but because they were anxious to get as wide a distribution as possible of these bonds among the patrons of the road.

Bonds of small denominations held by the patrons of a company or institution mean good-will, and good-will is a very important asset. Without co-operation on the part of patrons and the efforts which mutual interests bring to bear, no concern can hope for a great success. ¶ A wide distribution of Government bonds in time of war has been found a great gain to patriotism.

When you invest your money in an institution, you have a personal interest in its success which you did not have before.

On my recent visit to Washington, meeting various prominent men, I discovered that there was a kindly and sympathetic attitude toward the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

Mr. Vail's Statement is in admirable good temper. Mr. Vail does not criticize the attitude of the Government in insisting upon a general telephone investigation. In fact, he welcomes it. He opens wide every door, safe, locker and cupboard. All records are at the disposal of the Government. This attitude has disarmed the captious critics.

The attitude of the Government is friendly, and I saw that it was the earnest wish of Government officials to have it understood that this investigation was not an inquisition or an "assault." The whole matter was rather in the line of "negotiation."

¶ Government wants to ascertain officially the value of this property and its relationship to the public.

This investigation, in a way, is a step toward Government regulation, as subsequent events will prove.

We are living in great times. Things are moving, and they are moving, I believe, in the right direction. The people were never so much in control as they are today.

Intercommunication means increased intelligence, increased safety, mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation.

What we now want is a community of interest between Government and Big Business.

We had better fight Mexico than fight Big Business. But is there any need of fighting either?

Fighting Big Business is fighting ourselves. Big Business is simply made up of a vast number of common people, working for an end and purpose.

Big Business has grown up out of the needs of the time.

That the Government should ever have held an unfriendly attitude toward its men of enterprise—its creators and builders—is most lamentable.

Germany, the most prosperous country on the globe today, even in spite of militant imperialism, encourages and co-operates with Big Business.

Economic genius is too rare and fine to flout. No country can afford to pillory its men who maintain payrolls, any more than it can afford to destroy its scientists, poets and philosophers, as nations have done in the past.

Big Business can render a service for the people, benefit them, accommodate them, in a way that little business can't.

And the point just here is, that Washington is at last beginning to see it.

The dawn appears.

The Buying Mood

WE do certain things in certain moods. ¶ Also, in certain moods, we do not do certain things. Buying is a matter of mood.

Commerce is exchange. We pass a man so much money, and the man takes the money and gives us something that we want.

Salesmanship consists in making the "prospect" feel as you do about your products.

Fear and hate are closely akin. Jealousy lives next door. The seven hag sisters are: Fear, Doubt, Hate, Jealousy, Indifference, Disdain, Disease. Money does n't follow the flag—money follows the mood.

And this is what I was going to say: Any publication that carries with it an atmosphere of gloom, of doubt, and whose recurring theme is defamation, does not foster the buying mood. Hence advertisements in such periodicals will not pay, and advertisers being wise give the gloomsters absent treatment.

What we need in this world is the hand-grasp, the smile, the nod of corroboration, the word of good-cheer. A smile can gladden an entire day.

We are all in process, and only a few of us approximate the perfect. A little leeway in conduct must be allowable.

In the main, mankind does the right thing, because the right thing pays. Righteousness is in the line of self-preservation. ¶ When we talk about advertising, we think instinctively of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It has the biggest circulation, and is the most successful periodical before the American people today. There is no reason why advertisers should select this periodical beyond a score of others, save for the fact that it brings results. It goes to the great, fairly good, and reasonably prosperous intelligent sixty per cent—the people who read, work, study,

laugh, love and make the wheels go 'round. It is the periodical of sane, sensible people, who are not too smart—the average people —even as you and I.

Its advertising rates are not low. It has a big circulation, but its rate-card takes this into account.

The thing that makes a periodical pay is its cheerful, frank, intelligent, good-natured, helpful attitude. It does not pamper nor pauperize. Neither does it stand first on one foot, then on t'other, trying to make a good impression. It has the independence that tokens character.

Always on the editorial page of the *Post* you will find at least one little, bright, sharp editorial in support of Big Business. The editor of the *Post* knows and says that out of the surplus that our great corporations produce we get our art-galleries, our parks, our schools, our colleges, our good roads. The *Saturday Evening Post* pays as an advertising medium because it helps us to live.

On the other hand, there are magazines that carry with them an atmosphere of gloom.

They may be ably edited, but if they are at war with enterprise, and the editor poses as so very much wiser than the rest of us and is continually " viewing with alarm " and " pointing with scorn," we go into our cosmic clam-shells and pull our check-books in after us.

The Metal-Workers

WE live in the Age of Steel. Steel is the synonym of civilization and the badge of prosperity. When the railroads are buying steel and extending their lines, we are prosperous. The farmer builds barns, puts up silos, and the young folks make homes. Iron and steel enter into every building project.

¶ America, by reason of her enormous consumption of metals, has earned the title of "The Land of Steel." We are a nation of builders.

Liberty does not always token progress. Mayhap it may develop into license—individualism rampant—anarchy. Liberty sometimes condones laziness, nurtures selfishness, shirks responsibilities. True progress is only possible where there is mutuality and co-operation—where we see the seeming paradox of individual liberty harnessed to the car of common weal.

To certain persons of "artistic temperament" the terms, "commercialism and industrialism," are anathema. They see no beauty in the smokestack, the skyscraper, the huge mills, or the flying locomotive

They perceive only the dewdrop, the lily, the clouds, the cobwebs, the moonshine. They rave about the grotesque gargoyle upon some old church-tower, but can not imagine the chimney yonder, as it gives out its incense of commerce, as a monument to the glory of man.

They rhapsodize about the sunset, but fail to see the magnificence of the man at the forge—framed in glowing gold, wresting steel from stones.

And again we hear men speak of the sordidness of industrialism: "The dragnet of avariciousness enmeshes us; the collections for foreign missions show a lamentable decrease; and the automobile industry is booming."

The soap-box reformer spiels of the luxuries of the rich, and draws a harrowing contrast between the Brussels carpet and the elbow-cushions of these parasites, and the laboring classes. ¶ And some few, mistaking the substance for the shadow, the mirage of ease for the oasis of success, leave the beaten, upward track, and slide down the toboggan of inertia into oblivion.

The vast majority of us, though, realize that industrialism is the lifeblood of the nation; that nothing contributes more to a nation's greatness than its men and women who work; and that true progress is the natural resultant of a people bound together with the sympathy and mutuality incidental thereto.

Evolution is one of the big words in our vocabulary.

It has been the tilting-ground of the colossal minds of all time. Its vast plains have been surveyed, its forests explored, its mountain-peaks scaled, its chasms searched. And what do we find? That life is motion, action, development. That no matter whether we are Republicans or Democrats, we are Progressives —notwithstanding the Sherman Act. Evolution, then, in its broadest sense, is development and progress.

Although in some directions it may take a microscope to discern its operations, still we are moving onwards. Sometimes we whirl like a Dervish, remaining almost stationary; at others we outdo the " Limited." We are now alive to the necessity for a sound mind and a healthy body. And we also realize that a healthy body is conducive to intelligent thinking and wise decision. ¶ All over the country, schools are practising out-of-door methods of teaching.

The boys and girls absorb the sunshine, breathe the pure air, eat wholseome food, work and play and sleep, in right proportion. Nature tells them her secrets—they know the haunts, habits, needs and uses of things that grow, creep, crawl, swim, run or fly. They radiate animation and good-cheer. They are quick to perceive, eager to act. They are in the line of evolution. Such

as they are the men that are needed for the strenuous labor necessary for the development of this country's resources.

Business development is possible only through continuous, concentrated effort and conscientious, painstaking labor. We have countless examples of that truth in the annals of our country's achievements.

Mammoth industries have evolved from small beginnings by the application of those vital principles. Labor has until recently been wholly associated with the pick and shovel, the ax and saw. It is now, however, pretty generally recognized that both bodily and mental sweat is necessary to the successful issue of business enterprise ❧ ❧

Men must stand shoulder to shoulder, each at his post, each at his task.

" From every man according to his ability; to every man according to his need." One may be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water; another a captain of industry. One may be a toiler in the valley, and still another in the observatory on the mountain-top, reading the signs of the times. Yet what matters it, if they are all busy, all co-operating?

The manufacturer needs the miner, the miner the manufacturer. They both need the farmer, and he needs them both.

Brain? Yes. Brawn? Yes. But brawn and brain is the combination. Together they can move mountains, link countries together, or slice a continent in half. By their exercise we reach up into the clouds and bind the lightning to our chariot-wheels, or utilize its power in manufacture.

We annihilate space by wireless telegraphy, we spurn the earth with our aeroplanes. We dig and burrow, pump and mine; we tap Nature's stores and put harness on her forces. We plow and plant and reap; we drain and irrigate. We make gardens of waste places, and cause the desert to blossom like the rose.

When trials come, we meet them with manliness.

When difficulties arise, we seek their solution. We are becoming more self-reliant and confident every day. Superstition and the shackles of the unknown fetter us no longer. We are gods in embryo. We have no limitation but ourselves.

Iron is the most abundant and useful of all metals, and has been known from remotest times.

The ancient Egyptians were familiar with the process of working iron and undoubtedly knew how to make steel.

Tools found in their temples were made of this metal, and in the British Museum is to be seen an ax-head from the pyramid of Gizeh dating back to four thousand years before Christ.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were also skilful workers in iron.

The Greeks obtained their knowledge of ironworking from these older nations. The Romans learned the art from the Greeks, and developed it in England, where it has been in operation since B. C. Fifty-five.

Other European nations were also workers of iron at an early date, using rude forges and crude methods.

For several centuries progress was slow, and the manufacture of iron or steel was not considered of sufficient importance to be called an industry. Not until Thirteen Hundred Fifty, when the manufacture of cast iron and steel was inaugurated in Germany, did the industry assume any importance.

The fuel used for the smelting of the ore was charcoal. In Fifteen Hundred Fifty-eight, the British Parliament (with the prescience which is a permanent characteristic of that august body) passed laws restricting the building of ironworks in some parts of the country, and forbidding the cutting down of trees for fuel.

This cutting off of supplies led to the search for a substitute for charcoal for fuel, and in Sixteen Hundred Nineteen a man by the name of Dudley used coal for the purpose of smelting. The plan was not received with favor and fell into disuse.

About this time—in Fifteen Hundred Eighty-five—Sir Walter

Raleigh's expedition discovered iron in this country, and in Sixteen Hundred Eight a cargo of ore was shipped from Virginia to England and successfully smelted. In Sixteen Hundred Forty-four the first ironworks was erected near Lynn, Massachusetts.

In Seventeen Hundred Forty, Huntsman introduced the crucible process, and various mechanical devices were patented about that time, which materially stimulated the steel industry.

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-eight, the invention of J. B. Nielson—the introduction of a heated blast—caused a tremendous increase in output. This improvement was accompanied by Nasmyth's Steam-Hammer, and in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six Bessemer gave to the world a process that was astonishing and remarkable. The discovery of the Bessemer Process made it possible to produce steel at such low cost as to extend its use widely, and did much to supersede wrought iron in structural work. Bessemer steel is now almost universally used for steel rails. The open-hearth system of Martin and Thomas, with the regenerative gas-furnace of Siemens, supplies steel that is used in enormous quantities for all purposes.

Lately science has again prevailed, and in the products of White and Taylor and Robert Hadfield, we have steel that combines great malleableness with great hardness—a hardness that retains its cutting power even when at red heat.

And so we go marching on. From the savage who in wonder raked from the ashes of his fire a crude ball of molten mineral and slag, with which he formed a weapon of defense, to the safety-razor and the automobile of the Twentieth Century citizen, metal is supreme.

Steel is made by combining a certain proportion of carbon with iron ❧ ❧

The process determines its value and variety.

The most important of these processes are Cementation, Bessemer, and Open Hearth. The first system consists in placing

bars of wrought iron between layers of charcoal in firebrick-lined retorts. Yellow heat is applied for a certain period until the required grade of steel is obtained by the addition of the necessary carbon.

This is the steel from which edged tools are made.

The Bessemer Process is directly opposite in principle to the Cementation Process. The Bessemer Process burns the carbon *out* of the cast iron.

This is done in an egg-shaped furnace known as a Converter, lined with firebrick, and capable of being tilted. At the bottom, a number of tuyeres or nozzles conduct the air from a powerful blowing-machine through the molten metal. This burns out the silicon and carbon, and after the alloy has been added and thoroughly mixed, the metal is poured into ladles, and from thence into casting molds.

The ingots are reheated and rolled into forms desired for use.

¶ In the Open-Hearth System, steel is made from a mixture of pig-iron and scrap-iron or steel, which is melted by direct contact with the flame in a regenerative gas-furnace. To follow these different processes—to see the ore—cold, dead stones—transformed into things of utility and beauty, is a revelation and an education. We realize that the Mesabi Range and the Steinway Piano are associated by applied ideas. Steel is everywhere.

Circus-horses, farm-horses, wear it for shoes. We have wire rope in elevators, and in ships and mines—the telegraph and telephone wires, and all kinds of electrical wires, from the ignition-wire in the automobile to the submarine cable. Aeroplane-plates, boiler-plates and castings are made of steel. We sleep on steel springs and shave with a " safety."

We fence our farms with steel and build ships of it.

We use nails and tacks, and the shafting for machinery is nothing more or less than big round wire!

We see all these things in the manufactured goods.

We talk of the tone of our Steinway; we boast of the wonderful speed, endurance and economy of upkeep of our autos.
We speak of cheap and rapid transportation; of our comfy bed; our easy shave.
But do we ever associate these things with our great steel industry and the men in the mills? I hope so.

The Rise of Machinery

BEFORE the days of Jamie Watt, all manufacturing was done in the homes. Wool was carded and spun and woven in the kitchen. ¶ The word " wife " means weaver. The woman made the fabrics and she made the clothes. All of the big manufactories in New England had their rise in home industries, where the ingenious Yankees whittled things out by the fireplace or in the sun.

Ax-helves, hoes, brushes, shovels, knives, clocks, artisans' tools—all were made in the homes. Back of every house was a little building known as the " shop," and in this shop the boys and girls evolved a deal of skill in manufacture. Clocks were made there, and then the good man of the house went out and peddled them over the country.

Man-power was the only power known.

Then came in the utilization of falling water, and we built grist-mills and cloth-factories, where weaving was done, situated by the side of the running stream.

The difficulty of this was that in the Winter the stream was frozen, so the water could not be utilized, and in the Summer, for several months, the stream was dry.

The steam-engine revolutionized the business of manufacturing, and transferred the factory from the home to a separate building. ¶ With the aid of the joint-stock company and increased capital, manufacturing became a business, separate and apart from the household industries.

Many farmers invested their savings in " shares," and moved to town, where the youngsters found work, and the old folks vegetated until death, in pity, took them. The " abandoned " farms of New England came as a natural result.

The increased demand for food from factory towns suggested a

better quality of farming, and so horse-power came to replace hand-power

Farming became a Western business.

Instead of the hand-reaper, told of in poetry and legend, we had the inventions of Cyrus McCormick and James Oliver.

Maud Muller was n't in it.

Constantly increasing, from a machine that required one man to drive and one to rake off the sheaf to be bound, we had a machine that not only cut, but bound, threshed and bagged at one time.

¶ But horse-power was the motor.

America has twenty-five million horses. We have more horses than any other country in the world. We have more horses than Germany, England, France and Spain combined.

Also, the cost of horses today is higher than it has ever been before

One-fifth of all the farmer raises goes to feed and care for his horses

There are three processes in civilization. One is to dig, the next is to carry, and the third is to manufacture.

We have discarded horse-power in the matter of transportation. The steamboat, the locomotive and the automobile do our lugging. Things are brought from the farthest corners of the earth and laid down in our big cities.

The railroads carry a person one mile for two cents; and they carry a ton of freight one mile for a cent and a half. This is all they have to sell—transportation. And it is all mechanical transportation

No man ever got rich running a pony express.

Among the owners of stage coach-lines, never a one in all history became a millionaire.

The bare cost of transportation by horsepower would be ten cents a mile per person and twenty-five cents or more per ton for goods. If the roads were bad it would cost very much more.

In the wintertime in the Northern States, where there is snow, transportation of people and property would be impossible during a good deal of the year. In all of the States, mud is king for several months.

Mechanical power has solved the problems of carrying and making ❧ ❧

The first business of man, however, is to dig.

And we are still digging by hand, or with the aid of animal power. The man with the hoe and the slanted brow is simply a man who has been unable to take advantage of Mechanical Power in his business ❧ ❧

All of his vitality, all of his potential ability to think, goes into the eternal labor of digging food out of the ground.

James Watt applied Mechanical Power by the use of steam. ¶ Fulton applied the principle to water transportation.

Stephenson invented the locomotive.

Hargraves invented the spinning-jenny and practically solved for us the question of manufacturing.

But farming is still lagging a hundred years behind, pulled by man-power and animal power. And the Dukhobors plow with woman-power ❧ ❧

The farmer has been short of inventive genius, and short of capital. The only things that he has had a plethora of are debt and labor. He has borne the big burdens. Well has it been said that the farmer's work is never done. No wonder that the girls and the boys flee the fields.

Where there is water-power, many farmers have lighting-plants and stationary engines. But for field use the wonders of electricity offer the farmer no relief. Electricity, at the last is not power. It is only a method of transporting, transferring or harnessing it. The farmer can not hope for redemption through electricity, because the farmer's business is to move around over a space of perhaps several miles, and he must carry his fuel on his back,

so to speak. No stationary engine will answer his purpose. And this is the reason why horses have been necessary.

But just as we have abandoned the use of horses in transportation and manufacturing, so will the farmer have to abandon horses for the bulk of his heavy work.

The first move in the direction of using Mechanical Power on the farm was when we ceased to use horses for threshing grain. The horse-power, where a dozen horses were driven round and round on a sweep, and the power was imparted with a tumbling-rod, is something that all of the graybeards born in the country remember well.

The steam traction-engine, which threshed for a score or more of farmers, was a great move in the direction of economy and co-operation. It did the work at one-half the expense that horses could do it.

However, in the neighborhoods where coal was scarce and water was not right at hand, there was a deal of dead lift and labor in hauling. I have seen two teams of horses working steadily, one hauling water and one coal, in order to keep a thresher going. ¶ If this threshing-machine was operating ten miles from the coal, it required two teams to haul coal.

And as the price of wheat advanced, the inventors of the world have cast around in their minds for a cheaper power than that supplied by the steam-engine.

Wood, as a fuel, is now practically out of the question.

Coal is heavy, cumbersome and often scarce.

Gas can not be transported, and has other limitations.

Gasoline is volatile, is affected by temperature, can not be transported in wooden barrels, has to be stored underground, and increases fire risk. Besides, its cost is more than double that of kerosene ❧ ❧

Kerosene-oil seems the best, cheapest, most easily obtained, most condensed and most valuable fuel known.

A pint of kerosene has more potential power in it than the same quantity of dynamite.

Dynamite has a wonderful power to destroy. But a mushroom can lift just as much as the same weight of dynamite, provided you give it time.

A lichen growing in the crevice of a rock can split the rock. Frost has a tremendous power to lift and disintegrate.

¶ Gasoline, gallon for gallon, is not so valuable for purposes of power as kerosene, unless you want a quicker explosion and wish to travel faster.

The ideal thing for very fast transportation would be dynamite, but the trouble is that it carries a man so much faster than he can think that the shock disintegrates his molecules. Where a moderate, sure, steady power is required, kerosene is the substance.

¶ Kerosene is Nature's own fuel.

Only a few years ago, it was believed that there was no supply of this oil in America, save in a little tract around Oil City and Titusville. Since then, oil has been discovered not only in Pennsylvania, but in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and other States.

And we hear the statement made by competent engineers that the State of California, alone, has enough oil within reach to supply the needs of the United States for a hundred years.

¶ The question now is not so much where is petroleum, as where is it not?

In Western Canada there are vast supplies of oil, practically untapped. Alaska, China, Terra del Fuego, South America, Mexico, Russia—all have vast supplies of oil.

The business of searching for oil in the bowels of the earth, and pumping it up, is practically in its infancy. All we have endeavored to do, so far, is to bring up just enough oil to supply our needs

The volatile element in petroleum is naphtha or gasoline. The

pitchy substance, the asphalt, has to be removed in order to get a quick, clean combustion.

Then by mixing a certain amount of air with the kerosene, liberating just enough of the oil at a time, a quick ignition can be accomplished.

In the use of steam for running a steamboat, ninety-five per cent of the power is lost.

For instance, if a steamboat is soon to sail, she has to begin firing up eight or ten hours before she uses her steam. All of this time fuel is being consumed. Water is not heated directly from the fire, but we heat steel and the steel heats the water. Then we run the steam through pipes in order to turn certain machinery.

¶ Forty-five per cent or so of the potential power in coal goes up the smokestack. Another forty-five per cent is lost in friction and the process of making real power out of heat-units. Only ten per cent gets to the propellers, and half of that is spent in useless beating of the water, leaving five per cent to push the ship on towards her destination.

It was once prophesied that no ship could cross the Atlantic under her own steam, because she could not carry enough fuel to meet her requirements. And so all steamships were rigged with sails, and steam was once used only when the wind did not happen to be favorable.

The problem yet in transportation is to get an engine that will carry its fuel on its back. The smallest quantity of fuel in point of bulk and weight is what the world demands.

Many experiments have been made in the matter of fuel.

In Watt's time no one knew the value of a square foot of coal in heat-units. Neither did we know anything about how much it cost to transform heat into light, or heat into power. It was all guesswork, cut and try.

The fuel now that gives the quickest results with the least loss is kerosene.

The engine that ignites kerosene instantly and that liberates its power so that it is used at once—this is virtually the principle of the oil-engine.

The great need of America is an oil-engine that, in clean combustion, regulation, durability, light weight and amenability to control, will be equal to the best steam and gas engines.

And the next need of this country is that the Government shall own or control the supply of crude oil.

EVERY KNOCK IS A BOOST

The Art of Advertising

ADVERTISING is fast becoming a science, an art, and a business.

Art is the beautiful way of doing things.

Science is the effective way of doing things.

Business is the economic way of doing things.

¶ We used to regard advertising as an economic waste. Now we look upon it as an economic necessity.

There once was an assumption that men who advertised were fraudulent in their intents, hence arose the idea that advertising was unethical, and this fallacy still obtains in the traditions of a few certain societies and professions.

Individuals, however, are always wiser than institutions. Institutions lag behind. They form a ballast, a sort of tail to the kite

Commonsense people all now recognize the value of letting the public know who you are, where you are, what you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service.

He who does not properly advertise himself will not only be advertised by his loving friends, but by Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell and Upton Sinclair.

Every one who is doing anything in the world beyond the deadly commonplace is making enemies.

Our enemies are the people who do not understand us. Also, they are the people whom we move, and this they resent. Also, they tell, at times, the truth about us—or at least a part of it.

There are two reasons for advertising: One is to sell the goods, the other is to create good-will.

He who does not advertise because he is selling all of the goods he can manufacture gives reasons of three guinea-pig power.

¶ There is no quicker way in the world to lose money than through advertising—therefore the necessity of making advertising a science

In order to make a business pay in this day and generation, it must be beautiful and it must be scientific.

Advertising demands a knowledge of psychology, and psychology is the science of the human heart. In preparing ads we deal with emotions, passions, tendencies, hopes, ambitions, desires.

In one sense, advertising and salesmanship are twin sisters. I do not know the girls apart. The one that is nearest I love best

I need not argue that advertising must be pleasing.

All well-written advertising is literature, and all literature is advertising

Literature advertises a time, a place, an event, a thing. Events do not live. All we have is the record.

History is n't the thing that happened; it is the account of it. So all history is advertising. And history well written is literature. All written advertising should be literary in style and quality!

Good advertisements start with a platitude.

That is, they begin with a bromide, which every one will accept. Then when you have the man walking down the street, you have the opportunity to tell him a few things.

Never begin an advertisement with a startling statement which invites dispute.

Advertisements, however, must be more than platitude, more than truism. They must be sulphides as well as bromides.

I would say that every advertisement should contain one platitude, but one is enough. Then here is the formula: Take a quart of truth, stir it up with a dash of wit, season with wisdom, flavor with love, mix—garnish with platitude, and serve.

The things that live are the things that are well advertised.

The thoughts that abide are those which are strongly maintained, ably defended and well expressed.

All literature is advertising, and all written advertising that grips attention is literature. Lies are launched and live, because they are well shoved off.

Silence under unjust accusation is finely poetic, but a protest at the right time is more effective when dealing with Lobo, leader of the pack.

The railroads and other big corporations that remain silent under the gee-haw lash of the business-baiter have their silence pointed out as proof of guilt.

The world accepts a man at the estimate he places on himself. To let the rogues and fools expound and explain to the multitude, and you yourself make no sign, is to allow the falsehood to pass as current coin. And soon it becomes legal tender. According to the Common Law of England, a path across your property that is once used by the people becomes theirs for all time.

¶ In America, now, millions of dollars are being expended by certain successful firms and corporations to correct a wrong impression that has been allowed to get a foothold in the public mind concerning them.

Just remember this: it is not the thing itself that lives; it is what is said about it. Your competitors, the disgruntled ones, are busy. The time to correct a lie is when it is uttered. So the moral is, you must advertise, no matter how successful you are.

¶ You must advertise, wisely and discreetly, so as to create Public Opinion that is favorable to you. To stop advertising is to let your business run on momentum, and momentum is a gradual move toward a dead stop.

The *Zeitgeist* is always at work, always rolling up as a big snowball grows. The best asset you have is the good-will of the public, and to secure this and hold it, advertising is necessary. And the more successful you are, the more necessary it is that

you should place yourself in a true, just and proper light before the world, ere the lies crystallize, and you find yourself buried under a mountain of falsehood. " For be thou pure as snow and chaste as ice, thou canst not escape calumny." And the more successful you are, the finer target are you for rumor. The only man who is really safe is the man who does nothing, thinks nothing, says nothing, has nothing. He is the only one who need not advertise.

¶ To stand still is to retreat. To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the border of every successful venture pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising.

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new.

¶ When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

The only names in Greek history that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts. All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus

All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the men of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's *Lives*. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare.

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to buy gasoline. Horatius still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop.

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Damn your souls, we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air.

Lord Douglas never said:

> "The hand of Douglas is his own
> And never shall in friendship grasp,
> The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high as they scorn the offered hand on Friday Afternoons, for centuries to come.

¶ Virginius lives in heroic mold, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call a virile pen, and who wrote such an ad for Virginius as he could never have written for himself.

And in the final analysis all genuine advertisements are literature. The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women—their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires—his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is human wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified.

It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

It was only about two hundred years ago when men were still availing themselves in England of "the benefit of the clergy."

This meant that they were exempt from statute law.

The word "clergy" means clerque, or cleric—clerk.

The clergy kept the records, because they were the only men who were educated.

We do not have to go back very far in history before we find that the majority of people believed that writing was of a miraculous origin.

In Mexico ninety per cent of the population can not read or write. In America an adult who can not read and write is a curiosity.

The writer must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own.

The value of allusion of every sort and kind in literature is the fact that it makes the reader pleased with himself.

Advertising has opened up a field for any one who can shake the literary brush-piles, and put salt on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and, of necessity, inertia prevailed to a degree that an ad once written was run in the paper until the electrotype was worn out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements.

He wrote them in the impersonal style, simply: "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linens, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the

Palace of Business, and offered to the first-comers at fully ten per cent below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time.

The argument would have been made also that no man could write about things unless he happened to be an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply and that the outsider often gets a better perspective than the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out, or in being out and looking in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with details, perplexed, aggravated, worn, and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

There are now upwards of twenty thousand men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say a thousand dollars a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day. Dean Swift said that a good man could write on any subject and make the theme interesting. " Then," said Stella, "write me an essay on a broomstick." And straightway the Dean accepted the challenge, and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on *Roast Pig* is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

Both Charles Lamb and Dean Swift, if they lived today, would be writing advertisements for department-stores, and they would be making a deal more money than they ever made in literature.

¶ America has five thousand men who can write just as well as Dean Swift, Charles Lamb, Coleridge or Doctor Johnson. There are, however, but few writers in America able to match ideas with Addison, and none who can play the Cadmean game with Shakespeare ❧ ❧

We have a precious few who use the Victor Hugo sentence. ¶ We work from complex to the simple. Your high-school graduate always writes Johnsonese—long, involved, strange sentences. Men with minds like little fishes write like whales. If this individual keeps on writing, however, and accumulates ideas, as he will if he continues to write, he may take on the Victor Hugo style ❧ ❧

Good advertising copy has the gentle flow of Addison and the swing of Hugo.

Golden Rule as a Working Policy

DOING unto others as you would be done by requires faith in your fellowmen. Faith in your fellowmen implies a belief that down deep in the heart of every man somewhere, is the germ of goodness. Your faith may be a vitalizing ray of sunshine reaching that particular germ. In order to perceive the germ of goodness beneath the rough husk of the workaday world, imagination is required. Imagination is the power to see the unseen.

Faith and imagination mean prescience, prophetic intelligence, or scientific psychology.

When Marshall Field adopted the maxim, " The customer is always right! " he displayed great prescience.

And the order went forth that no employee should ever dispute the word of a customer; so all claims were adjusted instantly on the word of the customer.

We all like to be thought honest and true. Marshall Field complimented his customers—his maxim made friends—the trade increased

So successful was the policy of faith in the customer that today all great department-stores do business on the money-back basis.

Warden Osborne of Sing Sing, says that prisoners who do not respond to the Golden Rule are diseased in body and mind and must be classed as sub-normal.

" Customers first! " is a matter of politeness; also it is a matter of diplomacy. And as the word " diploma " means a certificate of merit, so is diplomacy itself an example of truth carried into action

Diplomacy is politeness—consideration for the rights and feelings of others. It tokens kindness and faith in others.

Diplomacy is not a mere surface pretense.

Insincere politeness is counterfeit diplomacy. If two men meet in a hallway and begin to converse, then argue, and finally fight, it is a reasonably sure sign that diplomacy has broken down. ¶ And the reason it has broken down is because one or both of the men lack either one or both of two things. These things are commonsense and right intent.

Burglars lack both; and the proof that burglars lack commonsense is that they adopt a very costly way of securing things. Men who consider themselves better, wiser and more able than other men will not be diplomatic.

Such know nothing of the Golden Rule, save as a theory. They believe in the rascality of others, not their goodness. Hence they appeal to force.

It is the same with nations. When diplomacy breaks down, war follows. And war never occurs until diplomacy is cast aside. ¶ If governmental diplomats were really diplomatic, war would be an impossibility.

The Golden Rule in trade has proven a safe, sound and paying policy

Salesmen who sell goods have to sell themselves first. We give no orders to people we regard as possible rogues, cheats, pretenders and hypocrites.

Diplomats who resort to violence are salesmen who have failed to sell themselves. In order to "sell yourself" you must be both buyer and seller. You must in imagination put yourself in place of the other man. Then only can you do unto others as if you were the others.

Personal quarrels and national wars mean that somebody was n't big enough to live up to the Golden Rule.

Economic Waste

IN that interesting book, which in its day was one of the six best sellers, *Looking Backward,* Edward Bellamy says: " Under the new conditions, advertising was limited to a simple announcement or direction of where the thing could be found. All advertising is economic waste and, therefore, should be eliminated, or reduced to its lowest possible terms, that of simply a directory. The expense of advertising is always added to the cost of the article."

Bellamy's ideas on advertising possibly require a little elucidation; but in any event they supply what the country editors call, " food for thought."

It is quite probable that advertising in the future will not be of the profusely lavish sort that we have seen in days gone by. ¶ Organization, to a great degree, will replace competition. When a dozen or a score of men combine in one line of business, the amount of advertising is always much reduced.

One of the very perplexing features of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, which the court did not provide for, was the subject of advertising.

Before the dissolution, one particular product or brand of oil was made by a dozen different refineries, and customers were supplied from the nearest station. The advertising of this particular specialty was all done from the New York office.

Under the new regime, this would probably be a violation of the court's injunction. Each particular subsidiary is now obliged to have its own advertising manager and publicity bureau. Thus we have thirty-three advertising bureaus instead of one. ¶ Thus is the expense of doing business increased. Naturally this increased expense falls upon the public, for who else is there that pays for a thing besides the consumer?

The tendency of business is toward organization and the eliminating of wasteful competition.

The greatest item today in the line of economic waste is the cost of supervision ☙ ☙

This is a point that our Socialistic friends conveniently waive. They assume that in the co-operative commonwealth everybody will be on his job. He will get there early and he will stay until things are cleaned up, and, so full of zeal will he be for the common good that no supervision will be required. Each man will do the thing he wants to do, the thing he can do best, and he will do it superbly well. Fol, de rol, de diddle de doll!

Naturally, the people who advocate this kind of Socialism are not employers of labor. They are either professional theorists, preachers, writers, reformers, agitators, or else they are employees who have no personal interest in the payroll beyond their own particular individual envelope.

The difficulty of getting a large number of people to work together for a common end and a common purpose is known, and can be known only, by an employer ☙ The dangers of deficits, bankruptcy and disgrace are ever before him. If he pays men to do certain tasks, he is obliged to see that they do them; otherwise, the individual is dropped out and some one else is tried.

Carelessness, inefficiency, disinterestedness, to say nothing of positive sabotage, are things incomprehensible and almost inexplainable to any one who is not an employer.

If you are a hotelkeeper, and your busiest day is the Fourth of July, and you are an experienced individual, you know perfectly well that a certain number of your helpers are going to drop out, or go a on strike for higher wages and shorter hours, on the evening of July Third.

If there is a rush of orders your helpers will know it, and a few of them will always take advantage of your necessities. Also, there will be a few with an absolute indifference either one way

or the other. Always, there are a certain number who will keep late hours, play cards, and fritter away the time which they should have expended in sleep. Of necessity, these sleep at their tasks, or drowse, at least, on company time, the next day. ¶ Then we get the men who run a business inside of a business; who have private letter-heads and carry side lines at your expense. These direct company mail to their private address, and think that the firm can't get along without them. These are always slated, necessarily, in the course of time for the greased chute. ¶ But, in the meantime, the problem is up to the employer to take care of these triflers.

The modern American employer is no Scrooge. He is willing to pay for good service, and he pays big sums for big service. ¶ The demands of business today require a high standard of efficiency; alertness, good-cheer, courtesy, rapidity, concentration, and good health—all these come as positive needs in the age in which we live.

The sensible employer will not fall into a rage when his helpers prove inept and ungrateful. The stupidity of the public and the inappreciation of his helpers are all a part of this great game of business

All pay is automatic; it can not be fixed or regulated. Everybody gravitates to where he belongs and gets what belongs to him. If he gets more he is not allowed to keep it. Some are lifted by the law of levitation, others dragged down by gravitation and inertia

Occasionally we find men who are a positive detriment and menace in any business organization, not because they have n't mentality and ability, but because they are disorganizers by nature and habit. They always want to do the thing in another way. When you make a suggestion they counter with an objection. They are quick to explain, " We never did it this way before, and it can't be done."

Instead of doing their own work, they keep others from doing theirs ☙ ☙

The very ability of such men is their disadvantage. They will gather around them in a shop a little group of congenial spirits to listen to their harangues, all on company time.

Often one man will keep half a dozen from their tasks. Such an individual, while down on the time-book for five dollars a day, is n't worth fifty cents a day, and in fact, an employer would make money by keeping this man away from the shop.

We all know men of this class and kind. This sort of leader may vitiate your shop by teaching your helpers to gamble, or sow among them the boll-weevil of discontent. One man can destroy the efficiency of a dozen, and possibly a hundred. Such cases are not so very rare, as any man who employs a large number of people knows full well.

So here, then, comes in an increased cost of supervision. All work must be intelligently done, and somebody must provide the intelligence. Intelligence and right intent are valuable things, and are paid for by the person who fails to provide them.

On the other hand, there is a degree of supervision required which is not paid for by the employee. Its cost is added to the product. Any man who keeps a scientific cost system knows the vast sums that are paid to hold careless workers to their task. This is a different thing from the matter of teaching. The apprentice must learn before he becomes an artisan. The cost of superintendence is demanded by the vast contingent of careless, slipshod, indifferent people who take advantage of the boss.

In small stores and shops a skilful observer can always tell whether the boss is on a vacation or gone on a business trip, or whether he is on the job.

Go into a hotel and find the clerk playing cards with the customers, or entering into loud and mouthy arguments, and you will know that the boss is away.

Enter a dry goods-store and see the clerks throwing paper wads, chewing gum, calling over across the counters to one another, and the fact is patent that the supervisor is not on to his job.

In schools and colleges we are all familiar with the so-called student who brings a copy of Smollett or Balzac to school in his bundle of textbooks and then reads the novel under his desk or with one book inside of another, ready to shift instantly if the teacher appears.

This same policy will probably be carried out by the youngster after he graduates from college and gets a job in a dry goods-store. I have seen salesladies languidly lay down a book or slide it under a pile of dress-goods, and arise with a yawn to wait on a customer. This of course could not occur in a store that was properly supervised, but from lack of supervision it would occur everywhere every day.

Thus is supervision, with humanity on its present plane, positively demanded ❧ ❧

It is said that the Oneida Community did more work with less supervision, through picking its workers, than any other business organization that ever existed, the workers being fired with a zeal to do the thing superbly well.

Maurice Bucke, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, at London, Ontario, reduced the cost of care, per capita, something like twenty-five per cent over what other asylums in the world had paid before. At the same time, he gave just as efficient service to the patients. He was able to do this through his great personality which inspired his helpers to do their best; also, through a policy of treatment toward the patients which brought about co-operation. In degree, every patient looked after himself.

¶ Here we get positive progress through the evolution of the individual to a point where he was able to do without supervision.

¶ The lower the intellectual and physical plane the more supervision undoubtedly is required.

To do away with supervision is the ultimate aim of education. Every wise parent is teaching his children to do without him. The good schoolteacher is working to a point where his services are no longer necessary. The able physician is working to destroy his own business by showing people how to keep well.

The aim of all law is to make all laws unnecessary. So the intent, also, in commercial institutions is moving toward a point where the least possible supervision is required.

In the meantime, however, supervision is a formidable tax on trade. It is paid by three parties, the employee, the employer and by the buyer or society at large.

Advent of Woman into Business

THE advent of woman into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficent revolution. Up to the time of the Civil War all school-teachers were men. The typical Irish school-master, with his handy birch, can yet be vividly remembered by many. Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force. " The teacher is the child's other mother," said Froebel. We did n't believe it at first, but now we accept it.

About Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two, the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government Offices at Washington. Women whose husbands, fathers or brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

By Eighteen Hundred Seventy, women were acting as clerks and salesmen in shops and stores.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-five, the following advertisement appeared in a New York paper: "A bright, educated woman wanted to take a remunerative and pleasant position. Musician preferred."

This advertisement was inserted by the Remingtons. The first typewriting machine leaped into life full-armed, or pretty nearly so. That is, it was not placed on the market until the invention had been carried to a point where it was practical.

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the show. In Eighteen Hundred Eighty, I sent a manuscript to Harpers, and got it back, with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any manuscript that was not typewritten. I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting machine! I wrote an article on

the arrogance of publishers. I thought typewriting was a most difficult and complex business, like producing a harmony on the piano ☙ ☙

And it seems that is what the Remingtons themselves at first thought, for when they wanted a woman to operate the machine, they asked for a musician, thinking that an alphabetical harmony could only be expressed by one who had acquired the " piano touch." ☙ ☙

The girl the Remingtons hired in answer to the advertisement was Mrs. M. A. Saunders, still a woman in middle life and engaged in active work. Oh! we have moved far and fast!

The Remingtons could not sell their machines unless they supplied an operator; and so they inaugurated a special branch of their business to educate women in business methods and to use the typewriter.

And lo! in a short time Business Colleges all over the land began to blossom, and their chief concern was teaching stenography and typewriting.

The typewriter and the typewritist rank in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation. Women typists receive in wages now over two hundred million dollars a year.

It is said that the lady typewritist has at times disturbed domestic peace; but trolley cars too, have their victims. And I am told by a man who married his typist, that such marriages are almost sure to be happy, because the man and woman are not strangers—they know each other! The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition. This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward.

So the Remingtons, among their other various enterprises, run a matrimonial agency.

No longer do you hear men talk of making their pile and retiring to enjoy it. The man who fails to get enjoyment out of his business will never enjoy anything, and what is more will not succeed in business. Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort. The introduction of the one-price system, first inaugurated by John Wanamaker in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, has been a leaven that has worked its influence through the whole lump. Honesty as a business asset is everywhere recognized. If the goods are part cotton and look like wool, you are now frankly told that the article may be a yard wide, but it is not all wool. Among the Jewish clothing merchants, a class that used to take us in and do for us, being strangers, throwing in a pair of suspenders and a box of paper collars as salve for a bad bargain—the rule of absolute frankness is now universally recognized. I have so much confidence in my Semitic friends, that I believe if they knew of a better plan than absolute honesty they would adopt it. The man who now wants to be really well-dressed wears ready-made apparel, and looks to see that the name " Ely Meyer & M. C. Simon " is on the tag. If so, the buyer does not even ask the price—fit, quality and price are guaranteed.

The one-price system, as opposed to the Oriental plan of haggle, and the customs of booth and bazaar that existed since commerce began, is a saver of nerve-force beyond computation.

Why should men seek to overreach each other? And the answer is: There is no reason—the way to succeed is to keep faith with your customer and secure him as a friend. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not do business with us ❧

Commercial Progress

TWO hundred years ago partnerships in business were very rare outside of the members of one particular family.

A man in business sold things—and most of the manufacturing was done by himself and his immediate family.

Then we find instances of brothers continuing the work which their father had begun, as in the case of the Elzevirs and the Plantins, the great book-makers of Holland.

To meet this competition, four printers in Sixteen Hundred Forty, in Antwerp, formed a partnership and worked together. A local writer by the name of Van Krugen denounced these four men, and made savage attacks on partnerships in general, characterizing them as wicked and illegal and opposed to the rights of the individual. One judge likened such a union to a fight where four men jumped on one. This view seems to have been quite general, for there was a law in Amsterdam forbidding all partnerships in business that were not licensed by the State.

¶ The Legislature of the State of Missouri a few years ago made war on the department-store in the same way, using the ancient Van Krugen argument as a reason. In London, in the Seventeenth Century, men who were found guilty of pooling their efforts and dividing their profits were convicted by law and punished for "contumacy, contravention and connivance," and were given a taste of the stocks in the public square.

The corporation was a Roman device for carrying out a big public work which no man could do in his lifetime. But the application of the idea to a private business was declared a scheme of oppression, a hungry octopus, a grinder of the individual.

¶ The rise of England as a manufacturing nation began with the plan of the stock company.

The aggregation known as the joint-stock company, everybody is willing to now admit, was absolutely necessary in order to secure the machinery, that is to say the tools, the raw stock, the buildings, and to provide for the permanence of the venture. The railroad systems of America have built up this country. On this thing of joint-stock companies and transportation our prosperity has hinged.

There are ten combinations of capital in this country that control over six thousand miles of railroad each. These companies have taken in a large number of small lines; and many connecting lines of track have been built. Competition over vast sections of country has been practically obliterated, and this has been done so quietly that few people are aware of the change.

Only one general result of this consolidation of management has been felt, and that is—better service at less expense.

No captain of any great industrial enterprise dares now to say, "The public be damned"—even if he ever said it, which I much doubt.

The pathway to success lies in serving the public, not in affronting it. In no other way is success possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk are able to recognize it. You can only help yourself by helping others.

When P. T. Barnum said, "The public delights in being humbugged," he knew that it was not true, for he never attempted to put the saying into practice. He amused the public by telling it a lie, but P. T. Barnum never tried anything so risky as deception. Even when he lied we were not deceived. Truth can be stated by indirection. "When my love tells me she is made of truth, I do believe her, though I know she lies."

Barnum always gave more than he advertised; and going over and over the same territory he continued to amuse and instruct the public for nearly half a century.

This tendency to co-operate is seen in such splendid features

as the Saint Louis Union Station, for instance, where just twenty great railroad companies lay aside envy, prejudice, rivalry and whim, and use one terminal. If competition were really the life of trade, each railroad that enters Saint Louis would have a station of its own, and the public would be put to the worry, trouble, expense and endless delay of finding where it wanted to go and how to get there. As it is now, the entire aim and end of the scheme is to reduce friction, worry and expense, and give the public the greatest accommodation—the best possible service—to make travel easy and life secure. Servants in uniform meet you as you alight, and answer your every question—speeding you courteously and kindly on your way. There are women to take care of women, and nurses to take care of children, and wheel-chairs for such as may be infirm or lame. The intent is to serve—not to pull you this way or that, and sell you a ticket over a certain road. You are free to choose your route and you are free to utilize as your own this great institution that cost a million dollars and that requires the constant presence of two hundred people to maintain. It is for the public, and was only made possible by a oneness of aim and desire—that is to say, co-operation ❧ ❧

Before co-operation comes in any line, there is always competition pushed to a point that threatens destruction and promises chaos; then, to divert ruin, men devise a better way, a plan that conserves and economizes, and behold, it is found in co-operation.

Civilization is an evolution. Civilization is not a thing separate and apart, any more than art is.

Art is the beautiful way of doing things.

Civilization is the efficient way of doing things.

The man who studies mankind and finds out what men really want, and then supplies them this, whether it be an Idea or a Thing, is the man who is crowned with honor and clothed with riches ❧ ❧

What people need and what they want may be very different.
¶ To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need, but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in Potter's Field.
But wait, and the world will yet want the thing that it needs, and your bones will then become sacred relics!
This change in desire on the part of mankind is the result of the growth of intellect. It is Progress, and Progress is Evolution, and Evolution is Progress.
There are men who are continually trying to push Progress along: we call these individuals " Reformers."
Then there are others who always oppose the Reformer—the mildest name we have for then is " Conservative."
The Reformer is either a Savior or a Rebel, all depending upon whether he succeeds or fails—and your point of view.
Conservation is a plan of Nature. To keep the good is to conserve.
A Conservative is a man who puts on the brakes when he thinks Progress is going to land Civilization in the ditch.
Brakemen are necessary, but in the language of Koheleth, there is a time to apply the brake and there is a time to abstain from applying the brake. To clog the wheels continually is to stand still, and to stand still is to retreat.
Progress has need of the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all his time putting on the brakes.
The Conservative is just as necessary as the Radical. The Conservative keeps the Reformer from exceeding the speed limit.
¶ Governments are good only when there is strong Opposition, just as the planets are held in space by the opposition of forces.
And so civilization goes forward by starts and stops—pushed by the Reformers and held back by the Conservatives. One is necessary to the other, and they often shift places. But forward and forward Civilization forever goes, ascertaining the best way of doing things.

In Commerce we have had the Individual Worker, the Partnership, the Corporation, and now we have the Trust.

The trust is simply a partnership among corporations. The thing is all an Evolution—a moving forward. It is all for man, and it is all done by man. It is all done with the consent—aye, and approval—of man. The trusts were made by the People, and the People can and will unmake them should they prove an engine of oppression. They exist only during good behavior, and, like men, they are living under a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve.

Society always reserves the right to destroy the man or the thing that does not serve it. The Trusts are economizers of energy. They cut off waste and increase production.

The Trusts are here in spite of the men who think they originated them, and in spite of the Reformers who turned Conservatives and opposed them.

The crowning of Evolution will be the Age of Co-operation. The operation of all big industries by the people and for the people will yet come. Competition has been so general that economists mistook it for a law of nature, when it was only a necessary incident.

Competition is no more a law of Nature than is hate. Hate was once so thoroughly believed in that we gave it personality and called it the Devil.

We have banished the Devil by educating people to know that the man who works has no time to hate and no need to fear.

¶ Humanity is growing in intellect, in patience, in kindness—in love. And when the time is ripe, the people will step in and take peaceful possession of their own.

And this time will come when fifty one per cent of humanity outgrow selfishness and love their neighbor as themselves.

¶ How soon do you think this will be?

Also, do you belong to the fifty-one per cent?

Fads of Successful Men

ALL successful men have fads. The fad is the thing to which you turn for rest; strong men who can focus on one thing and encompass it, can concentrate on something else quite as easily. Success lies largely in the ability to concentrate.

Once there was a faddist by the name of B. Franklin. He was also a printer. His fad was electricity, and he rubbed amber, stroked black cats, and caught the current with a kite and key. His other fad was swimming, and once he swam from Chelsea to London Bridge. Carlyle told Milburn, the blind preacher, of this, and added, " He might have opened a school and taught Englishmen how to breathe and swim, but God had other work for him to do." At thirty-seven Franklin had made a fortune, and sold out to devote himself to his fad. He invented the cook stove, the lightning rod, a printing press, was agent in England for the Colonies, went to France and secured a loan that made the War of the Revolution possible, and finally became the first Postmaster General of the United States.

Anything Franklin attempted he did a little better than it had ever been done before—and what is more he did it with wonderful good nature. " Everything is play to Franklin," said Edmund Burke, with a quaver of envy in his voice.

Franklin was a beautiful Philistine—and were he alive today his name would be on the Great Roster in illumined colors. He was a faddist with wheels, and he was the sanest man America has produced—save, possibly, a few I might name who are living now, playing in the Kindergarten of God.

No, the great men are not all dead—how about Autograph Jamie of Minneapolis? There 's a man who is known on 'Change as J. C. Young; in literary circles he is James Carleton Young, and to the Elect Few he is Jamie the Well Beloved.

Jamie has done several things better than they have ever been done before. He arranged with his parents so to be born in Iowa, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six. At that time Iowa was 'Way Out West. Prairie land was worth five dollars an acre, but before Jamie was eighteen years old he figured out that if land would produce sod corn enough to pay for the breaking, and the next year grow forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and one-half the ponds and sloughs would disappear with cultivation, and most of the rest would go by drainage through tiling, then such land was a most desirable investment. The boy came East and borrowed money—it is easy to borrow money if you can convince the man that you know what you are doing.

Let us cut out the details and simply say that James C. Young became the largest individual owner of arable lands in America. He knew every mile of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas, and with a sort of psychic sense, or something, guessed the route of the railways.

When Jamie was twenty-two he was sent as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition. On this occasion he made a tour through Germany and siphoned about a thousand emigrants off toward some particularly choice farm lands in Minnesota. There were more people than Jamie could get on one ship so he waited over at Hamburg for another. In the meantime there was trouble for Jamie, for among his wards were found three deserters from the German army. Jamie was arrested, and when brought before the Cadi he looked so youthful and innocent that the Judge simply told him to go home to his Pa and not come bothering good folks who were happy and contented in their Vaterland; and moreover if Jamie did n't take the first ship to America he should get the benefit of the Truancy Law and a taste of the paddle. On this trip Jamie had the misfortune to be presented to Alphonse Daudet, and the great author gave the lad an inscribed copy of his latest book.

That settled it—the bacilli were at work, and Jamie became an Autograph Fiend.

However, if one is to be a fiend he better be a big one. And so it happens that James C. Young has the most complete, the largest and most valuable collection of books inscribed by authors, in the world ❧ ❧

For several years Jamie worked at his collecting incidentally, just as other collectors do, but in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two, he took the matter up in earnest.

Two clerks were constantly employed in securing addresses of authors, lists of their books, by whom published, etc. The plan has been to secure the first editions, or the best editions, or privately printed editions, and then when the list was complete to open up correspondence with the author, getting his permission to send him the books for signature. No book has ever been sent to an author until he has given permission.

It is estimated that Jamie has copies of four-fifths of all books written by living authors of any note in America, England, France, and all other civilized countries.

To secure the inscriptions has been the work of a diplomat. To drop in on some writers and ask them to inscribe a book, would be to get a flat rebuff—the man has to be studied and approached rightly. With Kipling, a mutual friend was corralled and the delicate deed done so skilfully that after Kipling had inscribed twenty-nine books he sat down and wrote an autograph letter to Jamie congratulating him on his enterprise, and saying he would see that he was made Begum of Swat as soon as the place became vacant ❧ ❧

Knowing how busy John Burroughs was with his celery, Jamie just sent his agent up from New York and showed your Uncle John forty of his own books, bound in sumptuous levant. Ol' John rubbed his eyes, adjusted his glasses, pinched himself to see if he was awake, and declared it was a dream, for here were copies of

editions he had forgotten. The author, himself, had no such collection; and he said, " Well, if that man thinks enough of my scribbling, to go to all this trouble, I 'll do anything he wants." So John just took a half day off and signed the books. That set of " Burroughs " has no duplicate, and never will have; and the set of " Kipling " is just as choice.

When an author has inscribed a book for Jamie, that does not end the matter—Jamie knowing authors are human, writes the man a gracious note of thanks and sends a little souvenir that he thinks will be prized. In this manner he has given away several hundred copies of Roycroft Books, many " Kelmscotts," and to foreign authors he has sent things essentially American—such as Indian baskets, blankets, etc.

So it has come about that Jamie is in correspondence with a large number of authors; and last Christmas he received over fifty inscribed books as presents, among which was the original manuscript of an entire book sent by " Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania. In fact, Jamie's collection includes original manuscript books of a dozen or more prominent authors, including Rostand, Anatole France, Kipling, James Whitcomb Riley, Stephen Crane, Eugene Field and Leslie Stephen.

This collection of autographed books has cost the owner upwards of a hundred thousand dollars. With his agents in England, France and America, and a persistency and enthusiasm unparalleled, this citizen of Minneapolis has done a thing better and more completely than it has ever been done before in the history of the world.

In the course of this collecting, Jamie has received upward of ten thousand letters from authors. These letters reveal a deal of human nature. For the most part they are essentially kind and gracious, but in a very few instances certain little ink-stained fellows cut such fantastic tricks before high heaven as might make small red devils shed tears of covetousness.

For instance, there is an Antique who translates Gorky Stuff, and this lady reproved Jamie icily for writing to her without a letter of introduction, and told him to go along about his business, or she would call a policeman. Miss Farthest North, however, agreed to inscribe the books, and then when she got them, refused to return them until Jamie had sent her ten cents to pay a boy for taking the package to the postoffice. The muriatic acid she put into that letter was wonderful.

There was one man I knew who never wrote a letter that did not warm the cockles of the person's heart who got it. 'Gene Field might be in pain, or in sore trouble, but in his letters there was concrete sunshine—those little, brief letters, written in the steel-plate Thackeray hand, carried joy wherever they went. Field has passed on, but his letters give radiance yet.

O the folly of writing an ungracious thing! The letter is dropped in the box—there! You can never get it back—it has gone, and the greater you are supposed to be, the smaller and more pitiful your unkindness. The excuse for writing the sharp letter is soon forgot, but the letter lives. 'Gene Field's little letters of love and jollity, are gems that never lose their lustre.

And say, Blessed, when we write letters, let us write only things we would like remembered—Jamie may print 'em!

And now comes the crowning act: To insure the perpetuity of this most unique library, Jamie proposes to the city of Minneapolis that if the citizens will give him permission to erect a small marble building, after the pattern of a Greek Temple, in Loring Park, he will move these priceless books and letters there, and provide a fund, in perpetuity, to place a custodian in charge, and after the owner's death the books are to become the property of the Municipality, to belong to the people forever.

Talking about fads—who ever indulged one so nobly, generously, and sanely, as Autograph Jamie (Wireless) of Minneapolis and the Round World.

Middlemen and Parasites

THE Reverend Sydney Smith once made up a list of things that we could do without.

It will be remembered that he finally ended by declaring we could eliminate everything but cooks.

Yet Charles Lamb used to go without food in order to save money to buy books.

And Andrew Lang said that if there were no good books in Heaven he would not want to go there.

And who was it that said that if he had two loaves of raisin-bread he would sell one of them and buy Paul Rieger's Flowerdrops?

Also, we find several modern cults founded on the idea of eliminating cooks by eating raw food.

I know a man who consumes only nuts, raisins, prunes and milk, and he seems to thrive on the diet.

Our ancestors only a few hundred years ago ate their meat raw, and worshiped fire.

Nevertheless, in spite of these quillets and quibbles, the fact remains that Sydney Smith is right—the person who prepares food for the people is a necessity.

Let us define a bit: The cook is the individual who prepares our food for us.

But before food is prepared it must be secured, and so we have the farmer, who evolves the food out of the ground.

In the preparation of hare-soup, the first move, we are told, is to " catch your hare; " to which the would-be joker has written an advertisement for a certain firm that supplies hair-dye, and explains, " The first requisite in dyeing your hair is to secure your hair "

I pass up this persiflage and rise into the higher ether of pragmatic philosophy.

We hear much about the elimination of the middlemen, but I have never yet seen a sharp, definite, crystalline definition of what a middleman is.

Technically, a middleman is any one who stands between the producer and the consumer. Most of the people who use the expression " middleman " regard him as an animated example of lost motion, a specimen of economic slack.

No doubt there are several professions and occupations that could be abolished from civilized society with decided advantage, and the change would benefit everybody except the particular persons who thrive through the callings suggested. The police are always trying to drive certain people out of business.

Edward Bellamy declared advertising to be an economic waste; and he explained that the cost of advertising was always counted in and added to the value of the article, and ultimately was paid for by the consumer.

He then made his calculation that by eliminating advertising the cost of the article to the consumer would be much reduced.

¶ To the argument we make no exception, but to the assumption that all advertising is economic waste a demurrer must here be entered ❧ ❧

Advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity.

¶ If nobody knows who you are, or what you have to offer, you do no business, and the world is the loser through giving you absent treatment.

Life is too short for the consumer to employ detectives to ferret out merchants who have the necessities of life to sell.

People who want to buy things do not catch the seller, chloroform him and cram the orders into his pocket.

Parties who want milk should not seat themselves on a stool in the middle of the field, in hopes that the cow will back up to them.

¶ This would be as vain as for a man to step out of his office on

Broadway and shoot in the air in the hope of firing into a flock of ducks that might be flying over.

Advertising is the proper education of the public as to where the thing can be found, and therefore it is a necessity.

We are parts and particles of each other, but a little of the kindly glue of human brotherhood is needed to fasten us together.

The policeman who keeps the crossing clear, and at the same time informs us as to the location of the Post-Office and the First National Bank, no doubt is, in one sense, an economic waste. On the other hand, he is an economic necessity. He is a necessary middleman.

He relieves the congestion of traffic, and granting the hypothesis that he does not misdirect us as to the location of the Post-Office, he speeds us on our way.

The musician who entertains us, the lecturer who informs us, and the preacher who relieves all tendency to insomnia, or serves as a social promoter—all are middlemen.

We say that food is a primal need. Next to this comes affection —for we can not love on half-rations. People not properly nourished bicker without ceasing, so love flees and stands aloof, naked and cold, with finger to his lips.

Granting that food is a primal need, food then must be cooked and served. The very simple service of the cafeteria, where you flunky for yourself and pocket your own fee, is a necessity.

¶ Somebody must cook, and somebody must serve. Otherwise, all of us would have to do the thing for ourselves, and then all our efforts would be taken up in the search for eats, and we would be reduced to the occupation of the caveman.

Civilization is a great system of transfers. Each one does the thing he can do best, and works for the good of all.

It is all for each, and each for all.

So any man who does a needed service for humanity should not be classed with the parasites, although he be a middleman.

The Science of Advertising

THERE are ten thousand new books published in America every year — mostly bad. This is a straight steal from Tammas Carlyle, who said, "Four thousand people cross London Bridge every day, mostly fools."

My opinion is, however, that all books do somebody good; also, they do good to somebody. Writing a book helps the author to get the matter straight in his own mind, and few books do anything else beyond this.

I have been reading a book with a prodigious title, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them,* by Henry S. Bunting

This book proves three things:

First, is the mathematical demonstration that the laws of advertising exist

Second, that the author knows them.

Third, that he can explain to the reader how to use them.

I have read this book with much pleasure and profit. It certainly has supplied me with a few ideas, likewise laughs, and it has convinced me that I am a charter member of the Ignoramus Club so far as advertising is concerned.

I once knew in Buffalo a very successful wholesale butcher. This man had never reached long division in arithmetic, and he could write his name only with great pains. But he could sit on the top plank of a pig-pen and look down on a carload of hogs, and figure out in his own mind what he could sell those hogs for after they were butchered. This being done, he would make a bid on the hogs.

His books were closed every night.

He bought for cash and sold for cash, and the amount of money he had, showed him what his profits were. This man founded a

great and successful business, but no one one for a moment would say he was scientific.

In advertising I am a sort of wholesale butcher. I do things, but I do not know how. I work like Gaudentius, the Roman architect who built the Coliseum and the stone bridges that spanned the ancient rivers of the Roman Empire, without knowing the eternal laws of mechanical stress upon which the arch rests its indestructible power.

Bunting is like James B. Eads, who reduces these laws to mathematical precision and creates a ***tubular steel*** bridge in his mind.

Science is the common knowledge of the common people classified. Business is the production or purchase and sale of commodities

If a proposition is scientific, it can be analyzed, formulated, explained

Also, you know in advance what will occur. So science is prophetic

Mix an acid with an alkali and you know what will occur.

You put glycerine and nitric acid together and hit it with a hammer and you can bet on results. If you step on a dog's tail, you can safely assume that he will do one or all of three things: he will yelp, jump, or he may bite you, and if you know positively whether or not he will bite you, you are a prophet.

It all turns on the dog with which you deal, and on his mood. If you know your dog, and your science is empirical, that is based on experience with this particular dog, you can gauge results

We used to think there was a science in medicine, but no wise physician claims as much now. There is a science in chemistry, but when you apply a chemical to a human body, you can not possibly foretell results, simply because no two bodies are exactly alike

And as no two human bodies are alike, so do minds differ.

There is no science to education. You may send your boy to Phillips Exeter Academy for two years and Harvard for four, and when he comes back you may have to support him the rest of his life. It works or it does not, as the case may be. Mixing so much boy with so much college curriculum is a matter of guesswork as to results.

We have said that there can be no science to advertising, because we deal with *x*, and *x* is the great unknown, unanalyzed, human mind ❧ ❧

If we knew exactly what the *Zeitgeist* was, we could set our machine, start it a-going, go off and leave it, and the results would come in.

But alas! and alack! humanity is a constantly variable quantity, as fickle as the wind. For while it is true that the wind represents a certain amount of energy during the course of a year, yet, we do not know, and nobody knows, the amount of energy that will be represented in the wind on any particular day or hour ❧ ❧

And so, having unlimbered my ignorance to this extent, I take up the book of Henry S. Bunting, entitled, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them.*

It will not do to assume that Henry S. Bunting is fluffy in his alfalfa. He is a publisher who does not belong to the cult of Barabbas. He is a mathematician, an economist, an orator, and a businessman ❧ ❧

But because we can't fully understand him is no reason why we should stand off chewing a straw and declare, " There haint no such animile."

Man does not manufacture laws, he discovers them; and so rarely are laws discovered in the economic world that when one is recognized we attach the man's name to it and give him the same honors that we bestow on a doctor who discovers a new disease ❧ ❧

Doctor Bright did not invent Bright's disease—he merely discovered a strike on the part of the human system: a kind of sabotage when the kidneys, instead of eliminating their waste through the sewer, throw the refuse back and contaminate the water-supply

And as Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes said, we attach the name of the man to the disease, and it goes clattering down the corridors of time, like a tin can to a dog's tail.

The Law of Diminishing Returns is that law in economics which provides that the ratio of profits decreases according to the amount of business done, and if you do a business big enough you will reach a point where there is no profit at all, and then you go over the hill, and the business breaks down of its own weight.

The Law of Average is the basic principle in all life and fire insurance. This is the law that recognizes that the element of chance does not exist in large numbers.

This is one of the most useful laws ever discovered—invaluable to bankers, credit men, insurance companies.

The Law of the Cosmic Urge written of by Ernst Haeckel is a most interesting law.

Then we get Gresham's Law of Finance which is this: Where two kinds of money are in circulation, one base and the other intrinsic in value, the base currency will always drive out of circulation the coin of intrinsic value.

I was greatly flattered by reading in an English paper an article on "Hubbard's Law of Education." I did not know before that I had discovered any law, but the Englishman who wrote the article declared that I had, and here is the law: "When you do too much for a child he will never do much for himself."

Doctor Jordan has put the same idea in a little better form, thus: "The true value of a college is in inverse ratio to the extent of its equipment."

If Bunting can, by his recently discovered laws of advertising,

figure out the exact value in returns of the ten million dollars which Henry Ford has advertised that he intends to give away, Bunting is the man Ford wants.

Bunting's book is unlike any ever before written. He divides things into their constituent parts, analyzes the whole, and tells you how much of each the whole thing contains. For instance he deals in what he calls Attention, Demand, Sales, Suasion, Preference, Depression and Elevation of the Selling-Point, Space, the Radius of Circulation, Repetition, Appeal, Determinants, Constants, Variants, Association, Suggestion, Specificity, Buying Units, Specialties, the Selling Power of Premiums, the Eight Main Tools of Publicity, Luxus and Monopoly Advertising. Needless to say, Bunting is a college graduate, with enough degrees to stuff an Ostermoor. Here are some of Bunting's Laws of Advertising. The selling-power of publicity varies with its attention value and its suasion.

With a given suasion value, the selling-power of an advertisement varies with attention value.

The selling-power of publicity varies with the frequency of its repetition and the frequency of change in the form of its appeal.

¶ The selling-power of publicity varies with the directness of its appeal to the individual who buys.

The activating elements that enter into the composition of suasion are derived from the peculiar character of the medium.

¶ The selling-power of publicity is limited by the consumption limit of the goods.

The selling-power of publicity is limited by the selling-power of all competing publicity in the same competitive field.

The variability of demand for monopoly goods is inversely proportional to the degree in which the goods are a necessity.

¶ The selling-power of publicity for monopoly goods varies inversely with the number of consumers of the monopoly goods specified

The selling-power of specialties varies with the frequency of their use by the recipient and the permanence of their value in use ❧ ❧

The selling-power of premium publicity varies with the value of the premium and the time required to win it.

The attention-getting power of the space used in a space advertisement is limited by the space-limit attention point of the space itself ❧ ❧

The selling-point of an advertisement lies at the intersection of its attention-getting power with the power of its suasion.

The selling-power of publicity varies inversely with its attention-power when attention-getting is made the sole purpose of the publicity ❧ ❧

And in these days when everybody belongs to an advertising club, and we are all called upon from time to time to unmuzzle our ignorance, the Bunting book is bound to do good.

Bunting claims he has discovered laws that will show how you can make money through publicity. His formulæ are algebraic, and algebra is mathematics that deals with symbols instead of figures ❧ ❧

Symbols stand for anything you may agree on: dollars, services, weight, strength, pressure, tension. By algebra you can formulate the quantity of water that passes a given point in a river in one day, or you can figure the amount of electric current delivered at the end of a wire. By algebra your symbols may stand for the selling power of a salesman as measured in the profits of the firm at the end of the year; the symbols may stand for the salesman's moral character, his good looks, or his persuasive ability ❧ ❧

By algebra you could reduce long reports on foolscap to one little line of figures that can be put on the back of a visiting-card. Bunting takes a tangled mass of abstract facts and reduces them to mathematical terms. He unscrambles the eggs which make

up the omelet of advertising. He shows the way to a much-needed rationalistic method in business.

After you have read the book, whether you can safely be trusted with the expenditure of forty thousand dollars in publicity so as to make sales to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars is still a question, although Bunting seems to infer it is n't.

¶ Bunting's book is issued by The Novelty News Laboratory of Business Economics, Chicago.

The most beautiful thing about Brother Bunting's book is his astounding claim that he has discovered the hard, clear-cut, invaluable, *natural* laws that control advertising. And now that I have introduced you to Bunting's book, I will state a secret. It 's this: Farmer Rankin, who runs the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency, has hired Brother Bunting at the trifling salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year, with a provision that all of Bunting's books shall be burned and the plates destroyed, so that the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency will control the secret of advertising, and retain it for the benefit of their clients until such a time as the Attorney General of the United States orders a disolution of the red-headed Rankin for a combination in restraint of trade.

Honey Out of the Carcass

THE Chairman of the Federal Committee on Industrial Investigations is a man who prosecutes, rather than investigates.

His purpose is to prove his preconceived opinions; also, to show that the Constitution of the United States is an obsolete document.

¶ Mr. Walsh represents the Government, and in his professional attitude of inquisitor and accuser, he works a harm to the whole business fabric, through carrying the idea that the Government is opposed to individual enterprise in any form, and that Socialism only will save the state.

A private citizen has a perfect right to his prejudices, but an official investigator should be more or less judicial.

No one claims that bringing strikers from Colorado to New York to testify, had anything to do with the Rockefeller Foundation, save a sensational claptrap to becloud the issue, and yet out of the carcass comes honey.

The big "Foundations" are quasi-public institutions, and as such the public must know exactly what they are doing and how they are conducted.

The white light of publicity is a good thing for everybody.

¶ The members of the Investigating Committee are getting acquainted with certain men they did not know before.

President Wilson says, "After meeting certain men, I noticed that their horns dropped off." Which means that our worthy President discovered that certain men were just men, and that all men have a kindly side to their natures, otherwise they could not exist at all.

The appearance of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., before the committee, revealed this "young man" in a very favorable light. Mother Jones insists on calling him a young man. The chairman

of the Committee did the same. So why should n't we? Let the cold fact be stated, however, that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is now in his forty-second year, that he has a few gray hairs, and there are also a few becoming crow's feet in his kindly face.

Mr. Rockefeller did not prove to be the ogre, and the overfed plutocratic leader of the predatory ones, that the Committee expected to see.

A few months ago I saw Upton Sinclair, Frank Tannenbaum, Doctor Reitman and Colonel Berkmann, parading up and down in front of Twenty-six Broadway, with mourning-bands upon their arms ❧ ❧

Afterwards I heard them make addresses on the street denouncing the Rockefellers as burglars, assassins and devils incarnate.

¶ None of these people had ever seen either of the Rockefellers, and when they appeared before them, the Committee was somewhat shocked and disappointed to see these men of simple, plain, abstemious habits talking in a commonsense way about labor and conditions.

None of these people who wore mourning bands upon their arms, passing out oratorical piffle on occasion, are working people.

¶ Neither are they financiers. Of the laws of economics they know little or nothing.

Now they discovered that Mr. Rockefeller was even more of a workingman than they, also that he expends no more on his meat and drink and raiment than they do.

When young Mr. Rockefeller protested gently against being surrounded by detectives to protect him, and went over boldly and shook hands with Mother Jones and the agitators, he quite won their hearts.

After this handshaking Mother Jones called at Twenty-six Broadway by invitation.

She found the office of Mr. Rockefeller simply furnished—no costly rugs, no luxurious bric-a-brac, no wine-closet—and the

whole building, in fact, no finer than the headquarters of the Federation of Labor.

Certainly the millennium approaches when Mother Jones stated to a bunch of newspaper boys that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a fine young man, that he was n't at all the individual she expected to see, and that her references to him as a burglar and murderer were without basis, and that she was going to take back in public all of her unkind words. Also, the industrial sky seemed to clear when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., not to be outdone by Mother Jones, referred to Mother Jones thus: " Mrs. Jones is a very amiable and kindly lady, and I much enjoyed her ideas. I intend to do all I can to meet the just demands of labor."

It is all a matter of getting together.

When Mr. Rockefeller tried to explain certain rows of figures to Mrs. Jones, and told her of the amount expended in Colorado for education and human betterment, Mother Jones lifted up her hands and said: " Don't talk to me about figures. I don't know anything about them. I can't understand them. All I know is that my heart is with the poor working people." And this remark did credit to both the brain and the heart of Mother Jones

It gives us a glimpse into the gist of the argument. Mrs. Jones is actuated by sentiment—it is a matter of heart, not head. And a little mingling of the Rockefeller head with the Mother Jones' heart will not do anybody any harm.

As for turning private property over to employees and allowing them to run it, or dynamite it, of course that is another thing. But in the meantime the rainbow of hope looms large across the sky

Co-Operative Farming

FOOD is man's primal need. ¶ Farming is the most important business in the world. It always has been and it always will be so. The power of the cities wanes when the farmer is forgotten. ¶ High prices of food stuffs are here and they are here to stay.

In 1875, half of the people of the United States were farmers. Now only twenty-seven per cent of our population are farmers. Population has increased in the cities and has barely held its own in the country. The state of Iowa, one of the best farming states in the Union, has less population now than it had twenty years ago. This is true of Illinois, also, outside of the city of Chicago. ¶ Practically all of the available land outside of the arid farming territory in America has been taken up, and the problem of the future will be to feed the cities. In order to do this effectively it will be necessary for us to farm better than we ever have before, and inaugurate new systems whereby all farm products can be quickly and effectively transported from the producer to the consumer, that is from the garden to the kitchen.

The second most important thing in the world is transportation. A farm at a distance from market is at a very great disadvantage. Also a farm on a poor road, where mud and snow make transportation impossible during certain months of the year, is greatly handicapped

Usually, produce going from the farm to the consumer passes through seven pair of hands, and there has to be paid cartage, railroad express or freight, cartage again when the goods arrive in the city to carry them to the market, transportation again from the wholesale market to the retailer and transportation again from the retailer to the consumer.

Everybody takes off a profit, time intervenes and the quality of

the goods deteriorates. To cut out the middlemen and send produce from the farm to the kitchen will, of necessity, be the work of the future. It is a fact that the cost of farm products to the consumer is two or three times what the farmer himself receives. These various profits taken off by the middle men decrease the net receipts of the farmer, and increase the cost to the consumer. A certain farmer recently on Long Island, finding that he was receiving for his produce only about bare cost, and living twenty miles from the city, tried the experiment of making up fifty baskets of assorted green vegetables. These included beets, radishes, lettuce, onions, potatoes, spinach and strawberries.

Figuring retail prices as charged by the New York grocers, the value of the basket was $2.50. He cut this exactly in two, however, and charged $1.25 for the basket. He then took the liberty of sending each basket to as many different homes of middle class people "on suspicion," getting their names from a directory. ¶ The matter was an experiment in economics as well as in psychology, but it turned out all right, for most of the people who received the baskets read the circular printed, which was sent in the envelope with the basket, appreciated the proposition, and remitted the $1.25.

It is not advised that any one do business in this way, but as an experiment, it is certainly an interesting one.

This man found that he could cut New York retail prices in half and make more money than he was when shipping his goods to the wholesale produce dealer, and paying expressage, freight, insurance, demurrage, deterioration, icing, and then accepting anything that the wholesale dealer was pleased to remit.

Farming seems to be a business of itself, and then marketing the product is another business, and the man who raises the products seldom has the time or the ability to market the product in the most economical way.

One pair of hands counts for very little.

The business of supplying fresh, palatable, dainty food to families in the city should be carried on in a co-operative way in order to produce the best possible results at the least possible expense to the consumer and the maximum of profit to the producer. This brings me up to a very interesting proposition which is being inaugurated by my friend, Mr. J. W. Stevenson of Pittsburgh.

¶ Mr. Stevenson owns a farm of two hundred seventy acres, fifteen miles west from Pittsburgh on the Ohio River.

Mr. Stevenson was born on this farm. His father was born on this farm, also, in the year 1820. Thus the farm was the original property of the grandfather of the present owner.

The land is rolling, picturesque, very fertile, and as the owners preserved the balance by raising a goodly quantity of live stock, the land has been kept up and is now in good condition.

Very much of the available farm lands around Pittsburgh has been taken up by that far-famed individual known as the " Pittsburgh Millionaire." No city in America has been so fertile in the production of millionaires as Pittsburgh has.

The automobile has brought and is fast bringing the world good roads. The automobile and the trolly car annihilate space and cancel distance

Farming is a fad with many of our " predatory rich." Unhappily, the millionaire does not have to improve his farm in a way so as to make it produce dividends. The millionaire is an agriculturist and not a farmer; and an agriculturist is a man who makes his money in the city and spends it in the country. The farmer is a man who makes his money in the country and blows it in when he goes to town.

Golf links, tennis courts, private parks, game preserves—these are the things that have absorbed a great deal of the best farm land in the immediate vicinity of the cities.

But in the city of Pittsburgh are a half a million people who of necessity look to the farms for food.

My friend Stevenson proposes to incorporate his farm under the name of the Allegheny County Products Company, and produce vegetables, flowers, poultry, and dairy products, and supply these direct to a selected list of customers by the use of gasoline delivery wagons that will make daily trips to the city.

In other words, Stevenson proposes to bring his genius for organization to bear and do for this big farm what the Department store has done for the Dry Goods trade. The old time merchant who lived over his own store, and got up at six o'clock, took down the blinds and swept off the sidewalk, usually died poor.

Mr. Stevenson's farm is traversed by a macadam road as fine as Julius Cæsar ever trod.

From this farm, only a few miles away, is a line of prosperous towns clear to the city of Pittsburgh. Families want vegetables and they want them direct from the farm without passing through the wilting, withering, deteriorating process of being handled by many middlemen. The cost of the thing is not so much as to get the product fresh while the dew is on.

Mr. Stevenson is a farmer by prenatal tendency and by experience, also he is an economist by nature and education.

That this business will pay when managed in a big and scientific way there absolutely is no doubt.

One of the best and first examples of co-operative farming was supplied by neighbors of Mr. Stevenson who began in a small way, and became rich beyond the dreams of avarice, this long before the city of Pittsburgh had really gotten agoing.

These people were the Harmonyites who worked under the leadership of George Rapp. They were the first market gardeners in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. They raised their products and delivered them direct to the houses of consumers. One set of men did the work on the farm and another marketed the goods. They got all the profit there was in the way of transportation, expressage, handling, and commissions.

The Economyites and the Harmonyites grew rich, and they built a little railroad, at first only fifteen miles long. This railroad is now known as the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie. It is a part of the New York Central system, and it is the best paying piece of mileage owned by the New York Central.

The money that built this railroad originally came out of the market gardens of the Economyites. These splendid people have gone the way of all the earth, and the land that they once used is now taken up for manufacturing purposes, and much of it is worth several thousand dollars an acre.

I think the example of the Economyites supplied the nucleus of the animating idea that is the head of Mr. Stevenson. The Mormons got rich by raising vegetables to feed the men who were building the Central and Union Pacific railway, and under the leadership of Brigham Young they did things effectively.

In order to make farming pay, it must be scientific. You must know what your land will produce, and then you must treat it in the right way so as to bring about the biggest possible crop.

¶ Mr. Stevenson's farm is as fair a piece of God's green earth as can be found anywhere in the Middle States. It is eminently adapted to raising every sort and kind of vegetable and fruit that human needs require.

By the use of glass, there will be vegetables for sale ready to market in February, and these will keep coming right straight along through March, April, May, June, July, August, September and October, when the buckwheat ripens.

To know how to rotate crops, and how to follow one crop with another through the season is the proposition of modern science

A farmer working alone, of necessity, has to do what he can. He has not the financial ability to hire sufficient help, neither can he oversee this help so as to bring about the best possible result. When it comes to marketing things, he can not put things up

in dainty baskets for individual use. This is the business, if done at all, of some one else.

Nature is wonderfully prolific, also wonderfully kind and intelligent if we rely upon her. What a profusion and wonderful change of food products one farm will produce! There is a change of the bill of fare every week practically throughout the season, and let any family in the city depend upon one farm, provided this farm is run on a scientific basis, the family will then secure such a variety of fruits and vegetables that good digestion will wait on the appetite and health on both.

To hold your customers it will only be necessary to give them a complete and efficient service. And the prices that will be received for products will be less than for similar products bought in the market places in the usual way, and at the same time the profit of the farmer will be ample and satisfactory.

Poultry products, for one thing, are always and forever in demand. The world has never yet gotten enough chickens and eggs. ¶ There is always a short supply also of butter, and always and forever the world is short on fresh fruits.

Vegetables, fruits, dairy products and poultry products will be produced by Mr. Stevenson on this great farm in a way that will benefit both the consumer and producer. It is simply a question of bringing business, brains and Pittsburgh organization to bear. ¶ The good roads are there, the motor cars are there, the families need the food

It is a well acknowledged fact in economics that the only people who get rich are those who supply the necessities of life.

I am in the book business and never hope or expect to get rich. When a man buys one of my books he often thinks so much of it that he does not even read it for fear of wearing it out. The book he bought a year ago is as good as new, and will be for many years, for a book far outlasts a man.

But food we buy one day disappears the next.

Men who deal in necessities, things that are consumed and disappear from off the face of the earth, these are the things for which there is a perpetual demand, and the men who produce them are the men who grow rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Individual farming, like individual blacksmithing, will eventually be a thing of the past. The blacksmith who works alone under his spreading chestnut tree, lives and dies a laborer. ¶ The farmer who tickles the soil with a plow that it may laugh a harvest, has no time to market his crops, and, of necessity, he falls a victim to the men who handle his products in the city. ¶ When he ships to the city, if the commission man does not ask him to send a remittance to make good the deficit caused by deterioration and the manifold charges that ensue, the farmer is reasonably lucky.

James J. Hill said, "Buy land anywhere and buy it quick." What Mr. Hill had in mind was the fact that farm land is limited, and the population is without limit, and population can not exist save on the product of the land.

Very, very, seldom has the individual farmer got the capital to put in modern appliances. He farms with his good old team of horses and follows the furrows himself, individually.

He has to take care of his horses, and one-fifth of all he raises goes to feed his team.

He has to do his own weeding. He has to garner the crop, and he has to quit work and take the stuff to town, or at least prepare it and take it to the railroad station and ship it. And then he fixes his faith on the middleman who turns the goods over to some other middleman who sells them to a retailer, who sends a solicitor and gets the order and supplies the product to the consumer. ¶ No wonder the farmer is poor, and no wonder that the average city family is very poorly fed!

When we bring to bear the same scientific genius in farming and supplying farm products to the consumers that we have in the

distribution of dry-goods, or, say, as we have in the management of five and ten cent stores, the question of prosperity to the farmer and, in fact, to the city consumer, will have been solved.

¶ Underlying this splendid farm of Mr. Stevenson's are veins of coal which outcrop in places and can be worked from the surface to advantage. So here is the coal to heat the greenhouses, the poultry houses, and to run the engines that will supply electricity for doing much of the work which was formerly done by the dead-lift and the labor of human hands.

Also, beneath the coal veins is gas that only needs to be tapped, to be utilized right there. Also, where there is gas, oil is not far distant

Thus we have on this wonderful farm, splendid soil on the surface, coal beneath, also gas and oil.

It is certainly a well-rounded proposition. Organization will put the business on a sound, safe, sane, sensible, economic footing.

¶ I know of no business in the world that is as sure as this, where so little risk is involved, and where the gain is so positive.

Often there is a question of whether your goods can be marketed or not, whether there is a demand for them or not.

Many products require to be advertised largely, but farm products in the way of fruits and vegetables, butter and eggs, only have to be shown to be appreciated.

In this business there will be no huckstering. You take your pick of customers and you supply the goods, and as long as you render them an efficient service you can hold them.

High prices and sure money for food are bound to be the rule, more and more in the future, as the years go by.

Pittsburgh is the richest city, counting bank clearances, in America. Its mills and factories reach out in every direction. Pittsburgh supplies hardware to the world. Pittsburgh's prosperity is a thousand times beyond that of the storied Roman Empire.

¶ Pittsburgh has made her money by supplying the world the

tools of trade. Iron and steel in every form are the things that have made Pittsburgh rich.

The mills and factories of Pittsburgh were never so prosperous as they are today. Never were so many workers employed in these industries. Never were such big salaries paid—and these workers, these managers, supervisors, salesmen, and the people who operate these great industries, require food. They require it three times a day.

Food comes out of the soil. It can not be produced in a factory. It comes from the farm.

Stevenson has the farm. Of course, under the most favorable conditions, he can only supply a very small per cent of the food that Pittsburgh requires, but always and forever there will be a market for the things that Stevenson produces.

The man knows practical farming. He knows where he can get the labor, he knows where he can get the superintendents who will bring the proper supervision to bear. Also Stevenson knows organization

The scheme is simple, positive and genuine. The element of chance is eliminated to a chemical trace.

Charity or Business—Which?

THE germ of both life and fire insurance had its rise in the custom of taking up a collection for the stricken family. We all chipped in, in the hope and expectation that if we were snuffed out by sickness or accident, the neighbors would do as much for us. ¶ When I lived in Kansas I well remember how, when a farmer, who owned the next eighty to my father's was killed by a runaway team, we all turned out and plowed the widow's fields, planted her crops and cared for her live stock. That she was young and comely probably had much to do with the ready and cheerful service which we brought to bear. So it seems that it was largely a matter of mood. Life-insurance avoids the uncertainty of leaving things to the neighbors. It is a business plan, founded on the laws of mathematics and sound economy, to provide for those dependent upon us in case of death. Life-insurance is no longer charity, or quasi-altruism, any more than fire-insurance is. Life-insurance is a duty, and it is a privilege. To eliminate the distressing results of death, through insurance, payable to business partners, wife or children, seems but common prudence. Lord Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter " to the tender care of the British Nation, to which I have given my life." And the wife and daughter—gravitated to the poorhouse; for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Don't leave your loved ones to the care of the public or the neighbors. The neighbors may have troubles of their own. Cut out risk, accident and worry, by life-insurance. There are no microbes in a life-insurance policy. Some folks can not get life-insurance. Possibly you can not. If so, these words are not for you.

It is a great thing to be protected against your own indiscretion, for even the best men are locoed logically half an hour every day,

says Ali Baba, the Sage. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the time-limit, just as good executives are men who decide quickly and are sometimes right. Few men are big enough never to get mad when the other fellow does. However, sensible men never do business in their woozy, boozy, bughouse period of the day.

But did you ever stake your all on an election, and prophesy to your friends that the other party was really out of the game, you know—and then find the next morning that you were snowed under by forty thousand majority?

Did you ever go into a lawsuit as plaintiff, and when the jury filed out, whisper to your counsel, " The enemy have n't a leg to stand on? " And when the jury came back, hear the foreman solemnly say, " We, the jury, find for defendants? "

Did you ever go into a land deal expecting to clean up a hundred thousand in two years, and instead find yourself saddled with a deficiency judgment?

These are the things that try men's souls and pocketbooks. ¶ The moral is, while you are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment you should decide to put a little money away for a certain wise, loving and beautiful purpose, and put it where you can't get at it in one of those feverish intervals, when your imagination is astride of a wild, bucking bronco of biz.

Born into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession.

A thousand years before Christ, *Ecclesiastes* wrote this:

> *I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but* TIME *and* CHANCE *happeneth to them all.*

Are we masters of Time? In degree, yes.

A very good time to speak is when you have an audience; about

the best time to sell is when you have a buyer; and the time to secure life-insurance is when you can.

When the blood flows free and fast; and life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come.

The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim Winter will ever rage.

There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it.

Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other with the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average, there is no Chance. And the bigger your company the more is Chance put on time's Toboggan.

¶ Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also (and to me this is its chief value), it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

Hiring Other Folks' Help

JUST about now the world is being made over. ¶ Old ideas are passing away and new ones are being born

And in this time of transition there is a special demand for strong men who can change with the changing times, keep sweet, and out of the elements of the old create better things than we have before seen. ¶ There are plenty of people who can work under instruction, when properly guided, but men and women of initiative are exceptional

Especially do we need men of courage, who know right from wrong, *meum* from *tuum*, and who can concentrate and consecrate their lives to whatsoever work their hands find to do. ¶ To realize that you thrive only as the institution thrives with which you are connected, is a great mental achievement.

But to get the spiritual technique and live the part, instead of playing it, is better. The striker, the jealous person, the one who can not co-operate, the one who looks for slights and insults, higher wages, shorter hours, favors, honors, ease, vacations and soft snaps, is slated for the toboggan.

Probably the railroad companies and our great corporations are largely responsible for the absorption of men of decision, patience and initiative

The Big Boys all seem to have jobs!

The other day, when I met the President of the Burlington System, and looked into the eyes of a man under forty—a boyish, joyous, fluid individual—I was surprised. Your average Railroad President is supposed to be big, bold, grumpy and semi-clerical—a sort of bishop. In the good old days he wore a full beard, with the upper lip shaved, and had a fine supercilious smile for every suggestion which he himself did not make. The new American

man of power is quite a different individual from either Squeers or Scrooge ☙ ☙

And so I was surprised when I grasped the hand of the head of the Burlington System; but I was not nearly so much surprised as when he took me over to a desk and introduced me to a young fellow of, say, twenty-five, who is the Vice-President and practical General Manager of the " Q."

These young men get, oh, say anywhere from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year, which is not much money at the last, but as a salary is pretty fair. They really earn more. They have no grump, grouch or kick coming. They get under the burden and carry it off with the same fine abandon that they might bring to bear in holding down first base.

Yes, the man of ability is needed as never before. Plenty of men can be hired at fifteen dollars a week; but if you want to pay a man ten thousand dollars a year, you have to hunt a long time before you find him. And then if you hire him, you will probably find you did n't get the man you hired, but another kind.

Wherever a man or a woman is doing particularly good work as head of a department in a successful concern, this individual is sure to be importuned by envious ones who hope to get him away, and thus infuse a little much-needed cherry-phosphate into their own concern. ¶ The plan of hiring away other people's help on promise of a higher wage is a very poor scheme. I refer you to all those fools who have tried it.

About the only way you can get a strong man who will act as first mate, or captain your ship, is to breed him, raise him by hand, educate him, and let Love, Time and Experience kick him into line ☙ ☙

This is the man who becomes valuable to the business—the youngster who enters at sixteen, and who is brought up in it. ¶ Now, just suppose you have this strong, young, evolving person, and you are paying him forty dollars a week; and along

comes your envious gentleman, pickled in his own business plight, and feeling the need of help—as we all do. His eye falls upon your intelligent rustler and immediately he puts forth solicitations. ¶ He offers your man—or woman—twenty-five per cent more, one-third more, or double what you are paying, in order to get him to quit you and go with the caravan.

Finally the individual succumbs; and when he goes he is very apt to salve his conscience by getting up a grievance. And when he hikes he takes with him half a dozen of his assistants, to the great delight of his injured self and his new-found employer.

Now the question is, does this man fill the new position to the same satisfaction and advantage that he filled the former one? ¶ On your life, no! The raise in salary has not made him grow—he has simply swollen.

Much is expected of him, because he is being paid big money. This very expectancy scares him. Also, alack, he is a stranger now, and his audience is not a friendly one.

In a few months out he goes, quietly and gently. He takes a trip to Europe—and the scenes that knew him once know him no more forever.

If, possibly, he should go back to his old place he does so at a reduced salary.

When you hire away faithful helpers from a successful institution on the promise of big pay, the rule is that disappointment awaits all parties concerned.

The man who leaves under these conditions has a yellow streak in his make-up.

More pay for more work is right and natural, but bigger pay in the hope that the man is going to make good in a new position is a gamble ❧ ❧

I can well understand how it often happens that conditions in a certain concern are not desirable, for personal reasons, and a good man will go out and look for another job.

And that is all right. But let him make good first and get the pay as a result. To work up in one place and then make a jump to another in the hope that you are going to do better work is to fall into the yeasty deep.

You have to work up in the position that you now occupy; for all the weaknesses you have you carry with you to the new job.

¶ A man is not big because he gets a big salary, but he gets a big salary because he is big; and he should show his ability to earn this salary in the place he occupies before he gets the raise.

¶ In my own little business I have had some experiences in this line. I have a list now of twenty-eight men and women who evolved in The Roycroft Shops to a certain degree of skill and efficiency where they were able to take charge of a department with ability and precision. Then they got chesty and were hired away. The streams of visitors through The Roycroft Shops make it an unfortunate place for a star actor. People want to hire him. They think that when they get him away he will carry with him a lot of rainbow tints and the glory of the sunrise, and into a new position he will put color, form, brain, brawn, art and dolodocci. In every one of these twenty-eight instances, where the man was lured away on the promise of more money, the individual, when removed from the favorable conditions in which he evolved, flatted and failed to put it over. He may have been big and strong and fine in the old position, but when he was flung off into space as commercial nebulæ he failed to whirl himself into a planet. At best he was a motor, and a motor gives off just what power is put into it and no more. What the man wanted who hired the fellow was a dynamo, and a dynamo is a thing that generates power.

So the argument is this: Beware of hiring people away, or of being hired away, on the promise of more money. If only the money catches you, you are not a man worth while.

If the man goes for the same pay, because he likes the business

better and thinks it offers bigger opportunity, that is all right. But just pay and nothing else is going to inflate him into comparative worthlessness.

Money is a big factor, and I do not think lightly of it; but I know perfectly well that the man who puts the money proposition first in life is not a success in a business way.

You have to be married to your work, and you have to love it so that it fills your waking and sleeping hours. Then out of the concentration and consecration you bring to bear, big results will follow ❧ ❧

Money comes simply as an incident, and not because you are bought, bribed and seduced by the rolling, bowling dollars to leave old friends for new.

Down in Pennsylvania they pump oil from a dozen wells with one engine, by means of a mechanical device called a " grasshopper." The inspiration is n't in the " grasshopper; " it is in the boiler and engine. Should the visitor, seeing one of these busy " grasshoppers " doing such good work, buy one and take it home, it will pump no oil for him unless he can adjust it to his own engine. And what if he has no engine! And if he has, what of connections that do not connect with an oil-well!

When Ida Tarbell said, " Even the elevator boys at Twenty-six Broadway are hired with the thought of making them department-managers," she paid the Standard Oil Company a great compliment ❧ ❧

To get an able department-manager you would do well to catch him young ❧ ❧

The concern that succeeds is the one that has a lot of youngsters coming along to select from; not the one that goes out and hires educated men with the hope of taking along some valuable usufruct in the way of trade secrets.

The fellow you can hire away from some one else, some one else can hire away from you. And eventually we get the " journalist,"

who is a newspaperman out of a job; or the " expert accountant," who is a bookkeeper looking for work.

If a man leaves a good job to go to work somewhere else at less pay, he does not enter with an inflated ego, and thus he may be in the line of promotion.

This is all a part of the great general law which provides that things which begin big, bust; and things that begin small, often grow big ☙ ☙

To be fired from an institution does not mean that the man is a failure—there may be temperamental reasons. Employees bounced by Jim Hill have never found it difficult to get good positions elsewhere, but not necessarily at bigger pay to start on. The big pay came when the man had proved his ability.

If I knew I had the stuff in me, and could make good, I would rather go into a concern at small pay and work up, than to start at big pay and work down.

History In Little

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society was organized in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine.

The founder was Henry B. Hyde.

Hyde was a country boy with health and ambition, who had come down to New York from the village of Catskill to make his fortune. He got a job (which is just as good as to accept a situation) with a life-insurance company as errand-boy. In a year he rose to a clerkship, then became cashier, and not satisfied with the policy of the company for which he worked, decided to start a new company

His plan was to secure two hundred high-class men as stockholders who would take five hundred dollars each. These men must be good risks, and of themselves would form the nucleus for a strong company.

Hyde succeeded in vaccinating fifty men with his own enthusiasm but there the number stuck. The shares were one hundred dollars each. Rather than disband and give up the project, Hyde persuaded his men to make up the deficiency.

For himself he had just a thousand dollars, but he borrowed four thousand more, which was proof of his genius, and all was put into Equitable stock.

Hyde was then twenty-five years old.

He was taunted with his youth; but his reply was, "I 'll get over that!"

The President of the new company was Wm. C. Alexander, aged fifty-three. Alexander was a member of the F. F. V. and the son of a Princeton professor. He was a lawyer and an orator—a man of intellect, education, worth and high standing in society. Alexander used to say that all he supplied was dignity, while Hyde did the work.

Alexander's salary in the new company was just seventy-five dollars a year.

Hyde was Vice-President, and his salary was one thousand dollars a year.

The Physican was Edward W. Lambert, aged thirty-one.

The Actuary was George W. Phillips, aged twenty-eight.

For the first year all the clerical work was done by Lambert, and the outside work was done by Hyde.

And the way Hyde secured applications would have set a pace for some of the clever field boys of the present.

The first day the office was opened, there was a "housewarming," and Hyde secured fourteen applications from the guests, one of which was from the president of the competing company for which Hyde had worked.

This man came in because he said the new concern would bust in a year, and he would then take all the policy-holders over, and reinsure them, and he wanted to be on the premises.

The year went by as the years do. Henry B. Hyde had written over one million and a half. There were four hundred twelve policy-holders; and several of these are alive today. Not a single death had occurred in the company. Hyde always argued that life-insurance was for the living, not for the dead.

Twenty years passed. Hyde was forty-five, but a young man in heart and appearance, with the same keen scent for an application. The Assets were $37,366,842.00. Outstanding Insurance, $162,-357,715.00.

Thirty-six life-insurance companies that had started in New York since the Equitable was launched, had gone into the rag-bag of Chronos.

The present Assets are, oh, say, $500,000,000.00. Outstanding Insurance, $1,500,000,000.00.

Why this success? Well, it is chiefly because the Equitable policy is a policy that insures, and wise men know it.

The Equitable meets the growing needs of the people. It is not afraid of initiative—it changes as the times change. It makes itself a necessity to commerce—it supplies a great human want. Best of all, it keeps faith with its policy-holders.

The Equitable believes in the people, and the people believe in the Equitable. It keeps arteriosclerosis at bay by causing the youthful corpuscle to circulate through its management. It is a vast culture-bed of happiness, hope, health, work, faith—all devoted to Human Service.

A little over a year ago the Equitable Life Assurance Society celebrated its fiftieth birthday.

Many people do not know how long fifty years is.

Time can only be measured by deeds. If nothing happens, time is merely an illusion.

When the Equitable was organized, A. T. Stewart's "Business Palace" was uptown, and it was the finest and biggest building in New York. All of A. T. Stewart's clerks were male men. The only woman around the store, save the customers, sold apples on the curb in front.

There were 'buses on Broadway; and there were three horsecar lines on other streets. The cars ran every half-hour. The fare was ten cents, or three tickets for a quarter. Transfers were yet to come

There were no stenographers in business offices.

There were no typewriters, and consequently no typewritists.

¶ Telephone troubles were unguessed.

There were thirty-three States in the Union.

The population of the United States was thirty-one million.

¶ The postage on a letter to California was fifty cents, and if your correspondent replied promptly you got his answer in six months

The voyage from Liverpool to New York in the fastest steamer was thirteen days.

The trip from New York to Chicago took three nights and four days, and you changed cars seven times.

There were no sleeping-cars, and no dining-cars.

There was n't a hotel in New York that had a room with a bath attached ❧ ❧

The first year's business of the Equitable showed no losses by death, and no dividends were paid to either stockholders or policy-holders. The salary list, attorneys' fees and fees of examining physicians and all expenses totaled nine thousand, five hundred dollars for the year.

The Equitable turned the corner into its second year with capital unimpaired and a surplus of ninety-six thousand dollars.

The president of the big competing company, who a year before had sneezed, now coughed.

Since its founding The Equitable has paid back to its policy-holders—mostly widows and orphans—millions of dollars. ¶ The Equitable was the first life-insurance company to adopt the immediate-payment plan. Ninety-eight per cent of its losses are paid the day proofs are received.

Some critics, kindly, but misinformed, imagine that the surplus of the Equitable is withdrawn from circulation and hoarded. This is a great mistake. The amount of actual cash on hand is insignificant. The surplus is put back into circulation through carefully secured loans to the business world.

Over a thousand clerks are employed at the Home Office. System and organization are complete. Absolute economy is on every hand. Industry is the unfailing rule.

From errand-boys to president everybody works and works hard. Good-cheer prevails, and there are enough breathing spells to prevent work becoming drudgery. But the thought that to work for the Equitable is to be a servant of the people is never forgotten ❧ ❧

The Equitable stands for human service.

The Buyer

NOT long ago I called on a great corporation president, who is also the president of a great corporation ❧ ❧

"You are a student of human nature," he said, "the pergola of pelludicity, and I want to show you a curiosity." He pressed a button, and in about a minute a man entered. This man was past middle life; tall, spare, wrinkled, intelligent, cold, passive, non-committal, with eyes like a codfish.

The president introduced us.

I was offered a cold, clammy mitt.

There was no smile of recognition, no attempt to thaw the social ice ❧ ❧

He was as cool, calm and damnably composed as a concrete post or a plaster-of-Paris cat.

I tried a pleasantry, but it fell flat.

"What can I do for you?" asked the Human Petrifaction.

¶ Just then I glanced at the president, and I saw he was laughing behind a newspaper. He came to my rescue and excused the Cold Storage.

When the man had gone, he asked," What do you think of him?"

"Well, he is not exactly effusive," I answered.

"Why should he be? He is a buyer. Been here forty years, and has worked at the one job until he has lost his soul. His brain is a mass of mathematics, and his heart is feldspar. A buyer never cultivates courtesy. Charm of manner doesn' t count. Salesmen are decent, but buyers don't have to be.

"Buyers are unhuman, without bowels, passions or sense of humor. Happily they never reproduce. They are minus the friendly germ ❧ ❧

"There is no promotion for an exclusive buyer. He gets where

he is and stays there. This man, though, is valuable, but if he went on the road to sell goods he would divert trade from the house to our competitors. We could n't do without him—but all buyers go to hell! "

And I took his word for it.

And the moral seems to be that if you would preserve your brain balance and not devolve into a measly malamute you must do more than one thing.

A Word for the Judiciary

NOT long ago I had occasion to visit the office of an extensive law-firm in New York. I got around to the office about half-past eight in the morning. The boys were just sweeping out and dusting things off and getting out the pads and the pencils and the envelopes and the blotters for the work of the day. One of these boys, a lad of about fourteen, sat at a table just as you entered the door. His business was to hold everybody up and inform them that "Mr Johnson has just gone out to special session and will be back in three minutes." Other boys were errand-boys, who had been promoted from the official table, where the freckled chap sat. Then there were a couple of process-servers, evidently youths just out of college, placed here by their parents, who did not know what else to do with them

These lads were discussing the business of the office. "Say now," says the freckled chap, "did n't we do 'em up! You know, over at Part Three, what the old man said. Well, he certainly rubbed them up the back. We got it on 'em now unless they get out a stay on us."

"Oh, that 's nothin'," says the other fellow; "you know dem fellers we are fightin' is de worst ever. They buys up all the judges."

"What!" says one of the process-servers. "Do you think you could buy up that judge?"

"Sure, I could," said the other fellow; "they are all for sale," and then went into minutiæ, slinging off law-phrases and legal technicalities, making a wonderful batting record.

Pretty soon the head clerk arrived and then there was no more of this post-mortem talk. The boys simply got down to business and kept their flytraps closed.

Emerson tells of the inmates of almshouses who sit in the sun and gravely discuss the president's policy.

In every village there is a contingent that meets at the grocery, samples the cheese, nibbles the crackers, occasionally swipes a box of sardines, and all the time sits in judgment on the men of the town and vicinity who are making the wheels go around. Anybody of any importance whatsoever comes in for criticism; and this talk is all in the line of distrust, contempt, impeachment.

¶ Mr. Nobody's indictment of the bench is simply village gossip, lifted to the *n*th power. It is made up of generalities, stated in the terms of the village setter or the underlings in the law-office. One-half of all legal decisions are contrary to the wishes and interests of somebody. Just as many cases are lost in court as are won, and it is the right of the individual who loses to protest, and usually he avails himself of the privilege.

Judges are but men, and to expect infallibility of them is too much. They make mistakes, both in judgment and in fact, but I believe that ninety-nine judges out of a hundred in America are intent on rendering a righteous judgment.

The people elect the judges, and in the main, the people are right. They very, very seldom elect rogues and scoundrels to the office

The judges of America realize the dignity of their position; and arrogance and indifference to the rights of the many are, I believe, the rare exception.

Pick out any high-class lawyer that you know—and there are a few such—and ask him if, in the course of ten or fifteen years' practice, handling thousands of cases, and appearing before a great many courts, in his opinion the judiciary, as a class, is corrupt, and he will tell you positively, without hesitation, "No!"

The judiciary average a little better than the people. They are in a position where responsibility sobers them. Commonplace

lawyers, who may walk the border-line in their own particular work as lawyers, when elevated to a judgeship become better men than they ever were before.

The majesty of the law is not wholly a fiction, and it will not be so unless honesty and truthfulness become to the people of the United States a barren idealty.

The judge wants the approval of the people. His interests lie in the line of integrity and truth.

He can not afford to accept or dally with anything else.

Commonsense and self-preservation demand that he shall eliminate prejudice and fear. He deals with cases, usually, where both sides are right, and both sides are wrong, and his business is to find the point of compromise.

Everybody in business who has had anything to do with the courts occasionally imagines that he is stung; but looking back over a career of ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty years, the variations stretch themselves into a straight line, and he finds, on the whole, that he has had everything that was his due, and perhaps a little more ❧ ❧

How silly and how foolish it is, then, for a defeated lawyer to set about and air his personal grievances by making lists of cases where the judiciary, seemingly, have gone wrong.

Litigation is essentially non-productive. It is disturbing to all sorts of useful endeavor, and wise men are today compromising and arbitrating their differences as never before in history, and they are doing this thing on the advice of lawyers and judges.

¶ Every judge I ever knew—and I have known many—will strain a point any time to bring about amity and peace between litigants. The entire tendency of modern life is to avoid litigation.

Negative Advertising

FFIRMATIVE advertising is pleasant publicity, plus salesmanship.

Negative advertising is unpleasant publicity, with intent to boost your own business by destroying the trade of your competitor.

There have been instances where whole industries have been wiped out by negative advertising. Ten years ago there were in America at least a dozen successful manufacturers of incubators. These men started in to exposing the weak points of competitors. Things that they were not sure of they concocted, hinted at, and fished out of the cosmic ink-bottle.

So successful were these men in showing up the weak points in the business that they convinced the buying public that the whole thing was bunk.

All of them beckoned for the commissioner in bankruptcy, who graciously responded.

If these men in the same line of business had stood together in an educational, social and fraternal way and taught the people how to use incubators, they might all today be doing a successful business. For while it is a fact that it takes about as much genius to raise chickens as to prepare advertising, yet the thing can be done

The business world has pretty generally come to the conclusion that to pound on a competitor is n't a very good way to sell your own goods

Wise traveling salesmen do not do this sort of thing, but some people do in print that which they would not do by word of mouth

I hold in my hand the catalog of a successful manufacturer of automobiles. The machine this concern makes, is, I believe, all that its manufacturer claims for it.

Now this manufacturer is not content with emphasizing the excellence of his car, but he begins a campaign of hammering on the entire automobile industry. A casual reference to other makes by way of comparison would not be so bad, but this party devotes pages and pages to defaming competitors. Not only does he libel their commodities, but he attacks their credit. On page seven of this catalog I find: " Our car is gracefully free from harsh and broken lines, and awkward curves, and from garish and inharmonious details. No striving for effect and no discordant elements. Top-heaviness, characteristic of many cars, is absent from ours."
On page thirteen I see a startling headline thus: " Do you know what 's happening? Sudden changes among automobile manufacturers warn buyers. Men who read financial news know that the past year has seen an unusual number of borrowing operations, stock offerings, and failures among automobile-manufacturers. How these swift changes will affect car-buyers ought to be considered by those who intend to purchase cars, for nobody wants to make a bad bargain."
Thus does this manufacturer throw a scare into every " prospect." Instead of supplying us courage, he gives us gooseflesh. Instead of encouraging the buying mood, he tries to stampede the public into a panic.
He goes on thus: " It is no secret that the automobile industry has been traveling at high speed. Many an automobile-manufacturer has had expensive dreams of a golden harvest, and has permitted extravagant operations to go unchecked. This disregard for sound business methods, and the mistake of over-expansion, have already resulted in the bankruptcy of several companies that had been rated as highly successful.
" When a manufacturer is forced into bankruptcy, as has already been the case more than once, the consequences are felt in some degree by every man who owns one of his cars. Cars bearing the name of the bankrupt maker become instantly discredited things,

and the owner will make haste to dispose of his discredited machine as quickly as possible, at the same time pocketing a financial loss.

" You will find upon investigation that the number of absolutely dependable makers is not great; and so much the more reason, therefore, why you should know who these dependable makers are

" By all means find a manufacturer whose present condition and outlook are free from doubt. Insist upon having the facts. If the manufacturer can't show a clean bill of health, waste no time on him."

Then comes the man who puts out this wild, weird, rough stuff, with its rumors of bankruptcy and prophecies of evil, and with unblushing cheek gives his own capital, output and liabilities. The whole thing looks like the butting in of the newly-rich, or the bully bounce of the Mexican athlete. Having shown how most everybody else is treading the border-line of red ruin, this manufacturer puts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, struts three times across the parlor, and lights a dollar cigar.

The fact is, of course, that the whole automobile industry is a new enterprise, and the men who are making the most money today were poor yesterday. And this individual who is boasting of his solidity and comparing his own happy state with that of the parties he avers are hanging on by their eyebrows belongs to the pioneer stage

If this man has a beautiful car, and big resources and small liabilities, these things are well; but when he goes on to warn us not to deal with anybody else, he is sowing a crop of nettles. No business is on such a solid foundation that it can afford to carry its nose in the air and spit on those less fortunate.

Here we get one of the penalties of success—a supercilious, bull-dozing, cocksure mental attitude.

Personally, if I were going to buy a car I would n't buy of this

man who assumes the lordly strut, who boasts of his success, and intimates that the whole industry, outside of himself, is on the bink ☙ ☙

Let this man advertise the beauties of his own goods, but when he utilizes space in his catalog and in the magazines to convince the world that as an industry the whole automobile business is in a shaky financial condition, he overshoots the mark.

If he treads the border-line of libel, and deals in scandal and gossip concerning his competitors, is n't he a fairly good man to let alone? I think yes. And my opinion is that lots of people will give him absent treatment.

Here is the way he begins an advertisement in the *Century* Magazine: " Does your car get on your nerves? Do you come in from a run with your muscles tired and your nerves in a knot? Do your friends need a rest after riding with you? Does your wife prefer staying at home because she can't enjoy the wearing, pulsatory shocks of your car? Is the rear seat constantly shaking with comfort-destroying vibration?

" Some cars are never comfortable. Cars so light that they are all the time bounding up from the road surface can never be made comfortable. Waste no money on shock-absorbers, for these can never cure the nerve-eating vibrations that are shot through a car by its motor." This is exactly on the order of the old-time medical advertisements that began by throwing a scare into you, convincing you that you had it.

If there were no demand for automobiles, if the people were sick of them, and they were not a practical every-day necessity of our lives, then this talk of dissolution and bankruptcy might have some point. The fact is, however, if one man can give away ten million dollars, which is supposed to be one-half of his profits for a year, then other men in the business can make a million dollars a year. Or, if they make a hundred thousand dollars a year, clear, it is n't so awfully bad.

Tastes in automobiles differ; we do not all want the same machine. The great number of makes reveals a great number of variations in style, weight, size and general attractiveness. ¶ So far, it looks to me as if there were room for all of the automobile-manufacturers who are in the business. The use of the automobile is increasing rather than lessening.

If we have been extravagant in buying automobiles, we are equalizing the matter by curtailing expenses in other directions. The lobster palaces are complaining; jewelers and dealers in precious metals and gems say that their business is suffering through the over-purchase of automobiles; fancy milliners and dressmakers the same. An argument can be made for automobiles that can not be made for the lobster-palace, and for extravagance in dress. The automobile takes you out into the open. Also, when you go out you take your wife and the kiddies; you visit your neighbors; you get acquainted with the great out-of doors; you see the farms, the factories, the forests, the running streams. You grow to have ideas on the subject of good roads and safe bridges, and a new world is opened up to your vision.

And when along comes a manufacturer of automobiles and fills up good newspaper space with scare-heads and such words as, " Caution," " Go Slow," " Who are you buying of? " " Can you afford it? " and " Remember there is a Risk," this man is injuring not only his own business, but the entire automobile industry. He is hitting his competitors without benefiting himself. This is what you call suicidal competition—industrial hara-kiri, or grouch gone to seed.

What does this man want to do who is pounding the automobile industry and prophesying bankruptcy for the manufacturer, and embarrassment and shame for the owner?

He can not possibly make all of the automobiles that the country needs. Is he not willing to thrive and allow others to thrive at the same time? Why does he " holler? " Well, my opinion is, that it

is simply the habit of the ages cropping out; it is village gossip lifted to fortissimo; scandal with a brass band.

He does not know that a new day has arisen; that life today is affirmative; that the brotherhood of man is at the door.

Co-operation is the big word now.

Every man in any line of worthy business ought to help every other man in the same line—this for the plain, simple, common-sense reason that when you put the skids under the other fellow's prospects, you slip the knockout-drops into your own.

There is n't a single successful automobile-manufacturer today who has not at some stage in his career been assailed as shaky, irresponsible and on the slide. If outsiders knock, the automobile men can't help it, but when automobile-makers carry in their kipsies a goodly assortment of hammers for use on the heads of men in their own line of business, let the public sneeze.

What kind of a man is this who wants to thrive by tearing others down? Who hopes to build a monument to himself by scrapheaping the machine of a competitor—melting it up and making for himself a monument?

Suppose fire, flood and earthquakes should sweep the factory of this man who runs the publicity trip-hammer, would all of us cease to ride in automobiles? Oh ho! and oh ho! Possibly we would ride in better automobiles, bought at cheaper prices.

¶ Any man who thinks that he is necessary to the perpetuity of an industry would do well to take a look at himself in a mirror and make sure that his purity of purpose will stand the litmus test

Said Falstaff to Prince Hal, " Will there be no cakes and ale in England when thou art gone? "

Is this the Atlas of autos who bears upon his brawny shoulders the benzine world?

If so, what will happen if he stubs his toe? Men in the same line of business should get together and stand by one another, and

not get off in the corner of a magazine and throw spit balls. ¶ Hey! up there, professor, hit 'er up a few—give us a taste of the turkey-trot, and nix on that funeral march! All together now, here we go for the best year we have ever had, 1914!

Refrigeration, Cold Storage and Ice Making

MARK TWAIN got himself incorporated. ¶ Then Mark Twain, the man, died; but Mark Twain, the corporation, still abides, "a body without death, a mind without decline."

A man lives within very narrow limits. A corporation is not so much handicapped.

Some years ago, S. S. McClure got himself incorporated under a limited-liability law. Then he wrote his name thus: "S. S. McClure, Lim."

Thereby did he add to the gaiety of nations. He left his guard down, and the joker promptly rushed in—for jokers rush in where wise men fear to tread.

The stern fact holds, however, that we are limited in all of our actions. Absolute freedom is an impossibility. Once there was a worthy gentleman who saved a little money, through honest endeavor coupled with economy, and he started a saloon.

He was desirous of having a name for his studio; and so one day when a couple of thirsty gazabos came in, and each put his right foot on the brass rod and his elbows on the mahogany, the German said, "Give me a name that I can call my place."

One of the men tipped his derby viciously over one eye, glanced around the apartment, spat at the spittoon ten feet away, and said, "Call it *The Limit!*"

And the man took his word for it, and had the legend painted on a beautiful sign, to wit: The Limit.

I was in this bazar the other day munching on a free lunch, so as to encourage the institution, and I congratulated the proprietor on the name. He replied, "Yes; this is The Limit—and so are You!"

Altogether, it seems to me that a party with the delightful sense of humor which this jolly old gent possessed deserves not only our prayers, but also our patronage.

Yes, man is limited. He belongs to the ground. When he makes a jump in the air he can only go up at the most about three feet, unassisted. With the help of a pole he may go up twelve feet. If he has an aeroplane he can go up quite a bit higher. It does n't hurt him to go up, and it does n't hurt him to come down, but the sudden stop may dislocate his cabeza.

We are limited by time and space and temperature. Life is a matter of the mercury. The normal is ninety-eight. If it gets above a hundred you send for the doctor.

When the doctor with his professional submaxillary spinach takes your temperature and finds it a hundred and two he smiles; if it is a hundred and three he looks wise; if it is one hundred four, he is serious, and if it is one hundred five—and the news gets out—the undertaker drives slowly past in an interested way.

¶ Any climate where the temperature lingers in the day time around one hundred in the shade, and at night is up to eighty, will never produce engineers, poets, orators, sculptors, painters or big businessmen

Ninety-five per cent of the big men of the world have come from the North Temperate Zone. They were born within two hundred miles North or South of the Forty-second Parallel.

Three-fifths of the world is covered with water, which seems to prove that the old world is much better calculated for producing fish than men; although we must remember that we have the land-shark with us everywhere, and occasionally his daughter is a high-diver

Man's body is eighty per cent fluid. This fluid circulates through his veins and arteries, and a good deal of it evaporates through his skin and is lost by the natural modes of elimination.

Therefore it is necessary for us to take in more fluid daily.

¶ Life is a matter of circulation of fluids. These fluids have to be kept at a certain temperature.

Eggs hatch at one hundred four. Bugs and bacteria hatch at sixty, and from that on up to eighty they come a-running.

¶ Fluids and vegetables are filled with the germs of life, which are only nourished into activity under the processes of heat.

¶ "Keep your head cool and your feet warm," is very good advice. Also, "Keep your food and drink cool," is better.

Every once in a while we hear of some party absorbing ptomains in a lobster-palace. Whether the ptomain is an animal or a vegetable matter has not yet been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States—the court of last conjecture—but that the thing is decidedly unwholesome a few people can testify.

The ptomain is the result of neglected refrigeration.

The word "refrigeration" comes to us from the Latin word *frigus,* meaning "cold" or "cool."

A few months ago I was down in the wonderful and beautiful Pecos Valley of Texas.

General Sherman once made a fool remark about Texas that still lives

Somebody said that Texas lacks only two things—water and society—but now Texas has both.

Labor applied to land produces wealth, but it must be intelligent labor

Also, the dictum should be amended so as to read, "Irrigation and labor intelligently applied to land produce wealth."

Down there in the Pecos Valley I saw tons and tons of delicious strawberries, ripening and rotting in the fields. They were not worth the picking.

When I asked the owner of a beautiful strawberry-patch what the berries were worth he said, "Nothing; just go in and help yourself."

I ate strawberries until I looked like an animated toad.

Suddenly I thought I would pack my grip with strawberries and carry them home, but it occurred to me all at once that they would not keep

"Why are those strawberries not worth anything?" I asked the owner of the fair field. ¶ "Two things," said the man, "are lacking: one is transportation, the other is refrigeration." ¶ The cities of the North are crying for berries. The world has never had enough fruit. Fruit is plentiful in certain places and very scarce in others— all for lack of transportation and refrigeration

Refrigeration is the science of conservation—of keeping things cool

Refrigeration is a chemical art used in a mechanical way.

We are told that white is no color at all. White is the absence of color. So we might also say that cold is the absence of heat. ¶ Heat is a form of energy generated by friction, by chemical process, by pressure and the rays of the sun. Just what the sun is, is also one of those questions which the Wise Ones have not yet explained

In order to reduce temperature you have to take the heat out, seize it, collar it by the slack and the scuff, and remove it bodily. ¶ You take in heat at the expansion-coils, and eject it at the condensers. It is a matter of circulation of liquids and gases working under pressure. These liquids and gases have the power of alternately absorbing heat and giving it off. They are at enmity with the caloric unit.

The ordinary temperature of water, say, is sixty degrees. By the use of a refrigerating-machine you run this water down to forty, and if you desire, you can go still lower and solidify it into ice. If you circulate brine at forty in a room, the whole room will take on this temperature of forty degrees, and you can hold it exactly where you want it. This is the principle of cold storage. At one time we thought it necessary to use ice in order to keep

the temperature cool. Of course this was built up out of the idea of cutting ice in the Wintertime, then transporting this ice to certain places where it was used.

The idea of keeping a room at a certain temperature, surely, absolutely, and without fail, all by a simple mechanical process, was as yet unguessed.

The birth of mechanical refrigeration may be said to date from Faraday's and Bussy's experiments in the liquefaction of ammonia-gas, in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-three and Twenty-four ❧ ❧

This was done by generating the gas, bringing it under great pressure, and cooling it while under this pressure to a sufficiently low degree.

Andrews, in further researches along this line, found that for different gases there were varying temperatures, below which the gas must be cooled, no matter how great the pressure, before it would liquefy ❧ ❧

So here began the solving of the problem of reduction of temperature ❧ ❧

When it was found possible to liquefy gases with comparative ease, its adaptation to commercial purposes began to take place.

¶ Experiments showed that anhydrous ammonia, by reason of its adaptability to liquefy under comparatively low pressure, became the primary refrigerating agent.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty, when the first compression refrigerating-machine was patented in this country, by Professor A. C. Twining, of New Haven, Connecticut, he used another compressed gas as the agent. Later, he adopted anhydrous ammonia, which was being successfully evolved by Carre, in his absorption machine ❧ ❧

At the present time anhydrous ammonia holds first place as a refrigerating chemical.

There are various liquids used in the process of refrigeration.

Among these liquids are carbonic acid, sulphurous oxide, and anhydrous ammonia—that is, ammonia from which the water has been removed.

On account of the greater economy with which ammonia can be liquefied, and its cheapness, it is almost the universal agent in refrigeration today.

There is, in fact, nothing that can take its place.

The word ammonia comes to us from Ammon—an Egyptian deity

Ammonia was used by the Egyptian priests centuries before Moses led the Children of Israel out of captivity. Its production was a secret, a sacred secret. When a good strong draft of ammonia was thrown into a temple, the tendency was for everybody to vacate the premises as soon as possible.

Chemistry was once the monopoly of the astrologer, the alchemist and the faker

Today ammonia is no longer a secret. Its use is a benefit and a blessing. Though its principal use today is as an agricultural fertilizer, in refrigeration and ice-making it has a large and important use, as it has also in the electrical field and in other arts and for drug purposes.

Great is the god AMMON! Great is AMMONIA! Passing great is the science of refrigeration—the science that preserves, that keeps sweet and sanitary and wholesome, the food and drink that feeds and refreshes the world. Ammonia makes possible better living, happiness, sweet content and length of days. We are a hungry and thirsty bunch! ¶ Even before we were born our demands for sustenance were insistent.

And we announced our arrival by making noises, which were interpreted by the nursing staff as a requisition for refreshment. ¶ As we grew our requirements increased. We wanted more food, more drink, more air—more room. And our parents either obligingly provided these things, or made their possession possible.

¶ Sooner or later—the sooner, the better—we begin to provide these things for ourselves.

We exchange our labor for commodities, or for the means to purchase them.

So, out of our individual needs, out of our primary needs of air, food and water, and the subsidiary subsequents, clothing and shelter, springs the whole business system. Business is simply catering to, and supplying the needs of humanity. ¶ Nobody ever created a need—we discover it.

And business success is assured only to the man who applies himself intelligently to the supplying of human wants.

Also, he must render the service, or supply the commodity in a wholesome and beneficent manner.

To that end we have laws on our statute-books that provide for pure air, pure water, pure food.

But there is a still more important force in the business world today than judicial or State law enactments. It is honesty in goods, service and purpose.

This is a triumvirate, a trinity, to which the successful business-man swears allegiance.

That is, when we make a sale, we make a friend.

Agriculture is, without doubt, the foundation of national prosperity. But there is no farming without men.

The assets of a nation are its men and women. And they are valuable only as they are healthy.

And health is dependent largely upon the fresh air, pure food and drink available.

And fresh air, pure food and drink are all associated with agriculture

It is being realized that farming plays by far the most important part in our national life.

The farmer feeds and clothes us. He gives us day by day our daily bread. We come to him with confidence to supply our cup-

boards, and we are not turned empty away. He plows and sows, reaps and mows for our benefit. Politicians wheedle him, and statesmen pass laws for his benefit—*aber nicht.* To keep him busy, and get his products away from him at the least possible expense, is the business of us in the cities. For us he raises the cattle on a thousand hills and causes the valleys to be filled with smiling corn. But his usefulness would be discounted and his labor ill-requited, were it not for t h a t second auxiliary national greatness, transportation.

His bumper crops would rot on the ground. The fertility of his fields and flocks would bring him no recompense. Long hauls to distant markets would be unprofitable by reason of inopportune and inconsistent arrivals; his wilted and decaying produce would have no marketable value. And the dwellers in the far-off cities would suffer accordingly.

Fresh fruit and vegetables would be prohibitive in price. The cost of living would aviate in a manner that would cause a Curtiss biplane to appear down a well.

Steam, gasoline and electricity, however, afford the farmer safe and rapid means of transportation.

In a few hours, produce is carried from where it is abundant to places where it is scarce. In a few hours, West and East exchange greetings ❧ ❧

Evening sees the farmer pack his hampers with dewy vegetables, and the next day they are gracing the table and delighting the palate of people five hundred miles away. The great network of railroads and trolleys link up the resources of the farmer with the teeming populous centers of industrialism.

His produce finds ready acceptance and a readier market in their midst.

In like manner the products of seas, river and lake are carried from the wharves direct to the consumer.

What were once considered luxuries for the rich are now become

common and almost staple foods for the poor. Space has been annihilated, distance decimated.

But even transportation—wonderful though its effect has been on the world's markets—has not influenced the food-supply of the nations to such a degree as has refrigeration.

By means of this art—for art it surely is—the table of the workingman holds delicacies that Lucullus might envy. Choice tropical fruits are at our disposal. The orange-groves of California and Florida furnish us with luscious gobs of goodness.

Florida hands us the lemon with a laugh, and the banana is now as common as the potato.

Chicago has become the source of supply to millions of the carnivora, and John Bull's famous " roast beef of Old England " traces its pedigree to the same quarter.

The huge leviathans of the deep plow their way across the Atlantic, loaded to capacity with life-sustaining cargoes. England opens wide her gates—tariffs be dam'd!—and welcomes the myriad quarters of beeves, veals, pork, and mutton that help to feed her brawny, brainy sons.

No longer does the British housewife buy scraps of meat and laboriously stitch them together, to make a joint of them. ¶ She can purchase a big piece of States, Argentine or Australian beef at comparatively small cost—thanks to refrigeration.

Without refrigeration she would not be able to procure meat at anything like the price, and the cry—" *Ora pro nobis*. One small herring for four of us! "—would be heard on every hand.

Refrigeration has done more towards providing a universal menu than any other scientific or mechanical device.

Cold storage, as applied to food-products, was, until recently, simply the packing of the food-receptacles with ice, or packing the food in ice.

Nowadays, however, millions of dollars are invested and being spent in the application of mechanical refrigeration.

The adoption of refrigerating machinery and ice-making machinery, and its rapid growth in favor, can be attributed chiefly to the fact that by its use any desired temperature can be provided and reliably kept, and ice produced in any climate.

Constant experiments and careful calculations are being made to insure a proper conservation of the different articles of food and drink ❧ ❧

To conserve effectively the endless varieties of food, drink and produce is a matter that precludes haphazard methods.

A temperature that would be exactly suited for the preservation of one article is ruinous to another.

And the aim of all builders of refrigerating-machinery is to produce the most effectual means of procuring and controlling a temperature applicable to every case.

Machinery operated with ammonia has been found to meet the requirements—giving a wide range of temperature.

Naturally, therefore, one of the principal reasons for this remarkable development of the refrigerating and cold storage business has been the demand for the storage of perishable products, such as eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, fruit, vegetables, meat, fish and beer.

All these things can be kept for long periods without depreciation, some of them for a year or more without any appreciable change in the quality of the perishable goods.

So the installation of mechanically equipped cold-storage plants is rapidly becoming general.

Confined at first to large breweries, cold-storage plants, ocean liners, and packing-houses, refrigerating machinery is now found in meat-markets, produce-exchanges, steam-yachts, hotels, apartment-houses, dairies, ice-cream and various manufactories.

¶ Ice can be manufactured often more cheaply than natural ice can be harvested.

And moreover, manufactured ice is purer, hence better fitted,

from a hygienic standpoint, for use as a food and drink preservative and attemperator.

Another use to which refrigeration is put, and one that has proven a lucrative one, is the storing of furs and fabrics. Moths and beetles, so destructive to these articles, are made dormant or killed by cold-storage temperature; and possessors of valuable furs and costly articles of apparel and furnishings are not slow to avail themselves of this method for the safekeeping of them.

¶ Other uses to which cold storage is put are the keeping of tobacco, cut flowers, bulbs and fruit-trees for planting, and the manufacture of chocolate candy and confectionery, and also our daily bread.

Petroleum and cottonseed-oil refiners, as well as high explosives and glue manufacturers, are big users of refrigerating-plants, as also are manufacturers of photographic films and plates. And still more recent has been its large use in the application of dry air to blast-furnace operations.

And so the sphere of industrial usefulness of refrigeration and ice-making machinery is extending year by year.

The cooling of public buildings, offices, schools and residential institutions by mechanical refrigeration, and purified, humidified, cold air, is receiving increasing attention.

No modern hospital, hotel or apartment-house is considered complete unless it has a refrigerating installation.

Many theaters and auditoriums—those great " hot-air " centers —are maintained at a pleasant temperature by this means, and there is a movement on foot to equip the House and Senate Chambers of our National Capitol in the same way.

Several of our large cities have ice skating-rinks, under cover, with skating surfaces regularly renewed by ice-making machinery

I remember in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, seeing an ice-making machine, at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

It was wonderful, strange, miraculous. Make ice in Summertime? Any man who would have believed the thing would have been accounted crazy—just as much as if he believed you could talk with your friend across a space of one hundred or two hundred or three hundred miles.

At this same Exposition I saw the telephone, the trolley-car, the typewriter—and the typewritist—all beautiful and beneficent inventions ❧ ❧

Refrigerated transportation is of comparatively recent origin. ¶ Less than forty years have elapsed since the first refrigerator-car was operated between Chicago and New York. To be able to keep meat free from taint for ten days during the hottest summer weather was considered a big achievement.

It certainly did mark an epoch in the meat-packing industry. ¶ But today refrigerator-cars are running in an almost endless chain across the continent, carrying huge consignments of carcases, mammoth stacks of dairy produce, tons of fish, fruits, and vegetables, and bulky deliveries of barrels of beer.

A cargo of one hundred twenty thousand carcases of mutton and lamb, occupying three hundred thousand cubic feet of hold space, is by no means uncommon on board some meat-carrying vessels ❧ ❧

Lloyd's issue certificates for refrigerating installations erected to their specifications, and most vessels have their refrigerating-machinery classed there.

In the meat trade between South America, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Europe, ammonia or carbonic-acid machines are almost exclusively used; but for New Zealand and Australian meat trade, compressed air is still employed to a small extent.

Considering that mechanical refrigeration is still in its infancy, it has made wonderful strides.

As a matter of fact, there is no branch of mechanical engineering

—excepting, possibly, electrical machinery—that has shown such remarkable development.

And still it has only touched the fringe of its possibilities. Left free from the meddling tinkerings of hypercritical, political hypochondriacs and insane legislatorial lassoes, refrigerated cold storage will prove to be one of the greatest assets, just as it is one of the greatest blessings to mankind.

How Foremen are Made

SOME weeks ago I gave a lecture in a certain fine little city in the Middle West.

The Lecture Committee, according to the usual custom, took me around town to show me the points of interest.

We visited the Court House, the First National Bank, the Brickyard, the Hospital, the Jail.

Then they took me to the Electric-Light Station—a beautiful concrete structure, where water-power is utilized most of the time.

¶ The foreman of the Electric-Light Station was a young fellow just turned twenty-one. In his buttonhole gleamed a badge of the Jovians, so we met on a Jovian basis.

I noticed that the roadway leading to the Electric-Light Station, off of the main road a quarter of a mile, was being paved with brick. The foreman incidentally explained that he was doing the job of paving with his own men, " just to fill in the time."

Often such work is given out to contractors. But I saw that this youth was in command of the situation. He was intent on economy

I made a few inquiries as to where he came from, and so forth, all of which he sidestepped, smilingly, and called my attention to the new dynamo they had just installed.

On the way back to town, one of the Committee said:

" There is a boy you had better keep your eye on. He came here three years ago, and the contractor who was building our plant hired him as water-boy.

" The next week he was timekeeper.

" One night the boss saw him tearing up several yards of red flannel to cover white-light lanterns. They did n't have enough red ones to go around, it seems. ' We can't afford to have any suits for damages,' he said, by way of apology.

" That was about the extent of his conversation. He did n't have much to say, but he always did the right thing. He was around early in the morning, and was the last one to leave at night

" It took a year to do the work here, and before the contracting company had pulled up stakes, this young fellow was assistant to the boss of the job.

" Whenever the old man went to Chicago, he gave all of his orders to this young fellow. No one ever appointed him. He just kind of drifted in.

" Then the contracting company got another job in Keokuk. And when the boss went over to that town, he left everything to this young fellow.

" Finally, everything was cleaned up and the plant was running in good shape; and we just decided that we would have to keep the boy

" The boss put in a kick over the telephone; but we stood him off. The boy also thought he would have to go; but we just made him out a little block of stock to the extent of ten thousand dollars. And now he is here for keeps.

" He is a part of our equipment; a part of the town. He talks little, minds his own business, gets into no wrangles, feuds or cliques. He has studied electricity, and he knows as much about running a plant in an economic way as most people. Also, he is encouraging everybody to use the current. He draws plans, makes sketches, gives suggestions. ' Oh, you give him time, and he will be a millionaire, all right, all right! ' "

Sometimes we hear our friends, the reformers, talk about classes and masses

If there is a capitalistic class in America, it has evolved mostly from the masses. It is just a process of evolution and natural selection

In America, anybody who has a job has a chance.

There is one thing that this country is very short on, and that is men who can intelligently supervise.

Most people, you will find, are looking for positions, instead of desiring a job ❧ ❧

The evolution of this young man that I have just mentioned is typical of the evolution of a great number of the best and strongest men in America.

This boy was born of poor parents. His father, I found out, was a clergyman, on a salary of seven hundred fifty dollars a year. And on this he had brought up a large family. But this was no disadvantage for the boy.

In any event, I can not imagine anything more admirable in the line of human evolution than this boy of eighteen carrying water to a band of laborers, and gravitating, by divine right, into a position of power, proving his way inch by inch, step by step. Such successes are not uncommon. They should be much more common than they are. This is a land of opportunities, and there was never so great a demand for strong, able, competent, efficient young men as there is today.

Salesmanship As An Indoor Sport

THE other day I called at the general offices of a big manufacturing concern in Detroit.

I wanted to see the sales-manager, but was informed by the girl at the telephone that the gentleman was in "conference," and had left orders not to be called.

I then shuffled into the office of the President, and incidentally mentioned the fact that I wanted to see the sales-manager, but that he was engaged.

And then the President of the big corporation opened up his cut-off about like this: "Of course you can't see the boss salesman.

¶ "I can't see him myself without the aid of a Burns detective.

¶ "He is 'in conference' two-thirds of his time, and the result will be we will all be in chancery unless we get a new sales organization, and a new advertising outfit.

"The whole bunch have gone deweesing.

"Only yesterday I went in to see the head of the sales department, and there were six typewriters cracking away, and I said, 'My! The orders are coming in.'

"And one of the girls said: 'No, it is not orders. We are getting out "flimsy" for Mr. Gabbeigh's speech that he is to give before the Paloodle Branch of the Boobaloob Society at Horseheads next week.'"

Just then the advertising manager was spied walking hastily down the aisle. We called to him. He came back and said: "I have just a minute, you know. I am to lunch with the Talkissimo Tomcon Club at twelve o'clock. Howard Elliott is to be there."

The President turned wearily to me and said: "What did I tell you! The only orders we get nowadays are those slipped under the door at night by customers. Any customer who comes in,

in the daytime, is snubbed by being told that the Order-Taker is in conference. The salesmen are dead."

Success in salesmanship consists in getting the name on the dotted line

Salesmanship as an indoor sport is a matter of fletcherizing the textiles

Laying cornerstones, getting things in shape, making a good impression, standing in, organizing, are all items of expense. ¶ Salesmanship is a matter of income.

Just as every soldier has to be supported by a laborer, so does every commercial spieler have to be fed by a salesman. If no goods are sold, no money comes in, and who then meets the pay-roll and takes care of the Expense-Account!

You are not a success as a salesman unless you are able to sell the goods

The Ad clubs and Schools of Salesmanship have all done a deal of good. Nobody disputes this. At the same time a good many of these "Get Together" Clubs have hatched out a brood of lunchers, who form a League of Lallygaggers, a sort of Federated Union for Conversazione, that threatens to overrun the dykes, and engulf the land with palaver.

These men are system mad—daffy on organization. They hold meetings, pass resolutions, read papers, make speeches, write books. They quote Sheldon, Wayneknit Smith, St. Elmo, Woodhead, Cherry, Tim Thrift, Felix O'Sheigh, Sam Hall, Weary Weirs, Tom Dreier, and Woozy Wallen, and are always explaining how the thing should be done.

A remittance-man who has never sold advertising, never bought it, nor prepared it, will issue a pronunciamento to merchants asking them to reorganize, and cease publicity fossilization. Thus we get a general vicious system of sinners calling the righteous to repentance, a bedizened lot of drabs preaching virtue in throaty falsetto.

To go into " a conference " is all right. Consultations are good. But these things of themselves do not constitute business ❧ ❧ ¶ Business consists in getting an order for the goods, filling the order to the satisfaction of the customer, getting the money, and completing the transaction to the profit and pleasure of all parties concerned.

We have heard a highbrow described as a man who knows everything but the obvious, and who can do anything but make a living ❧ ❧

As for Ad Clubs, Poor Richard Ramlams, Gabberinos and the general Grenville Kleiser Kaloric, let me whisper in your County Kerry souse that if palaver were life, and existence a matter of blarney, then the bull would be legal tender, and we might corner the guano market without stepping on the tail of the Sherman Act.

Big men who have really put it over—men like John Wanamaker, Jim Hill, Frederick D. Underwood, Nathan Straus—never carried ten-dollar umbrellas, labored hard to impress the head waiter, nor smiled indulgently in a paternal way on the hat-snatcher as they loftily passed her double the Interstate Commerce regulation ❧ ❧

The colleges have turned out a brand of men, which we might call the " intellectic," who imagine that life is a matter of talking about life ❧ ❧

And now in great degree the numerous dining clubs are producing a business intellectic, who has the lingo, and can do anything but nail the order.

" Mike " Kinney, of the Novell-Shapleigh Hardware Company, Saint Louis, once told me this: " In my employ there is a bright young fellow, whom I found sitting most of his time looking out into space, just thinking of nothing. He would twiddle with a lead-pencil, dream, dawdle, and at our conferences had more to say than any other man in the bunch.

" I was paying him fifteen dollars a week, which was positively all he was worth. He had a way of piling the work off on other people. One day I gave him the gentle call-down for not cleaning up his desk, and he flashed out of his desk a marked copy of *The Philistine* and read me the article: 'How to Get Other People to Do Your Work.'

" The motto of this young fellow was: Never do anything that you can get any one else to do.

" ' Who supplied that motto?' I asked.

" ' You supplied it,' said he."

When a salesman gets it into his gray cortex that he is an executive, and wants a position instead of a job, it is pretty nearly time to intimate to him the slogan, " Back to the dray—or the tray! "

The law of diminishing returns never rests. Because a thing is good is no reason you can not get too much of it.

Organization is all right up to a certain point. Beyond that, it is an expense, an outlay, and eventually will go down by its own weight

You have to have business to support an organization. Somebody must sell the goods, and any concern that has system and organization, without business in proportion, is beckoning for the commissioner in bankruptcy.

A sales organization that meets with great regularity and does not sell the goods is punkissimus and getting punker.

At the lunch clubs you hear good men talk—successful men—but the fellow who imagines that the success of this man consists in talk is on the asphalt before it hardens.

Too many of our so-called salesmen are getting callouses in the wrong place. They want success without working for it. The way they sell goods is this: They tell the stenographer to call up Mr. Jones and have Mr. Jones get in touch with Montgomery Ward & Co. The idea of walking out to Montgomery Ward's with your

little sample-case, finding the right buyer and putting the goods up to him, is entirely foreign to their nature. They want to do business by telephone, by telegraph, by mail, by messenger, and by organizing a sales force, holding conferences, and passing out snosh and nodge to the bunch until they grasp for breath.

¶ Not long ago I hired one of these ready-made theorists to sell booklets. I had him a month and he never sold a page. All he did was organize a sales force—on paper—write vacuous letters to everybody and anybody, give speeches, attend lunch clubs, and pull the palaver on slight provocations.

What 's the matter with doing a little business as well as talking about it? To stand on a street-corner, and roll a cigarette is n't the same as being a civic center.

I know one of these would-be executives, who, having heard some one say that success is contagious, and that every man should take an attitude of success, dress like a successful man, and act like one, started out with this policy in mind. Instead of grabbing his grips and walking off up the street, he hired a colored man to carry them for him, giving him orders to walk three paces behind

He cultivated the taxicab habit, passed out tips right and left, talked loftily on the state of trade, quoted Roger Babson, and discussed the probable effect of the war on the gold reserve.

¶ He took two hours during the middle of the day for lunch.

¶ He made it a rule to butt in at clubs wherever supposedly successful men congregated.

To patronize a cafeteria or a Baltimore lunch would have been to him a lasting disgrace.

His business was with Taurus, and he did everything but bring home the bacon.

We have heard a little too much lately about "the ten-thousand-dollar man." Before a man can become a ten-thousand-dollar man he had better prove that he can earn a thousand.

Economy of time and materials, let us hope, will never quite go out of fashion.

Simplicity, truth, directness, hard work, faith in your goods, faith in yourself and in your house, and not quite so much " dog," are the things that are needed now, as never before.

To read, to study, to hear what the able men have to say—these things are all right and well. But I prophesy that there is going to be a fine trimming of the vicarious energizers who, instead of going out and getting the order, merely suggest that the girl call up Jones and have him get in touch with Brown and sell the New York Central Railroad to a syndicate from Hornellsville, and draw on Pierp for commissions.

Crowns for gabbyjacks and kings are going to run less to the acre than they have in the past.

This little preachment is not about the boozer, the rounder and the fellow with the pasteboard proclivities and yellow forefinger—he is out of it. It is about the man of brains who has allowed the bug to get in his bean that, because he is a verbal conquistadoro—merchant in tomcon—he is also a businessman. And I still maintain—admitting my views to be more or less absurd—that a businessman is a man who gets the business. ¶ Also, the less expense involved in getting the business, the bigger the businessman.

ELBERT HUBBARD, ALI BABA AND ELEANOR DOUGLAS

Retired Farmers

OF all the mental misery that comes to mortals, I know nothing quite so tragic as that of the retired farmer—and the people who have to live with him.

Get enough retired farmers in a town and they will start a melancholia hot-bed and produce economic boll-weevil.

A prosperous farming community seems bound to produce a few of these malcontents.

The very beauty and fertility of the soil makes it possible for a man to save up a little money, move to town and live a life of gossip and growl.

A farmer who farms is fine, but a retired farmer is fierce. The town to avoid is the town made up of retired farmers.

In years agone I used to hear men say, "I intend to make my pile and retire from business and enjoy myself."

I am glad to know that any one today who makes this remark is regarded as booked for the bughouse.

The man who does not enjoy himself in his business will never know what happiness is.

The limit of rest is very soon reached, and then misery follows fast

Well did Iago wail: "My occupation! My occupation's gone!"

¶ When your occupation is gone you had better throw your cosmic gripsack overboard and jump overboard after it.

Lack of occupation is not rest; a mind quite idle is a mind distressed

We must arrange our work so as to get a little rest every day. But too much rest is almost as bad as too much food. The idea of devoting the balance of your life to rest is to beckon for Charon's mudscow.

It was born of the old idea that work was a curse. Its parents were master and slave.

Adam and Eve were punished by being compelled to go to work. ¶ And we have even punished children by compelling them to go to work

Retired farmers are a blot and a blight on the civic prospects of any town

There is one State in the Union that is gradually going into creeping paralysis through the number of farmers who have retired from business and moved to town in order to "enjoy themselves."

The farmer works hard until he is fifty, fifty-five or sixty. He has a few thousand dollars in the bank. The mortgage has been cleared off. He has an opportunity to rent his place, or his children will manage it for him. He buys a house in town, turns the farm over to the boys or to renters, and looks forward to a long life of leisurely enjoyment.

His habit of life is to be up at five o'clock in the morning, feeding horses, pigs, cattle and chickens, doing his chores, looking after a great number of details that have to have his personal attention

Tired and worn with this multiplicity of things to look after, he decides to throw up the whole job, and he does.

Now he can get up any time that he wishes. He can lie abed until noon. There are no chores, no responsibilities, no horses unfed, no cattle mooing for him to come and minister to them. His occupation is gone.

His soul becomes corroded with discontent. He wanders around from the grocery to the post-office, then to the blacksmith-shop. He stops and masticates the textiles. But the joy has gone out of life, and his existence becomes one gradual, growing growl. ¶ He is miserable at home. He makes life miserable for every one else. He is the eternal critic of every enterprise. He is at war with

progress and is fighting every improvement. He sees graft and selfishness on every hand.

Luckily for the world, such do not last long. The man who lasts is the man who sticks to his job.

There is no business in the world so delightful as farming when you do not get too much of it. Leisure on the farm is a joy.

¶ To walk out over the broad acres and watch the growing things, be they animal or vegetable, is always pleasing.

The overworked farmer thinks he wants a divorce, when all he needs is a vacation.

The city man looks longingly forward to the time when he can move to the " old farm," and make it his home.

The city man who buys a farm and moves to the country seldom makes a mistake.

But for the farmer to move to town in the hope of finding rest is an illusion, tragic and terrible, not only for the man himself, but for his family, the farm, and for the community.

To the Businessmen of America

THE most needed thing in America, in the way of reform, is not the Tariff, Equal Suffrage, Conservation, or control of the Trusts—all of which, I grant you, merit attention.

The most needed thing in America is the establishment of a financial system that will be abreast of the needs of the time, keep pace with growing business, and make panics impossible.

A financial panic is an indictment of our financial policy.

Business is done on confidence, and credit is the basis of confidence. When credit loses its nerve, we are gone, in a business way.

¶ A panic is acute financial indigestion, a condition where everybody suddenly becomes suspicious of everybody else.

Men who want money from the banks can not get it.

Bankers who want to re-discount through their correspondents are turned down.

Appeals to the Government are like appeals to the sky in time of drought and famine. Everybody in business is endeavoring to collect all the money that is due him; and every one who owes refuses to pay, for fear he will not get money enough to meet his obligations.

Folks who have money decline either to pay their debts or to deposit their money in the bank. All deposits are made in the Ginger-Jar, the Clock and the Stocking.

Employers discharge their helpers, wholesale.

The blue envelope circulates, and the blue funk has us.

Alexander Hamilton " smote the rock of our National Resources and the waters gushed forth."

But the financial methods of Alexander Hamilton do not meet our needs today. In Hamilton's time there were no steamships, no railroads, no electric power, no irrigating ditches, no telegraphs,

no telephones, no sky-scrapers, no iron bridges, no automobiles, no typewriters—no typewritists. There were less than a dozen corporations in America, and these were doing business under charters granted by the English Crown.

Most of the manufacturing was done in the homes.

Our principal business was to fell the forests, destroy the wild animals, and either pacify or kill the Indians—we did n't care which. City Hall in New York was called " The Fields," and most of the residences and all of the business houses were located between " The Fields " and " The Battery."

The population of the United States in Seventeen Hundred Ninety, was four million. There were seventeen States in the Union

Hamilton devised a financial policy that met the requirements of his time, and well did Webster say that " our resources gushed forth," under the guiding influence of his genius.

Just now we are approaching an epoch. We do not need a Moses —no one man will do—to lead us out of the wilderness; but we do need to act together, and to carry out a well-thought-out and far-reaching policy that will cause our resources to flow.

The potential riches in America are practically untapped. Our methods of distributing wealth are rude and crude. Rightly has it been said, " The few have too much, the many too little."

¶ Panics always tend to congest wealth. The very few who do not lose their heads, sometimes exploit the many. For instance, to get currency to meet payrolls in October, Nineteen Hundred Seven, thousands of manufacturers who had big bank-balances had to pay a premium of two or three per cent to secure the cash.

¶ Others simply did n't pay. The necessities of life were at a premium, and the poor were pinched.

The rich were racked by uncertainty, but they did not suffer from hunger or cold; while in many cases the poor did. The poor are the people who suffer first, last and most from panics.

President Schurman of Cornell has recently said that the United States has the worst banking system in the whole world. To use his exact language: "It is impossible to estimate and difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the losses which this country has suffered and is suffering from the defects in its banking and currency system. No other civilized country would so long endure such a waste of its resources; no other country is rich enough to have withstood it."

Our financial system is a hundred years behind American business

¶ Panics should be a disgrace to a nation, just as sickness should be a disgrace to an individual. For a man to lose his composure and then his digestion, and finally find his nerves on the outside of his clothes, is an absurd and foolish proposition, and can only come to one who has persistently violated the laws of Nature.

¶ The proposal of the Monetary Commission now is to have a National Reserve Association, the stock of which is owned by all the banks of the country.

The National Reserve Association will be the depository of the United States Government, and will loan money to bankers on prime commercial paper, without question, and in any amounts that are within reason.

Back of the United States is a tremendous and almost incomputable wealth. We have the basis for credit, and what is required now is that the banks shall co-operate with our Uncle Samuel, and serve the business world.

The National Reserve Association will have a capital of, say, one hundred fifty million, and will carry a legal reserve of fifty per cent, which is very much more than the average bank carries. It will have a minimum loaning capacity, say, of three hundred million dollars, at any time.

This National Reserve Association will be allowed to make five per cent on its capital, but beyond that its profits shall go back

into the funds of the United States, except a small surplus, which it will be allowed to accumulate.

Ninety-five per cent of the business of the United States is done on credit. When we realize that, if credit suddenly gets sick, business is paralyzed, then we begin to realize how very necessary it is that the lifeblood of the Nation shall not cease to circulate.

¶ In the vaults at Washington are now twenty-five tons of gold. To be exact, we have twelve hundred million dollars lying idle there in Washington.

And the idea is growing that idle money is almost as bad as an idle man

Russia has always been given the credit for having the greatest hoard of money of any country in the world, but Russia now takes second place.

The taunt against Russia has always been that the money was there in her vaults, even when famine stalked abroad among her people, and children, crying for bread, roamed her roadways.

¶ Money has but one use, and that is the good of the people. The money in the vaults at Washington is for the purpose of redeeming outstanding paper certificates and notes. The curious thing is that no individual ever applies to Washington for the redemption of the yellow-back notes. The notes circulate indefinitely

If we need a little gold for a special purpose, our banker makes the exchange, and there the money lies in Washington undisturbed.

¶ A banker who would carry the same amount of cash that he owes in liabilities would be deemed a lunatic. Experience shows that a banker can safely loan seventy-five per cent of his deposits, and in fact, when he has loaned eighty-five per cent he is not in a desperate condition.

America has no way of giving confidence to the business world in time of financial stress. During the panic of Nineteen Hundred Seven, a thousand million dollars in gold was there in Washing-

ton as it is today, and businessmen were forced to pay a premium for money, else depend on emergency currency in the way of Clearing-House certificates. This Reserve Association seems absolutely necessary in order that panics may be things of the past ❧ ❧

There will be no great, commercial, industrial and financial stability in America until the Government, through law, provides means by which business may proceed under any conditions of expanding and increasing prosperity. The idea that solvent and reliable business shall go down on its knees to certain individual financiers, in panicky times, when all the time our Uncle Sam has tons of gold, is disgraceful—worse, it is silly.

Some days ago the wires flashed the startling statement that J. Pierpont Morgan had stubbed his toe, and that Sir Isaac Newton, his damnable invention, had laid the world's greatest financier by the heels, and suddenly.

The next day railroad stocks declined five points.

This is no merry gibe or would-be pleasantry. The facts are just as I state them.

What difference should the passing of any one man make to this country, even of so great and influential a person as J. Pierpont Morgan? ❧ ❧

Well, as things are, it might make a very great difference.

In times of financial bad weather, when the waves run high, J. Pierpont Morgan is the one man looked to for guidance, counsel and cash. Instead of a co-operate plan, or system by which we help ourselves, we have a man—a private banker—to whom we go in time of need.

The man who can shoulder responsibilities is the man that they gravitate to.

We are supposed to be a democracy, but we tolerate, aye, we require, an almoner, a patron, and to him we go in supplication. Life is held only by a slender thread. We come in at one door and

are being sent out at another. Every man is living under a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve, and all of us are within two seconds of death many times every day.

It certainly is a serious matter when the reported illness of one man disturbs business.

The proposed National Reserve Association, a body without death and a mind without decline, will place the resources of the people back of our industrial fabric, and make it possible for a businessman who needs money to get it when he wants it.

Our Uncle Samuel will be the continual and eternal Chairman of the Board of National Reserve Association.

The credit of the United States will then stand behind the banks, the banks will stand behind the businessmen, the businessmen will stand behind the wage-earners, and all will be part and particle of one fabric.

No thought of a financial blizzard will cause us loss of sleep, nor will it disturb our digestions.

The solidarity of the race, or the brotherhood of man, is fast becoming fixed in the minds of the race. Where one suffers, all suffer; where one enjoys, all enjoy. We are all partakers of the woes of the world—we all are uplifted by its joys.

Any financial system put forth by a party, in order to boost this candidate or that, will be looked upon with suspicion by the rival party—and rightfully. Then when the opposition comes into power, it will keel-haul the affair for political ends.

Here is an issue too big, too vast, too far-reaching for good or ill, to be trusted to party politics.

Fresh air, let us pray, will never become a party measure, to be turned on or off by the particular political plumber having the most votes ❧ ❧

Let it here be stated that this proposition of a National Reserve Association is not a political move. No party has anything to do with this, nor should partisanship have any place in the matter

of finance, any more than it has in mathematics, pure water, fresh air, good roads—love, laughter and work.

As sunshine is necessary to the life of mankind, so is a healthful circulating medium necessary to the commercial and industrial life of a nation.

And without commerce and industrialism, the United States of America would be a mob, sunk below starving India and seething China, on a par with disorganized Europe when the Dark Ages were the darkest.

I view this matter from the angle of a farmer, a country banker and a manufacturer. Also I hope I am able to see it from the standpoint of a day-laborer, for I know what it is to work ten hours a day with the pick and shovel and to carry the dinner-pail —partially full.

As a businessman who aims to keep his capital active, I can think of no more discouraging condition than that which now exists in the American financial world. At the very season when money is needed to move the crops or to buy bulk materials, the bottom may drop out: depositors decline to deposit, bankers refuse to loan, debtors refuse to pay, buyers are afraid to buy. Suddenly solvent concerns find themselves insolvent. Production ceases, economic creation is at an end. Hell is to pay!

These things all occurred in October, Nineteen Hundred Seven—they may occur tomorrow.

The National Reserve Association is a plan of insurance against a financial panic ❧ ❧

Its intent is to supply the business world with a fit and flexible currency, and with due credit in time of need.

It is a policy worked out and endorsed, not by a party, but by the leading financiers and businessmen of America.

It has been viewed from every possible standpoint. Every objection has been considered, every disadvantage faced, every limitation anticipated. In the meetings of the Monetary Commission,

held in the various large cities of America, every opportunity was given to anybody and everybody who had anything to say on the subject, to express it.

The intent of the National Reserve Association is to safeguard, encourage and benefit the businessmen and the wage-earners of America

Many of our Representatives at Washington are professional men. Their experience in practical production—the management of big enterprises and the stern proposition of looking a payroll right in the eye every Saturday—has not been theirs. To this extent, they are not practical financiers, and do not always realize the needs of the people.

That their attention may be focused on this vital betterment, I suggest that every man, employer or employee, should write to his Senator and Congressman at Washington, endorsing the plan of the National Reserve Association and urging that the measure be passed by Congress at the earliest possible date, to the end that we may successfully strike "the national rock of our resources."

Standing Together

THE world has much to learn from Germany. ¶ Great Britain and America are both essentially Teutonic. They represent the virtues of industry, economy, and the eternal discontent that makes for progress.

In Germany there are no drunkards, no beggars, no slums. Steady systematic work is the panacea for our social ills

Germany is a solidarity. She knows the higher mathematics. ¶ Germany has never made the mistake of making war on her own businessmen. In Germany no assaults have been made by the Government on big business. Big business has been encouraged, assisted, helped, and the men of initiative, originality, able to organize, have been allowed to exert their genius.

Germany's ten commandments have been printed in every German newspaper and published by placard and posted on the walls in many forms by business organizations. These ten commandments form a document that we would do well to study

Here is a free translation of this remarkable declaration:

1. In all expenses keep in mind the interest of your own countrymen

2. Never forget that when you buy a foreign article your own country is the poorer.

3. Your money should profit no one but Germans.

4. Never profane German factories by using foreign machinery.

5. Never allow foreign eatables to be served at your table.

6. Write on German paper with a German pen and use German blotting-paper

7. German flour, German fruit and German beer can alone give your body the true German energy.

8. If you do not like German malt-coffee, drink coffee from German colonies.
9. Use only German clothes for your dress and German hats for your head ❧ ❧
10. Let not foreign flattery distract you from these precepts; and be firmly convinced, whatever others say, that German products are the only ones worthy of citizens of the German Fatherland ❧ ❧

The consensus of the best minds in America seems to be that the spirit of aggression manifest in militarism is a virtue turned into a vice by carrying a good idea to an extreme.

Americans would do well about this time to imbibe a little of this Germanic spirit of solidarity, and stand by the United States and the people in it.

We must quit our petty and pestiferous political pestering of successful business.

Big business represents organization and efficiency at its best.

" Made in U. S. A." is a slogan that should swell into a chorus.

¶ The observance by Germany of Germany's Ten Commandments is the one thing that has made Germany supremely great in a commercial way. This is the spirit that spells success.

Men become strong as they stand together, encourage each other, stimulate each other.

World Brotherhood

THE Federated Advertising Clubs of America recently held their annual meeting in Toronto. The most important act of the convention was changing the name to " the Federated Advertising Clubs of the World.

This change would not have been made were it not for the fortunate fact that the convention was being held in Canada

Most of our Canadian brothers with beautiful oatmeal and haggis persistency insist that they are Scotch, English, Irish and loyal sons of Britannia, and they speak of the people of the United States as " You Americans."

Canadians of course are just as much Americans as we are. For that matter, we are all foreigners here. The North American Indian is the only man who can consistently say, " I am an American! "

The change of the name to " The Advertising Clubs of the World " has a big significance. It is essentially an innovation. Also, it is an education, an investigation, an invitation and an inquiry

There are upwards of one hundred associations of men in various lines of business in the United States, and there are steel-manufacturers, iron-workers, electric-light men, plumbers, manufacturers of many commodities, producers of lime, cement, asphalt, coal, oil, lumber. But they are all strictly United States institutions, with Canada annexed, of course, only in a poetic way by way of courtesy. And now we have a federation of businessmen that circles the planet earth, with no restrictions as to color, religious conviction, geographical lines, or previous condition of mental servitude.

People who live on the Northern Fortieth Parallel are very apt

socially to cut our brothers on the Equator. There was a time when we drew the social line at the Mason and Dixon chalk-mark ❧ ❧

Then the social distinction moved Southward to the Rio Grande, and the genus greaser was tabu.

Now, behold, the advertising men getting together and inviting to their intellectual banquet-board not only the white race, but also the Weezar of Oudh, the Gaekwar of Benares, Fuzzy Wuzzy of the Soudan, and our old college chum, the King of Siam.

The first advertising club in America was organized in New York a scant dozen years ago. It consisted of the few men who prepared advertising copy.

Next it took into its ranks men who bought advertising copy.

¶ Then it took in those who sold or bought advertising space.

¶ Next it took in all who read advertisements.

The influence of these advertising clubs is certainly worldwide in its scope, and their influence is for good beyond human imagination. As for the members, they are transformed from provincials into cosmopolites.

It would be a curious thing **if** the brotherhood of man should be brought about through business affiliations!

Business is human service. Also, it means self-preservation. It means a living, bread, butter, clothing, shelter and the continued confidence and respect of mankind. Business is not only getting a living: it is a matter of living a life.

Theology, with its postponed rewards and punishments, its fetishes and superstitions, has caused most of the bloody wars of the past ❧ ❧

Business on the other hand is essentially beneficent and peaceful. The business of business is to supply human wants, to increase happiness, health, prosperity, and thus augment the buying power of humanity.

Advertising is publicity plus salesmanship. There are two

reasons for advertising: one is to sell, the other is to increase the sum of good-will in order that increased transactions will follow.

¶ Out of the hundred speeches, addresses and papers read at Toronto, there was not one that did not emphasize honesty, truth, mutuality, reciprocity and the idea of brotherhood.

When we get clubs of this character in every city in the world, be it Christian, Mohammedan or Confucian, there will be a cementing of the clans such as the world has never before seen.

¶ Advertising infers the whitelight of publicity. It does away with the secret, the hidden, the dark, the devious.

Fear gnaws; untruth is friction; hate is fever; prevarication is a ptomain

There is only one thing that is workable in business, and that is truth, and this is the great, underlying, iterated fact in all advertising clubs.

" The Federated Advertising Clubs of the World! " It listens good to me

Doctors, Lawyers and Businessmen

ONE thing sure, the world is being made over. With the introduction of the one-price system in business came the recognition of truth as an asset

The one price system was a necessity of the times. There are so many of us here that we have to trade quickly. Barter and haggle, and the methods of booth and bazaar, belong to pioneer times. They are the province of the pedler, who goes through the country once and never expects to return.

Twenty years ago I knew a man who advertised very widely, " A shotgun just like this for two dollars." There was the picture, all right; but the gun he sold was a wooden one.

Another man advertised a set of furniture: " Six chairs, a table, a sofa and a sideboard, all for five dollars."

The money rolled in on him, and he kept faith with his customers by sending them a toy set of furniture in a pasteboard box. Another advertised: " How to make an Impression!—Unfailing Formula, ten cents." Fifty thousand people sent the dime, and the man wrote back, " Sit in a pan of dough." No man who is sane would dare attempt any such method now. In the first place, the post-office inspectors would nab him; and in the second place, he has his reputation at stake. Character is collateral. It is the basis of credit. It is a thing that even dull minds are not anxious to place in jeopardy. " I 'll loan any honest man a million dollars," exclaimed J. Pierpont Morgan. Here was a great poetic truth—but a truth just the same. Only an honest man can borrow money today—collateral or no. We loan money on clear eyes, good teeth, good habits—honest purpose.

We have been widely informed that the surpassing wealth of the United States has come from the fact that we have a most boun-

tiful soil. This is true; but it is only a half-truth, nevertheless. ¶ The factory, the farm, the forest, the sea, the mine, have given to us of their boundless wealth.

But the potential wealth of this country was here in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, just as it is now.

Adam Smith was not exactly right when he said that all wealth comes from labor applied to land. We insert one word, and say now that all wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land. ¶ Beside labor, we must have initiative, originality, enterprise. Beyond this, we must have transportation. Things must be carried from where they are plentiful to where they are needed; and before this transportation begins, we must have a demand on the part of the consumers. People must want a thing, otherwise they will not pay for it and certainly they will not pay for it if they have n't got the money.

Then the next question is, What is the one thing in the evolution of wealth? And I answer, it is honest, intelligent labor.

This is the richest country the world has ever seen, simply because we have liberated intellect. We do business on enthusiasm. Hope, good-cheer, animation, courage, are all born of joy. "Art," says William Morris, "is the product of man's joy in his work."

The next thing is, What is the big factor in joy? And I answer, human love. Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell. We are getting together, understanding each other. Friendship is a big item today in every big venture. A man alone is depressed, repressed, subdued. We only reach up into the blue when we feel we are not alone. We are in communication with a great number of people. Farmers' wives go insane because they have to live with farmers—grouchy, quarrelsome, complaining, fretful farmers. ¶ The telephone, good roads, the bicycle, the automobile, are banishing nostalgia from the farm. Freedom to come and go—these are the things that evolve originality and germinate initi-

ative. America is primarily great, not on account of the resources of her soil, but on account of the spiritual and mental qualities of her men and women.

In medieval times there was no production of wealth. People got a scant living, if at all, and starvation and disease stalked rampant. Three hundred years ago, the death-rate, wherever such records were kept, show that the span of life was scarcely twenty years. Today, in America, it is over forty-five years. In business, men realize that the only safe, effective method of dealing is the truthful one. We know the only sure road to success is via the direct road of mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation.

Self-interest and self-preservation, both turn on rendering an honest service.

But while the business world has accepted truth as a working maxim, the three learned professions have not yet adopted it. They are not willing to burn their bridges until they get a subway ready. In the business world we say there is no substitute for truth

The three learned professions have a substitute. Simplicity and frankness are not to be expected from either the clergy, the doctors or the lawyers.

A few lawyers have attached themselves to business institutions, and these thrive by keeping businessmen out of difficulties. But nine-tenths of all lawyers thrive through damage-suits, receivership, crime, vice, bankruptcies, dissolutions, disease, disaster, death. The " criminal lawyer's " business is seldom confined to any one particular line of practice.

Doctors thrive only as people get sick. When we are well, we need no physician. Fees come from people in trouble.

Consequently, self-interest on the part of the physicians and the lawyers prompts them to perpetuate the woes of mankind.

¶ If we all knew enough to keep well we would eliminate the physician absolutely; and if the doctors taught us how to get

along without them, the doctors themselves would be eradicated and wiped off the map.

In business, self-interest lies in human service. Businessmen deal with the healthy, and supply normal wants. Doctors and lawyers appeal to the distressed and diseased. To them both misery is an asset

No man is going to destroy his own business.

Everything we do, we justify ourselves in doing; and everything that is to our interest to do, we will continue doing, and salve our conscience by saying, " If we do not do this, some one else will."

For the man who will invent a way by which the three learned professions can thrive by ministering to the intelligence and well-being of mankind, and not their woes, ignorance and superstitions, a fortune awaits.

Publicity By Default

THE big businessmen of this country should get together and take lessons in fine art of publicity from Doctor Reitman and Colonel Berkmann.

¶ As publicity-purveyors these parties certainly deserve our sincere admiration.

If great business institutions are willing to accept the services of Ida Tarbell, instead of hiring a good publicity agent of their own, they must expect to be put in a slightly prejudiced light before the world at large.

The thing that lives in history is not the event. It is the written account of it

Just let enough of the voters of the United States become convinced that Judge Haywood is a great and worthy man struggling for the good of the downtrodden masses, and they will elect him President of the United States, and then we will get this:

President, William Haywood
Vice-President, Charles Moyer
Secretary of State, Upton Sinclair
Secretary of War, Mother Jones
Secretary of the Navy, Emma Goldman
Secretary of the Treasury, Harry Kemp
Attorney-General, Frank Tannenbaum

And when this comes about, do not forget that the gallows-tree will bear fruit, and that you can listen anywhere and hear sounds as of men with hammers building a gallows.

And the men who will hang first will be big businessmen.

Haman's plant will run time and a third, and hemp will command a price as never before. Don't laugh! did n't Eugene Debs run for the Presidency—and he got a lot of votes, too.

The stupidity of big business in being perfectly willing to leave

publicity to its enemies is almost past belief. When it comes to educating the public to what intelligent organization can do, big business sleepily says, " Let George do it! " The press of the country is willing, I believe, to tell the truth; but if the men who have most at stake will not pay for the paper and ink, they will see the opposition get to the public first.

Because men have money is no reason they have brains.

Most millionaires have spent their lives in a circumscribed sphere. They are specialists. They know finance, but they do not know psychology. And psychology is a matter of the tides that play through the great human heart. Today civilization is on the crust of a crater, dangling its heels and whistling *Annie Laurie* ❧ ❧

Big business would do well to come out of its comatose state, organize a bureau and teach the world a little economic truth, instead of delegating pedagogics to the prejudiced.

Leaving things to George is a sure way to let them go by default.

¶ If Big Business is a beneficent thing, why not buy pages in the daily press and advertise the fact?

History is reaching a Pivotal Point. A new deal is at the door, and as Alaric overran Rome, so is Anarchy ready to engulf us.

¶ Attila, with his whirlwind of fire and sword, is not far away, but this time he comes with the ballot as his bludgeon. His minions are even now at the Capitol, and we see Ostrogoth sentiments incorporated into statute laws.

If the men in America with money are not willing to tell the public what they are doing, the public will be mis-educated by the " Appeal to Un-reason " and other publications of a similar vicious twist ❧ ❧

Nothing is going to save the United States of America from economic chaos except the education of the voter to the fact that the payroll means civilization, and that big business is the friend of the wage-earner and not his enemy.

The unfriendly attitude of Government towards big business is simply a reflection of public opinion. In fact, that is all Government is—a reflection of public opinion.

The men we send to Washington are politicians, and their business is to please the public. Their position as officeholders is the one important thing to them, and the economic needs of the country are secondary.

Politicians are always perfectly willing to sacrifice the best interests of the country in order to please a majority of the voters. This is the law of individuals, the law of history and the law of nations. The politician is fighting for his political life. It is as true today as it was in the days of the Gracchi.

If big business wishes to influence Washington it will have to do it by educating the public first.

Then Washington will fall in line with the wishes of the voters.

¶ But big business is a blind, stupid, blundering thing when it comes to this task of educating the public.

For instance, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad Systems have had a long, uninterrupted success.

¶ And uninterrupted success, either to a man or to an institution, is death. Successful men die of apoplexy, Bright's disease, gout and hobnailed liver.

Uninterrupted success means lime in the bones through faulty elimination

The New York Central and the Pennsylvania are systems suffering with arteriosclerosis. Both symbol gouty, fidgety, fussy, crumby old curmudgeons, crooning a witch-song, thus:

> " Oh, things are not what they used to be,
> And the best of life is gone."

Nothing can save these systems, and others like them, save mending their ways, and a proper use of printers' ink. The voters must be educated to the simple truths of economics—the first one of which is that business organization is a better friend of the

wage-earner than are the agitators and professional reformers.

¶ A newspaper campaign involving the expenditure of Ten Million Dollars through some reputable and able Advertising Agency, would work a revolution in Public Opinion, and Washington would change its ways.

Big business today is not organized.

It is a mob of conglomerate egoism, egotism and shaking stupidity.

¶ If it were organized, it would buy advertising space in every reputable periodical, daily, weekly and monthly, in America, and state its case.

Politicians who wear their opinions pompadour, read speeches into the *Congressional Record* and mail at public expense a million copies to the pee-pull at a cost to the taxpayers of many thousands of dollars.

Big business, however, is so inert, obtuse and obese that it dare not state its own case, lest it be assured of maintaining "an insidious lobby."

There is no legal reason why big business should not hire ready writers and publicize its position, just as the Government does its attitude ☙ ☙

But big business pleads guilty before it is accused, and fears the fact will come out that it paid for legitimate services rendered.

Let Brandeis bounce out of a corner and shout, "Boo!" and Big Business blubbers for mercy. It is idle to berate Washington. The men at Washington reflect, chameleon-like, the opinions of the people who sent them there. The only way to reach Washington is to effect a change in public opinion.

As long as the majority of the voters imagine that the employer is the enemy of the employee, Big Business is going to have firecrackers attached to its coat-tail, and eventually it will be driven by its tormentors into nervous prostration, and the receiver will come in a hurry-up wagon. Already it is suffering from monetary senilis.

A Little Journey to Elgin

THE word " cloche " is the French word for bell. Bells were first used as musical instruments. A bell is a variation of the drum. A dried skin drawn over a hoop was the grandfather of the bell. Such instruments have been used by priests in religious observances since the days of our old friend, Rameses II.

To strike a piece of metal with a hammer in a church tower was the innovation of a monk, in the Sixth Century. This transferred a religious observance from the inside of the church to the outside, and made the whole vicinity take part in the religious rites—or listen at least. When the bell struck, the faithful crossed themselves in prayer.

The word " watch " signified a machine that took the place of the man who watched the sun-dial, sand-glass or clepsydra. As the Irishman said of the pigs, " Begorrah, they are rightly named," so might we say of the watch. It watches the hours for us while we sleep or work.

The first watches were made by the Swiss in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. It was a household industry, the parts being made by piece from patterns that were furnished. All that was done at the factory was to assemble the parts.

When Voltaire was exiled to Switzerland he started a watch-factory and built up the town of Ferney. The watches he made were about the size of a soup-plate, then they were reduced to the size of tea-saucers. They were worn suspended around the neck by a ribbon or chain, and hung upon the proud breast of the owner, like a hero medal. Any man who wore such a watch was supposed to be absolutely on time. At first the only men who wore watches were judges, rulers and priests. The watch symboled order, system, regularity—authority.

As the watch grew smaller it seemed to improve in quality. By the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, watches had gotten down to a size so you could carry one in your pocket without being conspicuous. But so the common herd would know you had a watch, you wore a long gold chain about your neck, and gave the *hoi polloi* the stony stare of non-recognition.

Time has always been a puzzle to philosophers. They could never explain, account for or trace its beginning and end. And they can not yet. ¶ While we prognosticate the end of worlds and solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled. ¶ The principal thing that differentiates man from animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light returns.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness, who soon loses the power to measure time even approximately.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement, says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch, thereby saved him from insanity.

You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he does n't. Anyway, he should. Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it. For, if you double the amount lent, you double the income; and if you double the time, you double the income ❧ ❧

Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sick-

ness, satisfies revenge. And Shakespeare says, " Fear him not, an immortal man! What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity? "

The Bible contains nine hundred and sixty-seven references to Time, and one reference to a sun-dial. For instance:

" I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

" For man also knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them " ❧ ❧

In order to picture endless time, or eternity, a good old preacher I used to hear put the matter this way: " If once in a thousand years a tiny bird came from a far-distant planet and carried away in his bill a single grain of sand, the time would come when this entire earth would be gone—but it would n't then be sun-up in hell."

In the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, Aaron Dennison, a jeweler of Boston, conceived the idea that if the Swiss could make the parts of watches all alike by cheap labor it would be better to invent machines and make the parts with absolute mechanical accuracy ❧ ❧

Dennison, it seems, was a Yankee. All of the New England factories have evolved from a time when people made the same things in their homes. Then these homes sometime being near a stream where there was a water-power, the ingenious worker rigged up a machine to do his work.

Dennison went over to Switzerland to get patterns for making the parts of a watch. But to his dismay he found that the government had made it a crime for any citizen to sell or give away any pattern of any part of a watch.

The trip was not in vain though, for Dennison came back full of determination to make watches by machinery. But he would first have to make the machines. His first shop was at Roxbury; but he soon moved over to Waltham, so as to take advantage of the water-power on the Charles River.

Dennison began to make his tools in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, but it was Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three before he turned out a watch. The only way he could compete with the cheap labor of Europe was to make a machine that would turn out a truer piece of metal than could be made by hand, and fashion it much faster ❧ ❧

At this time, Illinois was the Far West. Settlers from New England were pouring into the country just west of Chicago. The town of Elgin was laid out on the Fox River by an Englishman who loved the memory of Lord Elgin, the good man who appropriated the broken marbles of Athens and installed the "Lord Elgin Room," in the British Museum.

Then some folks from Massachusetts discovered the beautiful little village of Elgin, Illinois, there on the Fox River, surrounded by its gently undulating hills. It looked so much like the Charles River country around Waltham that a watchmaker who had worked for Dennison wrote back telling a couple of his fellow workmen about it. They came on and started a watch factory. ¶ They, too, had to make their machinery, but they were Yankees with the inventive mind. By Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, Lake Captains and Railroad Engineers were carrying Elgin Watches ❧ ❧

The factory grew, and the men who managed it grew with it. They sent back East for more men. Workmen came from Switzerland, and the ideas of each and all went into a common fund. The determination was to make the best and finest watches ever made, and sell them at a minimum of profit. It was discovered that a machine could be made that would turn out a product

much more uniform and true than could be made by the human hand. ¶ I was born in Illinois, and my earliest recollections include a visit with my father to the Elgin National Watch Factory, about the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight.

¶ The building was a narrow, long, brick structure, two stories high. There must have been nearly a hundred people employed. ¶ A few weeks ago, I spent a day at Elgin, and again visited the Watch-Factory. Some of the same men and women I saw before are still there. The one building I saw has given place to a dozen model structures, of a type and kind as fine and complete as money married to science can construct or invent. The capital invested is, say, oh, five million dollars; and over three thousand people are employed. ¶ Here are thousands of intelligent, happy, prosperous people, making watches for the folks who want their money's worth, and who get it when they buy an Elgin.

The folks who buy Elgins are even as you and I—they have money to pay for what they want, but they have no money to waste on fads or frills. A watch of unknown make is a gamble. It is like marriage—you have to try it before you can tell whether it is a success or not. ¶ There is one disadvantage about an Elgin and that is that it does not give the dealer as large a profit as most other makes. However, the dealers seem very glad to sell Elgins, because there is no kick of the gun. The man does not come back and want a divorce. He is satisfied; and well has it been said that there is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer. It does not take a salesman to sell the Elgin—it is a staple article. Another thing, in case of repairs, the work can be done quickly and at a trifling expense. ¶ As for watch repairs, however, I 've carried my Elgin—the one Uncle George gave me —for four years at a stretch without a single cent paid out for repairs. ¶ And with it I 've never missed a train or a meal.

On Vacations

THERE are three good reasons why all employees should have vacations. One is so the employer can see how easily anybody's and everybody's place can be filled; next is so the employee can see, when he returns, how well he can be spared, since things go right along without him; the third is so the employee can show the employer, and the employer can understand that the employee is not manipulating the accounts or engineering deals for his own benefit. Many a defalcation could have been avoided had the trusted man been sent away two weeks every year and an outsider put in his place

Beyond these, the vacation has little excuse.

As a matter of recuperation the vacation does not recuperate, since as a rule, no man needs a vacation so much as a man who has just had one.

The man who is so run down that he needs a vacation can never adjust or reform himself in two weeks. What he really needs is to retransform his life.

To work during the year at so rapid a pace that in August one's vitality is exhausted, and a rest demanded, is rank folly. What we all need is enough vacation each day so that we can face each new morning with health sufficient to do our work in gladness. That is to say, we need enough of a play spell every day to keep us in good physical condition.

The man who is done up and fagged out has not found his work. And the man who lives during the year in anticipation of a vacation does not deserve one, for he has not ascertained that it is work, and not vacations, that makes life endurable.

There be good people who travel by the Gorge Route so incessantly that their livers finally go on a strike, palates declare a

lock-out, and then they laud Col. Bernarr MacFadden, and proclaim fasting a virtue. All this until reasonable health returns, when they again buy commutation tickets via the Whirlpool and play hockey with their inwards.

If you hustle so eternally that your system demands a vacation, you have gotten where you can not do good work.

If you have reached a point where you can not do good work, you can not enjoy your vacation.

If you absolutely need a vacation you are not in the mood to enjoy it, because it is thrust upon you by necessity, willy-nilly. Things forced upon us are never pleasant.

The only man who can really enjoy an outing is the man who does n't need it.

And the man who keeps his system so strong and well balanced that he does n't need a vacation is the one who eventually will marry the proprietor's daughter and have his name on the sign.

Before you manage a business you better learn how to manage your cosmos

However, this does not mean that I never take a vacation myself —I do, otherwise how would I know the facts?

A Brain for Business

ONCE there was a sarcastical little chub of a man who did n't like me. This was his great misfortune, and no man should be blamed for his limitations

Now, although this man had a dinkey mind and was handicapped with wiggling and quibbling proclivities, yet he had, too, a dash of wit and folks said he was cultured (and he acknowledged it), also artistic, likewise literary, for he occasionally dashed off things in an Idle Hour, and said sayings that were printed on Calendars.

At a Social Gathering one day, the Chub said, over the hyson, " The Fra? Why—er—ah—he is a great businessman! "

Everybody laughed—those who saw the point and those who did n't. A Rosebud who happened to be present asked the man to repeat his remark so she could write it down for her High School Teacher, who was a great admirer of Whistler.

The intent of the remark was that the Fra was not a writer, not an artist—he was nothing but a businessman.

Am I a businessman? If so, I am glad. To refer to me as " commercial " does not hurt my feelings. The world of commerce is just as honorable as the world of art, and a trifle more necessary. Art exists on the surplus that businessmen accumulate. Art, literature and music subsist on the sufferance, patronage and encouragement that businessmen supply. Business means taking things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business means making things that people want.

To be a businessman implies that you are orderly, systematic, exact, competent, reliable; that you keep your promises (and expect others to do the same); that you are on time; that you pay your debts; that you set idle men to work, and see that they do the job properly and well.

Businessmen build factories, towns, railroads; they tunnel mountains, drain swamps, dredge rivers, pave streets, construct sewers; supply vast cities with pure water, quick transportation, and a thousand and one conveniences for lubricating the wheels of existence. That is to say, the businessman serves humanity, assists in the business of the world and helps himself by helping others.

Civilization is a matter of business; the business method is the expedient way of doing things; that is to say, the best way.

¶ Business concerns itself with feeding, housing and clothing humanity. It deals with every invention and device for the benefit of mankind. Ho, ye little pismire poets and peanut philanthropists, do you see anything about this to ridicule and disparage?

¶ Just one item by way of example: A few days ago I visited the " Lake Erie " Railroad Station at Pittsburgh. This edifice surely is a model of beauty and utility. The waiting room has the richness and elegance of St. Mark's at Venice, but is a thousand times more cleanly and sanitary. There stands this building in the smokiest, dirtiest city in America, and yet it is the cleanest railroad station in the whole world. Inside it is free from dust. All the windows are sealed, air-tight, the building being ventilated by air that is first washed free from all impurities and then forced in proper quantities into each room. This same cleansed air is pumped through pipes and then carried by hose into the coaches. When a train of cars comes in and the passengers disembark, the dust is dislodged from every cranny and corner by this air pressure, and blown out of the doors. No broom or dust cloth can be so effective as this compressed, cleansed air.

¶ And this beautiful building—a veritable temple—and this great Railroad that makes its proud boast that in twenty-two years' operation it has never killed a passenger, forms a business proposition—it is " business." It serves humanity—it bestows a benefit, and I take off my hat to its managers who are so fervent

in spirit and diligent in business that they, to a degree, have set the world an example of excellence.

Of course, there are businessmen who have so thoroughly immersed themselves in business that one side of their nature has fallen victim to arrested development, and they do not appreciate art, literature or music; but a man of this kind is surely no more contemptible than a writer who scorns a businessman. And surely a businessman who would scorn a mechanic or laborer must have a very small and insignificant soul.

But above all men, the writer should be a man who knows, sympathizes with, and appreciates the world of business and the world of work ❧ ❧

Did the fact that Goldsmith dressed the bailiffs up as servants and entertain his friends at the expense of the butcher and baker, add anything to his credit? Were the weaknesses of Burns an advantage? And think you less of Turner, the greatest landscapist the world ever saw, because he accumulated an estate of near a million pounds sterling? And how about Paganini, who left a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice?

Would Shakespeare, who owned the Globe Theater and the best house in Stratford, have been more of a man had he not had a brain for business?

Let us not flout the ability that is beyond us, nor take flings at the man who can do things which we can not.

Initiative

CIVILIZATION is a matter of the organization of men and materials.

Civilization lays out roadways, builds factories, equips them with machinery, educates men to the use of this machinery, converts raw materials into useful commodities.

Men and materials are organized so as to manufacture, distribute and transport the necessities of life.

Transportation is the first great factor in civilization.

Savages get enough to eat by killing animals and using raw fruits and vegetables. To preserve, pack, transport and distribute are beyond their power.

The barbarian may plant, and he may take care of a limited number of livestock, but the savage does not transport; and until men organized so as to safely transport, famine was just around the corner.

Both men and materials have to be moved before they are of much value.

The first necessity in organization is initiative.

And initiative is imagination in action.

Initiative does not imply merely the suggestion of the right thing; men of initiative are men who can carry their plans to a successful issue.

Intelligent supervision of the labor of other men is a rare gift. Nine out of ten men do not possess it at all. Only one in ten thousand can do it well.

Sir Humphry Davy said his finest discovery was Michael Faraday

Donald G. Smith—Lord Strathcona—said his one great achievement was the discovery of James J. Hill. Andrew Carnegie made Charles M. Schwab possible.

And Schwab distributes seventeen thousand pay-envelopes every Saturday night.

To wisely encourage initiative is a necessity. Otherwise the Dark Ages are at the door. That which would destroy initiative would destroy civilization.

The ability to plan a thing that has never been done before, to organize great numbers of men and use great masses of materials in an intelligent way, is a gift valuable beyond the ability of men to compute.

Theoretically, socialism is beyond argument, but if put to actual test it would prove the decline of individuality, the death of initiative. "Liberty"—all the liberty a man can use—this America has supplied, and this is why we lead the world.

¶ A Man of initiative must work out his own plans in his own way. Curtailment of his liberties breaks his wings and imagination languishes.

No man knows his capacity for initiative. Great men are always surprised at their achievements.

There are big institutions which never produce big men. In many shops there is a general tendency to keep down all originality. Strong men, if they are secured at all, have to be imported from the outside.

If any man in the place suggests a new thing the whole proposition is gently pooh-poohed.

Too much discipline destroys individuality; and mediocrity is the rule.

Marshall Field is one of the big businessmen who discovered latent genius. Marshall Field produced a few big men, and he did it by paying men a commission where they increased the business above a certain amount.

There are at least ten men who are millionaires several times over who began employment with Marshall Field and Company on very moderate salaries.

You can not bring out the powers in a man unless you offer proper incentives.

Had James J. Hill been kept on a salary he never would have evolved. He would today not be known outside the city of Saint Paul

Edison's genius came from the fact that he had a full and free field and opportunity to make millions for himself.

Money is the measure of power. Men do not especially prize money for the sake of money, but they prize it as a tangible recognition of their ability.

Socialism with its restrictions on what any man shall receive would never have produced a Marshall Field, a James J. Hill, a Commodore Vanderbilt, a Henry Ford, a John H. Patterson, a Charles M. Schwab.

The end of socialism would be when a strong man emerged out of the mass and ruled through the autocratic exercise of power. Then we would have a monarchy.

Democracy is a compromise between socialism and monarchy. It seeks the greatest good to the greatest number.

Also, it places no limit on individual achievement.

That which would iron out men to one common level, and cease to offer reward to initiative, would reduce the race to nullity.

Communism only succeeds where there is a strong, just and efficient leader.

Successful communism is beneficent autocracy.

The great depression in business today, with thousands of men out of work, is a direct result of making war on men of initiative

Great industrial leaders set large numbers of men to work. They plan and execute great engineering schemes. They take vast quantities of raw materials and manufacture them into forms of use and beauty.

These organizations give work to millions. And this work, with

the distribution of the pink and pudgy pay-envelope, makes prosperity possible.

When you make war on men of initiative you paralyze the pay-roll. And that is exactly what is occurring in America, today.

¶ We are endeavoring to force socialism on to democracy, and thus we would get the rule of the weak, also the rule of the demagogue

Unless we sight the rocks and keep clear of them conditions will grow worse rather than better.

In any event it will not be work for everybody, with high health, joy, prosperity and increase in wealth.

That power unrestrained tends to tyranny is a fact. Therefore, supervision of our great organizations is necessary. But this supervision must be conducted intelligently, and not as an inquisition

And it should be taken entirely out of the guiding hands of political parties. Otherwise we get a condition where party obligations are paid for in offices, and we get a government of grafters, by grafters, for grafters.

Industrial leaders today understand that they can help themselves only as they help humanity. To work for self alone is fatal to any business enterprise.

But liberty to sell your labor, either collectively or individually, must be granted, otherwise we get the rule of the walking delegate, who rides in a taxi and never works.

This way tyranny lies, for all professional reformers are tyrants in false whiskers.

Loyalty in Business

BIG business is a steamship bound for a port called Success. It takes a large force of men to operate this boat. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the price of every other good thing, including steamboating.

To keep this steamship moving, the captain requires the assistance of hundreds of people who have a singleness of aim—one purpose—a desire to do the right thing and the best thing in order that the ship shall move steadily, surely and safely on her course.

Curiously enough, there are men constantly falling overboard. These folks who fall overboard are always cautioned to keep away from dangerous places, still there are those who delight in taking risks. These individuals who fall off, and cling to floating spars, or are picked up by passing craft, usually declare that they were " discharged." They say the Captain or the Mate or their comrades had it in for them.

I am inclined to think that no man was ever " discharged " from a successful concern—he discharges himself.

When a man quits his work, say, oiling the engine or scrubbing the deck, and leans over the side calling to outsiders, explaining what a bum boat he is aboard of, how bad the food is, and what a fool there is for a Captain, he gradually loosens his hold until he falls into the yeasty deep. There is no one to blame but himself, yet probably you will have hard work to make him understand this little point.

When a man is told to do a certain thing, and there leaps to his lips or even to his heart, the formula, " I was n't hired to do that," he is standing upon a greased plank that inclines toward the sea. When the plank is tilted to a proper angle, he goes to Davy Jones' locker, and nobody tilts the fatal plank but the man

himself. And the way this plank is tilted is this: the man takes more interest in passing craft and what is going on on land, than in doing his work on board ship.

So I repeat: no man employed by a successful concern was ever discharged. Those who fall overboard, get on the greased plank and then give it a tilt to starboard.

If you are on a greased plank, you better get off from it, and quickly, too ❧ ❧

Loyalty is the thing—faith!

The World's Greatest Question*

NO question before the world today compares in importance with that of international disarmament ❧ ❧

The difficulties in the way of this great betterment have, in the past, seemed insurmountable. Now, however, the question is no longer in the hands of the poets, prophets and dreamers as their sole possession. The businessmen of the world are getting interested, and we behold a light at the end of the tunnel.

The modern nation is a totally different thing from the ancient empire or the medieval monarchy.

The idea of the king or monarch was that he was the viceroy of Deity. This king brooked no rivals. The interests or rights of other nations were never considered.

The court of the king was as splendid as he could make it, and his palace as sumptuous as he could afford. The limit of his magnificence was his ability to tax the people, and the extent of his power was his ability to subjugate. ¶ An army of trained fighting men, ready to use at any moment, was needed.

First, he must be able to suppress any possible revolt at home. ¶ Second, he must at all times reveal a glamor and a splendor that would excite both the adulation and the fear of his subjects. Third, he must be able to fight off a foreign foe.

Fourth, he must be able to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur to acquire new territory, should any rival kingdom reveal a weakness.

Today, the strength, prosperity and perpetuity of a nation do not turn on its ability to fight, but rather on its ability to render a service to other nations.

It is productive skill that counts, not destructive ability.

* Written in 1912.

The army of the modern State is a medieval appendenda vermiformis. It is the most costly and futile item in the government "overhead;" the most dangerous thing in point of national health—and the chief cause for dread as a disturber of our national peace. Nations today are interdependent. Each one fulfils a certain economic purpose. Permanent prosperity for all nations turns on permanent peace.

Our solicitude is for the happiness and prosperity of the individual, not for the ambition of its so-called rulers.

And happiness, health and prosperity for individuals demand disarmament

The United States, in point of wealth, leads all the nations. Yet our army is the smallest in size of any of the so-called seven powers in the first class. In numbers we have one-sixteenth of the population of the world; but one-third of the wealth of the world is ours.

This wealth has come through the peaceful industry of our people, not through the destructive ability of our army.

Yet seventy-two per cent of the Government revenue of the United States goes for war, war purposes and the results of war, and only twenty-eight per cent is used for furthering the arts, the sciences and commerce.

Ninety-six of our farmers out of every hundred flounder to market through almost impassable mud during certain seasons of the year, but all the time we are building dreadnaughts and recruiting men to man them.

Today, war is the deadliest foe of progress.

War once had a purpose and a certain value.

But it is now pretty generally conceded that we have got out of the struggle of war all that there is to be attained.

We have reached, not only the point of diminishing returns, but also have come to a point where there is absolutely no return at all.

Soldiery, in the year Nineteen Hundred Twelve, stands for woes, want, poverty, disease, inefficiency and incompetence.

The statesmen, philosophers, thinkers and writers are all agreed now that war is a positive harm. And there is a seeking, as never before in history, of a way by which disarmament of the nations can be brought about.

That the resources of the world, gained through labor, should be used for purposes of destruction, and that vast numbers of men should be taken from the forces of production and kept constantly under arms, is the most crying evil of the times.

¶ Five million men in the world—the very pick and flower of manhood—are engaged in the non-productive business of drilling and training to destroy.

Doubtless, when pirates roamed abroad through the land, and every nation was secretly plotting the undoing of its neighbors, the individual success of a nation demanded a big army.

Now the world is getting together, and there is an interdependence of nations, just as there is an interdependence of individuals. The telephone, the telegraph, quick transportation, are putting each nation in touch with all others.

The nations now are ruled by the bankers and merchants, not by the warrior.

It is admitted, since we train men for war, that a great many men —and good men, too—will look upon war as a necessity. And these men, trained to thrive through the business of war, may bring about war if the tools of war are at hand.

Anything that is to our interests we will uphold and defend in all sincerity.

The individual who carries a revolver will, in the course of time, find a use for it, and its display may tempt another man to shoot him. In courts of law we are constantly hearing of the defense being set up that "this man made a motion toward his hip-pocket as if to pull a shooting-iron, and I shot him in self-defense."

That which is true of individuals is true of nations, for the life of the individual mirrors the life of the race.

The growing intelligence of the time has shown us that we can thrive, only as other people thrive.

The idea of any one nation thriving by exploitation, annexation and destruction is obsolete.

Nations, like individuals, are today held in place by public opinion ❧ ❧

No nation can afford to fly in the face of the ideals that are held and fostered by other nations.

Publicity is the great disinfectant.

So thoroughly is this understood today that kings have their Publicity Bureaus. They not only know what other nations are doing and saying, but their endeavor is to put themselves in the best light in the world's assize.

We are ruled by public sentiment, and as no individual can succeed in an enterprise with public sentiment against him, so no nation can hope to achieve success and prosperity unless it is moving in accordance with the best ideas of the best people of all other nations.

Peace conferences, attended by delegates appointed by the various nations, have done a certain amount of good in an educational way. But no lasting or vital reform can be expected from their efforts. The men appointed as delegates to attend these peace conferences are simply attorneys for their individual governments. And war, to them, is a local issue, just as the tariff was to General Scott.

General Scott's incautious remark cost him the Presidency; but it was true, just the same. ¶ Men intent on the welfare of themselves, their cities, towns, individual estates, or their nations, can not bring about a Confederation of the Nations of the World ❧ ❧

What is required now is a getting together of the men of the

world who have the universal, worldwide outlook—the World-Vision

History has shown very few men who possessed the World-Vision. ¶ Orange John was near right when he interpreted loyalty to Harvard as meaning, " To hell with Yale! "

It is believed, however, that a hundred men can be secured today who possess a World-Vision; who not only can consider the welfare of their own particular country, but who will also have an equal solicitude for the welfare, the happiness, the content and the prosperity of all other countries.

The disadvantages of war have been thoroughly expressed. The curse and the horror of war have been pictured in literature, on canvas, in sculpture, and presented in oratory in every form

Victor Hugo, Verestchagin, Colonel Higginson, Stephen Crane, Clara Barton, have given us intimate and never-to-be-forgotten scenes of battle.

There is no romance in actual modern war that need be preserved. We are a peaceful people, and while, in one sense, life is still a battle, we have shifted the battle-ground, and our weapons are no longer those of destruction and violence. Our weapons are ideas. And hereafter ideas are to be supreme.

If valuable ideas fail it is because they are not clearly enunciated, and are, therefore, not understood.

A World's Congress made up of one hundred men would express and crystallize a public opinion in the face of which no nation could afford to fly.

This Congress would have no police powers.

No armed men would enforce its rulings, and, therefore, it would disarm jealously. It would stand or fall on its own motto, " Ideas rule the world."

But its decisions and expressions would create a public sentiment that the nations would be compelled to accept and obey. ¶ The

task of forming this World's Congress is now being undertaken by John Brisben Walker. Mr. Walker certainly possesses the World-Vision. He has had experiences which few men have enjoyed. He seems our one cosmopolitan citizen.

Highly successful men are always men with pronounced limitations. We pay for every success with a price. "Nature takes out of man what she puts in his chest," says Emerson. John Brisben Walker does not want anything for himself. Let that be understood. He has lived long enough, fought hard enough, and been so thoroughly kicked and cuffed by unkind Fate that all personal ambition beyond the ambition to bless has been eliminated from his cosmos.

Mr. Walker is sixty-four years old. He is at the height of his mental development. He is well and strong in body. He is a world-citizen—gentle in speech, kindly, judicial—a man who commands respect wherever he goes. He has been everywhere; he knows everybody; and he has tried everything.

He resigned his cadetship at West Point Military Academy to enter the Chinese military service. An ambition to free China was the fond desire of this boy of twenty.

His experience in the Far East gave him, not what he expected, but something else just as good—as is always the case.

He became acquainted with the men who live on the Equator. He saw the flaming, yellow East in all her magnificence, and in all her rags, woe and superstition.

He came back home, becoming a manufacturer; made money, went into politics, then into journalism; was managing editor of the Washington *Chronicle,* knew the District of Columbia, its futilities, its limitations, its affirmations.

John Brisben Walker introduced the first alfalfa into America, and for this one thing his name should live. Alfalfa now ranks in importance as the fifth crop of the American farmer. And it all traces to an unspoken word in the head of this one man.

He founded the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. At that time it was the first and only ten-cent magazine of a popular size. The endeavor was to put before the people the Cosmopolitan Idea.

Just look that word up in the dictionary, and you will find that cosmopolitan means the universal man, as opposed to the provincial ❧ ❧

Instead of a villager, be a cosmopolite. Have the universal view. Consider that you are a part—a necessary part—of the race, and that you can not hope to succeed save as you get the cosmopolitan view, as opposed to that of the individual outlook where every individual seizes and appropriates.

The idea of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* was too big for any one at the time to carry off. The nature of the Magazine was gradually changed, as a matter of self-preservation.

People will not pay for education. We are educated incidentally, at our work, out of our work, and by our work. We are educated by disaster, loss, suffering, grief and pain. We are educated by our enemies, and every thing that does not kill us is good for us. ¶ The only things that people will pay for are amusement and food, and we will not pay for food unless it tastes good.

The man who makes the people laugh is the man who gets the money ❧ ❧

And yet in spite of the fact that John Brisben Walker has tried more things and failed at more things than any other man you can name, and probably has lost more money than any other one man you can mention, he is still decently rich. ¶ He is able to meet his obligations, to travel where he wishes, and to buy anything that his wants require.

He owns a square mile of real estate inside the City of Denver, and has the felicity of being one of the biggest taxpayers in Colorado ❧ ❧

Civilization has a vanguard and a rearguard. John Brisben

Walker has never served as a rearguard to civilization. He has always been right on the firing-line.

And it is meet and well that this man, with all the graces of the diplomat and the man of affairs, and one with such a soldierly bearing, who so becomes the epaulets and the brass buttons and the insignia of war, should have devoted the best part of his life to a world-peace.

When great commercial institutions can eliminate competition and get together on a heart-to-heart basis, and one institution can minister to the world, instead of doing business through a hundred little, warring, fighting factions, surely the question of fourteen great world-powers getting together on a mutual understanding is not an idle dream.

Government must be put on a business basis. The people today are industrial. They are plowing, planting, sowing, reaping. They are diving down into the ocean's depths, sinking shafts, wells, mines, and bringing up the treasures that are to be found beneath the crust of the earth.

The men at work are safe men; also, they are the only men who are sane. Security and safety lie in intelligent labor.

Government is merely looking after public affairs, and doing for the people the friendly services which they can not do for themselves ❧ ❧

In every transaction there are three parties—the buyer, the seller and the public. Government looks after the public's interest ❧ ❧

And the world today is organized so that the fourteen great powers can easily come together and form a community of interests and reduce the overhead charges.

The greatest unproductive expense is that of war. Five million men under arms and a vast amount of the world's treasure being constantly used in manufacturing war-appliances and meeting the expenses of war that have occurred or are to come!

John Brisben Walker is a great economist. And if he can show the nations how to eliminate the white man's burden, he will build himself a monument the equal of which no conqueror ever constructed ☙ ☙

Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, represent for us destruction, violence, dissipation, death.

They fought, so they said, for a world's peace. But the peace they brought about was the silence of death.

When their peace had been achieved, there was no one left to build, and the discovery was made that while the pick and flower of the manhood of the world had been fighting for peace, the unfit had been reproducing their kind. And the soldiers that came back, sick and sore and lame and tired and whipped out and defeated, and, worst of all, honeycombed with disease—these men contributed their weakness to the general fund.

War is one thing that has made calamity of so long life.

Commissioners are now being sent to every civilized country, with the intent of carefully selecting, after advising with many of the strong and influential people, delegates who possess the World-Vision.

These delegates will meet in San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. They will form an International Congress, and will also provide for its perpetuity. ¶ The members will be of so distinguished a personnel that no man who is invited to participate will refuse.

The expense of maintaining such a Congress, wherein world-questions will be debated and decisions given from time to time, would be infinitesimal as compared with the expense of war. ¶ Enough encouragement has already been received from the Powers to insure the convening of the Congress. Its meeting will create an epoch.

Moving Pictures

THE moving picture show cheers, but does not inebriate. It lubricates the wheels of existence, rests, refreshes, stirs the imagination, brings into play a new set of convolutions, and costs a dime. ¶ It never gives you that darkbrown taste the day after, nor a headache and that tired feeling; nor does it make for a hike to the booby-hutch.

I know a great doctor who prescribed a picture-show every afternoon for a patient whose nerves were getting on the outside of his clothes.

The man lived a mile from downtown, and was to walk the distance to the show and back.

The patient rebelled. He scouted the idea. He wanted to take something out of a bottle, or be operated on.

"Do as I say," firmly ordered the doctor; "a picture-show every afternoon for a week, and then come back and tell me how you feel."

"But I hate moving-pictures!"

"Then grin and bear it!"

"I 'll bear it, but damme if I grin!"

"All right, but go—come back in a week!"

In a week the man came back. Two grins had begun to grow where there was only a grouch before. He had gotten the taste. ¶ This story has the rare and unique quality of being true. And the philosophy is this, that the thing which lifts us out of ourselves, that makes us forget our troubles, that stops brooding and puts the kibosh on introspection, is a whole lot better than many, many pink pills for pale people.

For nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia or nervous prosperity, try the "movies."

I go to the theater so as to keep from having nervous prostra-

tion. If you go to the races, you 'll probably lose some money—and anyway, you 'll get excited. If you go to a real theater, you will have to dress for it, perhaps order out the Packard, and have a little feed afterward. And you 'll get tired out.

But the " movies " are Jeffersonian simplicity and practical democracy. You slide in and out, and the whole thing is free from frills, fads and fussiness. You always get your money's worth, and there are no haunting regrets as to your having made a fool of yourself by spending a whole evening on a bum play and then getting just about two bits in change from your last five-dollar bill.

Another thing about the moving pictures is that the invention is one of the great educational factors of the time. It is one of the things that is helping to make this old world over, into a better and happier place.

Up to less than a hundred years ago civilization was provincial. Only a few people were able to travel, see and know. The many were submerged in ignorance and superstition. The sailors who went round the world were Nature-fakers. The stories they told us would make your hair curl. Read John Mandeville and you get a pretty good idea of the snake-stories that once passed as truth. Even Christopher Columbus passed us out a few newspaper yarns. You remember how he told of two islands just off the coast of America, where on one island lived all men, and on the other, all women. And according to Mr. Columbus, once a year all the people on one island took a little journey and had a picnic with the rest.

All this made interesting reading, but it was n't exactly the whole truth.

Now we are getting acquainted with the world. Quick transportation, the mails, the daily paper, the telegraph, the telephone, the talking-machines and the cinematograph are bringing the world to our doors.

I once knew a dear old lady who had a way of saying when you told her anything, " I want to know—I want to know! "

I used to laugh at this, but now I sympathize with the sentiment. " I want to know—I want to know! "

In Missouri the folks ask for visual demonstration. This to me is beautiful. " Show me! "

The moving picture satisfies our desire to know, because it shows us. The extent of knowledge which it distributes as to the ways, customs and habits of the people of the world is great, and far-reaching for good.

In some of our public schools which are leading the van, moving pictures are used in the lessons. The pupils are always ready to watch, and in so doing they are able to absorb and remember far more than they would ever get out of books alone.

Now, I am a writer of books. In these books I describe what I have seen, and the things I imagine, and I state the things that seem to me to be true. Just to the degree that I express truth, and make men think, do I benefit them.

No criticism can be brought against moving pictures which can not be brought against books, with equal truth. There are good books, there are bad books, and there are bum books written by punk parties with literary eczema, which are not worth cataloguing

It is exactly so with the " movies." These pictures tell you a story, playing the thing out while you sit and look. Good people want to see only the truthful and the worthy.

As we grow better we will have better moving pictures. As it is now, I believe the silly and the absurd are being eliminated, and the helpful and the true are coming to the fore.

Big Business—and Little

BUSINESS is the agency through which men and women Earn a Living.

I have a deal more faith in the average businessman than I have in the average reformer.

Righteous dealing in trade is a matter of self-preservation, and all good businessmen know it.

¶ There is room in business for all your religion, all your poetry, all your love. Business should be beautiful—and it is fast becoming so.

Also, I believe in Big Business, for Big Business represents efficiency and economy in the creation, production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to civilization.

¶ Big Business makes room for little business. It puts money in circulation. It gives the farmer a market—aye, and the florist, too, for only a happy, prosperous people buy flowers. Big Business helps every retailer, every bootblack, for the people who buy flowers get their shoes shined. ¶ Big Business helps the laundry business, for only a happy and prosperous people glory in clean linen

Big Business helps barbers, restaurants, shoe-dealers, haberdashers, bakeries, dressmakers, music-dealers, taxi-drivers, street-car lines, electric "Central Stations," musicians, printers, stationers, sign-painters, makers of go-carts and perambulators, for did not Richard Cobden say, " The ratio of go-carts keeps pace with the price of corn? "

Big Business distributes pay-envelopes—maintains old-age pensions, has sick benefits, educates to Safety First, has playgrounds, school-gardens

There is a crying need for all the strong, earnest influence we can bring to bear in behalf of Big Business, especially in view of the fact that numerous magazines and daily papers seek to fatten and

batten on discontent, by inflaming the unthinking to class-hatred and unrest.

Every business is an individual problem, just as life is.

So there you are—Organization, Opportunity, Reciprocity, Payrolls, Education, Health, Work, Music, Study, Laughter, Love—and all these things just as part of Earning a Living.

I was going to say I deal in "uplift" and "betterment," but these words have been overworked and need a vacation. Let us call it inspiration and stimulation. Have a Mental Martini with me!

Laundries and Labels

IF I were asked to name one of the most beneficent and essential business institutions in the world today, I should unhesitatingly say, "The modern laundry."

The modern laundry is not the result of a fad. Neither is it a freak or foible of fashion. It is a sign of the times, a big contributor to the evolution of civilization, a factor in the sum of human happiness, sanity, sweetness and light. The laundry might well share honors with Lincoln as the great emancipator, for while he freed some four million slaves, the modern laundry has not only straightened the bent backs of millions of housewives and maids, and freed them from the drudgery of washtub and ironing-board, but has created a new industry

¶ This industry employs some two hundred thousand people in this country.

So the modern laundry is not simply a shatterer of shackles, but a builder, a creator of big business.

And like all big business in this country, it has to pay the penalty of greatness.

Instead of knighting our big men, we indict them, and it is one of the chiefest of legislatorial indoor sports to tweak the nose, pull the whiskers, and twist the tail of big business. The modern laundry has received its share of attention from the quidnuncs, and inconceivable though it may seem, there are some who look upon the laundry industry with distrust, declare its methods as destructive, and its charges as another big item in the aviating bill of household expenses.

Distrust is often the result of ignorance. "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell; the reason why I can not tell, but I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

And the reason some people distrust laundries is because they do not know anything about them. They have never taken the pains to investigate. And right here, let me assure you, Mr. Reader, that you can not spend a more pleasant or profitable hour than you will find in the investigation of one of these Modern American Laundries. "Blue Monday" was, until recently, one of the red-letter days in the calendar of America.

Everybody washed on Monday. You lived a whole day under a cloud of steam and in an atmosphere of soapsuds.

Your breakfast was a scramble, your lunch a farce, your supper a fiasco.

Everybody was cross, tired and ill-tempered. On fine days, the lines in the yard were a flapping, flying, twisting mass of bunting. Rainy days, the veranda became an exhibition of lingerie and lace curtains.

And as the evening shadows fell, your cozy corner near the stove was usurped by a clothes horse, full of clean clothes, engaged in the interesting process of being aired.

Your personal inconvenience was not the only price paid for this home washing.

The wife or mother scrubbed and rubbed until her knuckles were raw. She ironed until her arms and face were red and scorched. ¶ And sooner or later, she paid the penalty by becoming prematurely old and physically impaired.

And the doctor's bill appeared on the debit side of your laundry ledger

Thanks, however, to the ingenious equipment and scientific methods introduced by laundry-machinery and laundry-owners, "Blue Monday" is becoming rapidly relegated to a place among the things that were.

The women of today realize that the laundry can, and laundry does, clean clothes more effectively and efficiently than can be done at home, and that the proper place to have the family

linens cleansed, is in these modern, hygienic, laundering establishments

The laundry takes the soiled linen from the home, and returns it, a fragrant and delightful package of healthful, helpful, clean clothes

And this result is not a matter of accident, but of design—the culmination of one of the most perfect systems yet developed—a system of assorting the different articles in their proper classifications, special processes of washing, starching and ironing, and a packing and delivery service that is superb.

Contrast the modern laundry methods with the old-time wash-day at home or the pioneer laundries of John Chinaman, and you will no longer belong to the skeptical class of those who believe that " the old-fashioned way " is best.

At one time, the custom obtained of sending to the laundry, only such things as needed special processes, extra starching or ironing, collars, cuffs, etc., which there were no means of handling at home

The modern laundry, equipped, as it is, with up-to-date machinery, is capable of handling every imaginable kind of garment, from the heaviest textile to the most delicate fabric.This it does, rapidly, systematically and hygienically. No other line of business has such exactness, or is such an exponent of service as a business asset, as the modern laundry.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that such an intelligent, conscientious institution should ever have an increasing clientele and that now, instead of merely using the laundry as a convenience, people are realizing that it holds a place in the community as useful and essential as a bank, a store, a post-office, a telephone booth—or a church.

Women everywhere see the economy, the comfort, and the helpfulness that the laundry tokens.

Home discomforts, extras for food, fuel, utensils and laundry

requisites, wear and tear of domestic articles, frazzled nerves—all these are discounted by the laundry.

Men, too, see in the passing of " Blue Monday " a happier home, a healthier wife, a rosier family, regular meals, faultless linen, and the check-book in less evidence for current expenses or overhead

Undoubtedly, the laundry way is the economical way, and in future folks will no more think of doing their washing at home than they will think of making their own shoes or cutting their own hair.

They will pass the job on to the expert launderer—to the person and place where laundering is both a fine art and a science. ¶ To run a laundry is no peanut-stand proposition. Both the active operators of the wonderful machinery and the men behind the business must possess rare qualifications, if success is to be theirs

Laundrymen are in business for their health—and yours. They are the apostles of Hygeia, and their propaganda is one that depends upon psychology, as well as upon soap and water, for its very existence.

Dirt and disease are the laundryman's enemies, and he allies himself with the health officer and the sanitary commission, on the side of cleanliness, sanity and sanitation.

From the body's purity, the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid

And the consciousness of clean linen is in and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience.

A well-ironed collar and a clean shirt have carried many a man through an emergency, in which a rip or a wrinkle would have proved his undoing. And the feeling that personal cleanliness and civic cleanliness are synchronous is one of the ethical principles underlying the modern laundry.

The three great requisites for successful business consist in know-

ing three things—yourself, your customer, your product or service

Knowing yourself, you know your helpers, for they simply mirror your choice.

Every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. And the incompetent employee is simply an outcrop of badly selected seed or improper planting and cultivation. ¶ Labor is the principal item of expense in laundry-work.

And it is in the selection of the worker, and the determination of his *quality*, that much depends. Dealing with this matter, the psychological and practical laundryman has set an example which many businessmen might follow with profit. The laundry-worker graduates from simple tasks to those which require greater skill and dexterity, and the pay-envelope takes on embonpoint accordingly

The Modern American Laundry, such as is represented in the membership of the Laundrymen's National Association of America, is a firm believer in the gospel of efficiency, and it employs it in business.

This means sanitary buildings, replete with modern conveniences, wonderful machinery and corps of trained employees who can always be relied upon to meet every emergency.

In most of these laundries, the employees are as one great family —they speak of the laundry as " ours."

In many cases, rest-rooms as well as restaurants are provided, the latter usually being operated on the cafeteria plan. Periods of rest are given in the morning and again in the afternoon. ¶ All of these things are psychologically and physiologically correct, and can not help but be to the best interest of all parties concerned

Employees work best when surrounded by clean and sanitary conditions. An abundance of light and pure air makes for physical and mental comfort. ¶ This, laundrymen know; and the pol-

icy of careful selection, monetary inducement, high standards of work and service, are put in general operation by them.

The successful laundryman of today must not only be a psychologist and businessman, but also something of an analytical chemist, a systematizer, and an electrical and mechanical engineer. He must be able to eliminate the deleterious minerals from water and make it as soft as the rain that falls from the April skies. He must be able to recognize stains and spots of different sorts, and know how to remove them, without harming the different kinds of materials they may happen to embellish.

" What is a blot on an escutcheon? " asked Tommy of his father.

" It 's a leaky fountain-pen in your pocket," answered Dad.

The laundryman must be thoroughly posted on textiles, what they are, how they are made, and what cleaning process gives the best results. And in these days of " just-as-goods " the hunt for the proper " John Hancock " is a man's sized job. True, there may be a label on the goods, but often it is a terminological inexactitude—a lying label.

" Linen " may not have a single thread of flax in it. " Silks " may be made entirely from wood-pulp. " All wool " is oftener than not a misnomer—it is a mixture of cotton and wool. " Satinette " may be nine-tenths shoddy. Your " silk " stockings and socks at " bargain prices " or your showy cravats are loaded with metal, dyed and re-dyed to give them a thick, heavy, silky appearance. And so on, all through the list of domestic furnishings, or personal wearing-apparel.

Shoddy goods, adulterated goods, and goods improperly dyed or bleached, are the evils from which the public in general, and the laundrymen in particular, suffer.

For while people have a kind of sneaking feeling that " bargain sales " are ofttimes fakes, and that goods at " smashing reductions " are worth even less than the prices asked, they still keep buying the shoddy stuff and blame the laundry when their

" pure-linen " tablecloth comes back, looking like cheesecloth, or their " silk " socks disintegrate in the test of the tub.

The laundryman knows more about these misnamed, misbranded textiles than ever the purchaser can, and he has paid dearly for this information.

The test of the tub has revealed these things to him, and thousands of dollars are paid out annually by laundrymen for goods that have gone wrong in the process of cleaning, for which they are no more responsible than the Queen of Sheba.

And while they do not directly blame the local merchant, because for the most part he simply re-markets the things that are passed on to him by the manufacturer, they feel that concerted action for self-protection is necessary and also that the public should be protected.

The textile-manufacturers, taking advantage of the popular opinion that laundries were hard on fabrics—which has been pushed along by quip, joke and story—have stood pat, shunting the blame from their shoulders on to those of the laundryman.

Now the laundrymen have decided to put the blame where it belongs. They are determined to settle the question whether imperfect laundering or lying labels are responsible for damaged goods after cleaning.

And to this end, the Laundrymen's National Association of America has inaugurated a Pure-Fabric campaign.

The Laundrymen's National Association is an amalgamation of the great majority of the best, biggest and busiest laundries in the United States. Its members are the flower of laundryism and laundrydom, and being square-deal men they are enthusiastic in their advocacy of a National Pure-Fabric Law.

In Nineteen Hundred Seven, Congress passed the Pure-Food Law, and now all articles of food, drugs, etc. must be properly labeled as to their contents. Nobody need now accept adulterations for the real article.

The Laundrymen's National Association is now endeavoring, through the medium of National legislation, to compel the textile-manufacturers to so label their products that the public will know exactly what they are buying.

Caveat Emptor—" let the buyer beware "—must have no place in textile trading.

When Doctor Wiley and Professor Allyn moved in the matter of pure-food propaganda, some startling facts were made known. So-called " strawberry " jam was found, in some instances, to be made of rotten apples, colored with an aniline dye and flavored with ether.

Deadly formaldehyde was found to be in common use to keep milk " fresh." Adulterated foods became tabu—they became drugs in a double sense.

And now Professor Allyn has turned his attention to fabrics, and many strange things have been revealed.

A great variety of mixtures, both cheap and nasty, have been shown up, faulty weaves heavily sized to hide defects, silk four-fifths metal, wool that has never seen a sheep's back.

The National Pure-Fabric Law will in no wise place an embargo on the manufacture of this " phony " stuff. The manufacturer may still continue to produce it—if he cares to. But it will bear the proper label—an identification-mark. Thus will the customer be protected and the laundryman know what class of goods he is handling, and act accordingly.

This label will not only be a true index to the character of the goods, but an indication also of the integrity of both merchant and manufacturer.

And by the same token that it is unethical as well as bad business policy to have the reputation for adulterated food-products, textiles with a decent pedigree will become the accepted standard of both seller and buyer.

The Laundrymen's National Association of America is to be

congratulated upon the stand it has taken and the active work it is doing in seeking to bring about this National Pure-Fabric Law

It tokens a pride in their great industry—a jealousness for its reputation, and while the laundry-owner frankly admits that this motive is primarily a selfish one, still the placing of this National Pure-Fabric Law upon the Statute-Books will be a general beneficence.

It will place the responsibility where it belongs and emphasize the fact that truth is the only virtue, by giving the lie to lying labels

The Jump of the Jitney

THE jitney has jumped into favor in a hundred cities in the West.

It is coming East. It will arrive day after to-morrow. The issue is Gasoline versus Electricity.

The jitney is an automobile that picks up passengers who would otherwise take the trolley.

" Jitney " means small, inconsiderable, of the under class.

The jitney idea forms a market for secondhand cars.

It can go anywhere but in good society.

The active brain of a Western enterpriser started it in business in opposition to the trolley-car—fare, five cents.

Others took it up, and anybody who has a car and needs the money can recoup at from eight to twenty dollars a day.

When you see people waiting for the car, pick 'em up!

Now and then one of the long-suffering " strap-hangers " complains of street-car service.

The defense makes its claim that the only profits the entire street-railway system receives, after paying for operating, is what the strap-hangers give.

Just now the street-railway service in the Western States is taking a course in competition.

The evolution in transportation has been rapid. From the time when man walked and carried a load on his back, to the time when man used a horse, is a long, long period.

From the horse to the horse and wagon, from the horse and wagon to the horse-car, was also a long, long time.

From the horse-car to the cable-car was not so long. From the cable-car to the electric car was a short period.

Rapid transit began with the cable car.

The speed was increased by the electric car.

These different means of transportation were all born of man's

necessities, kept pace with and were concomitant with human progress ❧ ❧

From a single electric car to the long train, such as is used in the elevated and subways, is an easy evolution.

The electric car annihilated distance and lengthened man's day, one, two, three, four hours, and sometimes doubled his capacity for work. Then came the automobile, which made electric street-car and electric railroad transportation slow. And the automobile has this advantage: it is not limited in its progress by steel rails and their roadbed.

Anywhere that wheels can go, there goes the benzine-buggy. The question is now being tried out, can electricity compete with gasoline?

At first the automobile was a luxury that only the rich could afford ❧ ❧

Then came the competitive stage in the evolution of the automobile ❧ ❧

Competition has carried the automobile and its owner not only to business, but it has evolved a business.

The automobile has the audacity to come alongside of the big electric street-railway cars and say, "Behold your peer!" And the street-railway through its tremblings has said, "I am afraid you are." ¶ Both speed up. Both give their best service. Both bow sweetly to the passenger, and recognize that courtesy is an asset ❧ ❧

In San Francisco there are just now a thousand jitney cars. Los Angeles has fifteen hundred. Seattle has five hundred jitney cars. ¶ It is figured that in any of these cities, with the natural growth of the jitney service, the street-car receipts would be depleted about eight million dollars a year.

And of course, the street-car company is looking up points of disadvantage, and giving wide publicity to the "menace" to the public in the operating of the jitney 'bus.

In the meantime, the jitney is earning nine dollars a day, and is providing a new topic for conversation.

And besides all this, women are successfully operating the jitney, and find in it economic independence.

When a jitney lady driver smiles sweetly and says, " Won't you ride with me? " the San Franciscoan friar is apt to reply, " Sure, Sister! " and climb in.

The Sherman Act

THE United States Government is a trust. It is a central power exercising sovereignty over some forty-eight separate States.

The trust is a natural and beneficent evolution of our time, and the attempt to destroy it is on a par with the law passed in Missouri a few years ago, providing for the dissolution of all Department-Stores, and also making the organization of a Department-Store a crime.

¶ Every argument that can be made against a Department-Store can be made with equal truth against a trust.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in Eighteen Hundred Ninety. It was the idea of John Sherman, of Ohio.

The Sherman Act is founded on the assumption that combinations, or the management of several companies by one head, is of itself wrong and can only be for one purpose, to oppress the consumer

Senator Sherman was not a business man. He was a lawyer and a politician, and he could not imagine the necessity for decentralizing a big institution for the sake of greater safety and a better organization

This organization of several subsidiary companies under one general policy is not in restraint of trade, but in order that the trade may be extended, enlarged and overhead charges reduced.

¶ Of itself, it is no more immoral than is a partnership made up of several individuals, or a corporation which is made up of stock owned by various partnerships or individuals.

The supervision of trusts by the State is right and well, but such supervision must be wise and carried out with dignity and in a proper spirit.

The Sherman Act is of itself doing the very thing which it seeks to stop others from doing: it is interfering with the natural trend

and evolution of business. It is an attempt to destroy free competition and place the weak on a level with the strong.

That which interferes with the rights of the people is wrong and will have to go.

The Sherman Act has outlived its usefulness, granting the hypothesis that it ever had any.

Laws which prevent competition and prevent men from receiving the natural results of their invention, initiative and enterprise, are unjust laws and this is just what the Sherman Act is.

It is an attempt to turn us back to Stagecoach times and Canal-boat methods.

Let it be declared contrary to public policy, as an interference with the natural rights of a free people.

The Selling Magazine

IN my innocent days, when I studied the wonderful science of psychology at Harvard, I was told that only one strong emotion can occupy the mind at one time.

Just think that over.

If you are so thoroughly frightened that your hair is standing on end, like a La Follette pompadour, it is quite probable that your joyous and hopeful mood will not aviate at the same moment.

Where doubt and fear enter, animation and hope retire.

You do not buy goods when you are mad; neither do you make love, nor presents.

Moreover, you do not purchase things of a person whom you dislike—if you can help it, and you usually can.

Some periodicals have a pleasant atmosphere.

They radiate optimism and calm courage. They put the buyer in a mood where he loosens up his weasel-skin. No salesman can sell a bill of goods to an individual whose hopes are below par. The buyer can lure, but he can't coerce or stampede.

Enthusiasm and animation are the first factors in success. Kill these, and every project dies a-borning.

There are always fifty-seven reasons why anything will not work, and lots of men can flash these up—and do—at inopportune times

The muckraking magazines that pound on American business, rip the judiciary up the back, and hammer on the Administration, gradually evolve an atmosphere unfavorable for the seller, and prepare the way for a shut-down.

A great man has told us that life is a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning; and when you have gooseflesh it is a matter of buttoning

The buyer when doubtful stands back to the wall and buttons up as tight as the proverbial bull's mizzle.

And so the argument is this: A magazine that stands for laughter, reciprocity, mutuality, big business, faith, hope, good-cheer, health and love is a Selling Magazine.

Periodicals that are given over to pishmince, carping criticism and distrust, and that maintain an anvil chorus of Glooms, instead of a silver-cornet band of Joys, kill the buying mood in the reader and make of him a tight-waddo.

In his heart a financial panic reigns. He is the antithesis of a creator ❧ ❧

Advertisers would do well to patronize the magazine that fosters the buying mood.

A Little Journey to The Hotel Sherman

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, my old friend Waldo, of Rockford, Illinois, induced his cousin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, to make a lecture-tour through the Far West.

The " Far West " then meant Illinois.

At this time there was no railroad West of the Mississippi River.

In the contract it was specified that Emerson was to give two lectures in the city of Chicago, and that while there his accommodations were to be at the Sherman House—duly specified as " a first-class hostelry."

From the Sherman House, Emerson wrote a letter to his friend, Thomas Carlyle, urging him to come to America, and promising that lecture-dates would be made for him over this same route that Emerson was now passing.

As an inducement to the canny Scotchman, Emerson explains that " the Sherman House shows no sign of the rough and uncouth, although it was the first hotel built in Chicago, being erected in the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven."

Emerson adds that the hotel compares very favorably with the best hotels in New York and Boston, a thing which surprised him, as evidently he had an idea that many hardships were in store

Emerson again visited Chicago in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six, immediately after the close of the War.

He again stopped at the Sherman House, and again writes to his old friend, Thomas Carlyle. This time he says:

" I am still stopping at the Sherman House, but the hotel has been rebuilt. The old one was torn down in Eighteen Hundred

Sixty-one, and this new hotel is built on a scale of magnificence which certainly one does not expect.

" Just remember that the town of Chicago was laid out in Eighteen Hundred Thirty, and at that time there were twelve families here. In three years its population had increased to five hundred souls; In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven there were four thousand people in Chicago, and it was looked upon as a big city. In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six Chicago has two hundred and fifty thousand people, and it is the fifth city in size in America

" This hotel is lighted with gas—and so, unlike English taverns, there is no charge for candles. I am told there is a bathroom on every floor, and the hotel is four stories high. These bathrooms are at the disposal of the guests, a nominal charge being made for towels and soap; but if you supply your own soap and towels, there is no charge for the use of the water. It is also heated without expense, if you so desire.

" The people who come to this hotel are very earnest and active. Many of them I find quite intelligent, being brought up in the East."

Thomas Carlyle, however, was never persuaded to cross the Atlantic. Emerson introduced his books here at his own expense and at quite a loss to himself.

If one wants to know about how fast Chicago has grown, just note the fact that in Eighteen Hundred Seventy this city had three hundred thousand inhabitants; in Eighteen Hundred Eighty it had five hundred thousand inhabitants, and had moved from fifth place to fourth. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety it had one million, and was the second city in size in America. Now it has more than two millions.

The growth of Chicago has been more than that of any other city ever built, and yet it has not been phenomenal, the whole thing being quite natural. Chicago has evolved simply as the

great West has evolved. It is the market-place and the general meeting place of the strong men of the Middle West.

All trains stop at Chicago, none goes through. Chicago has thirty-four railroads. Its first railroad was built in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, and ran from Chicago to Galena on the Mississippi River.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty Lincoln was nominated for President, at Chicago.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-one occurred the great fire, which destroyed one-third of the property in the city.

Emerson's Sherman House, with which he was so pleased and of which he was so boastful, was reduced to ashes. The hotel, however, was rebuilt on a scale of magnificence that differentiated it quite as much from the former hotel, as the one built in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one differed from the one built in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven.

The Sherman House was Chicago's first hotel, and the Hotel Sherman is her last and best hotel; for the Sherman House, which was completed in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, after the Chicago fire, was torn down and another hotel, finer far than Emerson ever dreamed of, was built. This hotel was opened in January, Nineteen Hundred Eleven. The site is the same as the hotel built in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven.

The hotel bearing the name of " Sherman " has advanced as the times have changed. It has always ministered to the best, and as the standard of life has changed, so has changed the " Sherman."

¶ There is not a dish, nor a piece of furniture or bedding now used in the Hotel Sherman that was used in the house torn down only a year or so ago.

Everything is brand-new, and on a scale of excellence absolutely abreast of the best that the world affords.

There is not a musty, dusty, microby corner in this hotel. Not a mouse or a rat, or a place where one can lodge.

The Hotel Sherman is fireproof, absolutely, the doors of the rooms and the window-sills being of metal. The contents of a room could be burned up without the fire spreading.

The hotel built in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three originally had two suites of rooms that had bathrooms attached. Later a dozen or so rooms had bathrooms; but now the Hotel Sherman has seven hundred rooms and it has seven hundred bathrooms. ¶ These bathrooms are miracles of nickle, enamel, glass, concrete and marble. There is hot and cold water running in every room, running ice-water in every room, telephone, steam-heat, electric lights, writing-desk—everything which civilization demands. ¶ I know of nothing in the world to equal it in the way of quiet magnificence and excellence; and yet the place is not gaudy nor loud, nor expressed in lavish fancy.

It has a somewhat subdued effect that not all of our big hotels possess. In every big city there are flashy hotels where the original use of the inn is lost sight of, the place being taken possession of by a gilded, gabby gang of newly gotten rich, or the offspring of such, where the vampire finds her hunting-ground, and the riot of the senses is complete, where flunkies flunky without ceasing, and the parasite is at home.

The Hotel Sherman, however, has always been the home of earnest, active, intelligent people. ¶ If Thomas Jefferson were alive today and visited Chicago, he would stop at the Hotel Sherman

If Lincoln came to Chicago, the Hotel Sherman would again be his home.

The Hotel Sherman is the home of democracy, it is the home of the people, of the people who want what they pay for, and who do not want to pay for anything that they do not want. There is all the service that one requires without the added attention of the flunky who is striving hard to secure his tip and who is thankless when he gets it.

At the Hotel Sherman there seems to be a spirit of friendliness and kindliness and courtesy and good-will which one does not expect in a great modern hotel.

In the spacious, beautiful office of the Hotel Sherman, the other day I met friends from Peoria, Macomb, Bloomington, Keokuk, Joplin, Kansas City, Danville and Decatur—bankers, merchants, statesmen, who had come up to Chicago on business and to spend a day or so looking over the city. ¶ Some of these men had their wives and children with them, and it was a delight to see the Mothers in Israel enjoying the restfulness of this splendid palace. ¶ We live in a new world.

What a change we have seen, for instance, in the finish of the Pullman cars from the gaudy, the fussy, the carved, the gilded! We now get absolute economy, strength, fitness and restfulness, which were never seen before.

In the new Hotel Sherman you will find a ballroom, an auditorium, numerous banqueting-rooms, grill-rooms and private dining-rooms in all finishes and representing all nations. Several of these banqueting-rooms have their own kitchens attached, so that the regular service and equipment is never crowded or disturbed

" College Inn " in the Hotel Sherman is a superb dining-room, decorated with all the principal college colors. Here there are music, singing, sometimes speaking, and a deal of innocent frolic and good-cheer.

At the same time, if you prefer seclusion you have your own private dining-room, with felt-shod service, sacred as a monastery to you and your few invited guests.

This elimination of the garish and unnecessary marks our moving from the pioneer stage into something better, higher and nobler

At the Hotel Sherman you pay for just what you get, and for nothing more.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis, Isaac Funk, Governor "Dick" Yates, Phil Sheridan, Shelby M. Cullom, Lucian Carr, John A. Logan, Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, in short, all of the old great who made their impress on the Middle West—and in fact, on the whole of the United States—used to make the Sherman House their home when in Chicago.

This is the type of patron that you still find here—the solid, the substantial, the able, the intellectual, the decent.

Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William Warren, Edwin Booth, Mrs. Gilbert, and all the other best artists and singers of their time looked upon the Sherman House as "their other home." And so it is yet.

Chicago has now more than two million inhabitants, and the day is not far distant when she will be the first city in size in America. ¶ Chicago is one of the healthiest cities in America, having a death-rate of fourteen per thousand, which is less than that of any other city of two hundred thousand inhabitants and over, East of the Rocky Mountains. This is undoubtedly owing to the pure water-supply and the breezes that blow in off the lake. ¶ Good air and good water are the first factors in health. The next thing is pleasurable activity. Chicago is a little world of workers

The Hotel Sherman is operated by the men who own the property. ¶ In the good old days, if you were displeased with something in a hotel, you called for the landlord. You can do the same in the Hotel Sherman. Mr. Joseph Beifeld is there on the spot every day to look after the interests of his guests, and these guests are his friends. The two sons of Mr. Beifeld I found were taking an active and intelligent interest in carrying the burdens of this splendid hostelry—boys brought up to be useful. ¶ The active working manager of the hotel, however, is Mr. Frank W. Bering. Bering struck me as being a young man for the position, but he is

big enough to shoulder the burden and walk away with it. The building of the hotel was left to Bering. He also bought the furniture and the outfit complete. The money was placed at his disposal, and he was allowed to go ahead and use his own judgment. It is a great thing when you have a big man in your employ to give him free rein, and Beifeld was big enough to recognize the bigness of Bering.

The whole place is saturated with the spirit of service, with kindness, good-cheer, good-will, friendliness, and all that makes for human betterment.

Emerson might feel a little lost here if he should come back, for the world has made mighty strides since he passed away. But the Hotel Sherman would still be his resting place, as in days of yore. ¶ Emerson stood for unity—for the brotherhood of man—and business today stands for human service. ¶ The Hotel Sherman is a business institution lifted to the plane of brotherhood. The gilded, the gaudy, the wasteful, the absurd, the tiddy-iro are no part of the Hotel Sherman. The men who built and made the Middle West—this garden spot of the world—made the Hotel Sherman their home; and the sons of these men, spiritually or actually, still do the same.

The Express-Companies

JOHN WANAMAKER launched an immortal epigram when he said that there were five objections to the Parcels-Post. But like most epigrams, it was n't true. The recent investigation of the express-companies by the Interstate Commerce Commission has revealed the fact that there are twenty-two " objections " to the Parcels-Post, instead of five.

It has been suggested that the number be increased by one and then the whole number be declared unnecessary and the slate cleaned

This is bound to be the eventual result. The Express Trust is the finest example of organized and legalized pillage ever consummated. No one individual seems to be to blame for it. It is simply an example of the eternal truth that power unrestrained tends to tyranny. ¶ Eternal vigilance is the price not only of liberty but of everything else, and a people who allow their liberties to drift into the hands of the Strong Man get what they deserve.

That story about the late Tom Lowry of Minneapolis pictures the express situation.

It seems Tom needed money for carrying on his street-railroad enterprises, and he needed it bad—or badly, as they say in Boston. So he went down to New York. On his arrival he was anxiously walking down Wall Street when he was accosted by a Weary Willie who begged the price of a sandwich. Tom looked at the man in wrath and said, " Darn you, I 'm working this side of the street! "

The twenty-two express-companies in America have divided up the territory between them, and have been working it on the policy of charging all the traffic would bear.

The world moves, but the express-companies do not know it.

They short-change everybody according to the methods of Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine.

Corporations have souls, just the same as individuals. A certain atmosphere pervades them. Often one man's spirit will flavor a whole business fabric.

With the express-companies there is a general swagger and indifference to the rights and welfare of the public. Courtesy, if seen at all, takes the form of fawning. But usually there is a top-lofty attitude of, "I don't know and I don't care—it 's nothing to me—take it or leave it!"

Packages of fruits, eatables, or small articles that can not be identified, are broken into and a portion of the contents appropriated, quite as a matter of course.

In small towns, where there is but one express-office, it is the rule to break open boxes of oranges and take just three. Canned goods arrive one can short; thread, four spools, minus.

There is no redress—you complain, and the expressman will say: "That is the way it came to us! Put in your claim for damage, and I 'll send it to headquarters."

Not one claim in a hundred is ever paid or ever investigated, so far as the public knows.

If you meet the men "higher up," you will find them suave, and sorry, "but, my dear boy, you know perfectly well, etc., etc."

The whole system is permeated with the idea of graft. There is no penalty for breaking open packages—in fact, the employees have to, we are told, in order to ascertain contents, and fix the tariff charge. The tariffs have been arbitrary, uncertain and non-understandable. Even the experts did not read them alike. And the book-keeping was of a kind that made it impossible to fix responsibility on any one man. And immunity from responsibility breeds the sycophant and the tyrant.

The express-companies grew up as a sort of sop to the stagecoach proprietors who owned wagons and horses.

When railroads took the place of the stagecoach, arrangements were made with the railroads whereby they carried the packages and turned them over to the man with teams for local delivery.

¶ Gradually, step by step, the monopoly has grown.

John Wanamaker, twenty years ago, sounded the alarm. Since then, the express-companies have only put their claws deeper into the business fabric.

With a president of one of the biggest express-companies in the United States Senate, and stockholders of other express-companies in high places, and now and again postmasters in big cities who are holders of express stock, the whole business has been glossed and the rights of the public at large overlooked. " What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

The investigation recently made into express-company methods was carried on by the only body eminently fitted for so doing. Franklin K. Lane, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, had the matter very much at heart, also very much in his head. He has served an apprenticeship in transportation matters which makes him the most valuable man along this particular line in America today.

The investigation began three years ago. It was prophesied at the time that it would end in a squirrel-track.

The express-companies were very loath to give any information of any sort; and while they did not openly oppose the investigation, making a show of telling everything, they told nothing that was opportune or of material worth. Facts had to be dynamited out of them. In fact, the big men in the express business did n't know of the petty larcenies, principally because it was not to their interest to know.

But already they have begun to be more or less decent with their patrons, where before they were overwhelmingly inconsiderate. Now the culprits are on their knees and profess a willingness to conform their business operations to any requirements that the

Interstate Commerce Commission may make. Any one interested should send for Commissioner Lane's report. It is no perfunctory document. It goes after things as if it knew what it was going after, and it calls things by their proper names.

For instance, it says: "While these companies are separate, legal entities, their stock ownership is so interlaced, intertwined, interlocked, that it is with difficulty we can trace any one of the great companies as wholly independent in its management. So, while these companies operate separately and compete with each other for traffic, the express business may be said to be almost a family affair. They trace a common ancestry, and while many names may be used to designate them it is within the fact to say that, aside from the operation of the minor and distinctively railroad express-companies, the entire express business of the United States is managed by probably not more than three groups of interests."

Orders have been issued for reduction in rates, averaging nearly twenty per cent, and in many cases more.

The Commission finds that the entire business has been conducted without due regard for the rights of the public.

For instance, in a vast number of cases, packages sent prepaid have been delivered collect. This thing of collecting at both ends, or makng a double charge for service, might be an accident in bookkeeping which would occasionally occur; but the prevalence of the accident makes it look like criminal negligence, not to use a shorter and uglier word.

The Commission does not find that the official management knew anything about this thing of collecting at both ends. But, on the other hand, in the face of thousands of complaints, the management took no special action to curb the abuse.

In some cases, it seems to be regarded as a legitimate perquisite on the part of the local agent. When in doubt, he collected on packages that were plainly and officially marked "Prepaid."

His billing, however, showed the package was not prepaid, and he therefore made the collection.

If the receiver wanted the goods at once, he doubtless would pay the twenty-five or fifty cents, rather than be inconvenienced by having the package held up.

His recourse then was to make a claim for overcharge. This claim went through the circumlocution office, and the chances were it would never be heard of.

Small shippers have no system by which they can collect small sums. The company rules were so lax that these small perquisites fell into the hands of their employees who needed the money. ¶ And thus were the employees educated in indifference to the public

Laxity in business methods and general moral obliquity ensued all along the line.

According to modern ethics, no employer has a right to subject his helpers to opportunities to go wrong. To visit an injustice upon another is to work a wrong to yourself.

The general business methods of the entire express contingent were those of a day that is past. Nothing but this most drastic investigation, backed up by the Federal arm, could possibly have brought these offenders to a realizing sense of what they were doing

The unjust charges of the express-companies have been a big factor in the question of the high cost of living. The express-companies have formed themselves into a formidable referee that stands between the producer and the consumer.

For instance, the charge for one hundred pounds has been the same as for a less quantity, say for twenty-five pounds. Thus have the express-companies played into the hands of the middle-man

For instance, if the farmer had customers for his butter, eggs and garden produce, the express-company made it impossible for him

to serve his customers direct. He was obliged to ship to a third party, who redistributed. Commissioner Lane calls attention to the fact that this re-distribution of goods was exactly what the express-companies were organized for.

Their business nominally and naturally was to distribute small packages or any size packages that the public might care to send. But instead of this the package was sent through just as many hands as the customer would tolerate—and not stop shipping ❧ ❧

When the companies made it the rule to charge the same for twenty-five pounds that they did for a hundred pounds, they were guilty of working a wrong upon the small shipper.

Thus have the farmer and the housewife been played upon by these conscienceless monopolies.

In the course of the investigation, it came out that some years ago the express-companies, seeing the handwriting on the wall, got together with the intent of organizing one big company. ¶ By distribution of stock, this would have been a very feasible proposition; but they were warned by the United States Attorney General that such an action would be contrary to the Sherman Act, and undoubtedly it would.

And so we have had the twenty-two companies, each acting separately, and yet working together, even charging two or three or four rates where one would have applied.

Thus has the United States Government itself played into the hands of this monopoly, for if the express-companies had consolidated, Wickersham might have then brought an action against the Express Trust, exactly as he brought an action against the Standard Oil. And so while the express-companies have not been guilty of violation of the Sherman Act, yet they have done things a thousand times worse, and through their interlocking and intertwining ownership, they have been able to evade responsibility for flagrant acts of oppression.

In passing, it might be well to call attention to the fact that the so-called dissolution of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust has worked no apparent benefit to the consumer, yet Big Business has been taught a lesson, and that is that Government supervision and proper regulation is a thing that the people can enforce.

Big Business has come upon us unawares. It is a time of regulation and adjustment.

The regulation, however, must come through trained businessmen, through economists, and the whole thing must be freed as much as possible from politics, passion and prejudice.

The rights of the small producer and the consumer at large must be conserved. Taking it all together, the regulation of the express companies, as begun by Franklin K. Lane, under the direction of President Taft, is the most important event of the year. These express-companies which have made it difficult for the necessities of life to flow from where they are plentiful to where they are needed have worked a robbery far greater in volume than the piracies on the high seas before the days of the Hanseatic League. And that it should have been done under the protecting wing of the law of a so-called free people makes it doubly atrocious.

The pirates of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic of old were a law unto themselves. But these modern pirates have legalized and organized piracy, making it a fine art. And the men who were the chief instruments in this piracy have occupied places of honor in the State and in society. They have contributed largely to charity, education, religion, and thus have they salved their consciences, and pacified the public into the fond belief that they were agents for good.

A list of one hundred of the chief stockholders of these big express-companies reveals many of our so-called " First Citizens." Man justifies himself in everything he does.

These big owners of stock knew nothing of the details of the business, and cared less. No doubt, in many instances, these millionaires did not have the brain to see nor the imagination to detect the facts, which were simply that they were, in many instances, absolutely parasites, stealing the food from mothers and their children.

Only a lively awakening of the public has been able to bring the offenders to book thus far.

And yet the managements of the big express-companies must have foreseen the day when they would be wiped out of existence. The investigation has brought out the fact that they used the equipment and the plants of other people in their business.

¶ The inventory asset of all of the express-companies, as shown by Franklin K. Lane's report, scarcely equals the receipts for a single year.

The policy has been, not to invest in plants or equipment. The express-companies rent their offices, hire their horses, depend upon the railroads to furnish cars and transportation. And thus the whole game has been played " flying light," seemingly sensing a time when they would have to beat it.

And now, their fears are going to come true. How soon, no one can say, but the sooner the better.

Silos

DOWN in Kentucky they say that all weather is good, only some weather is better than others. ¶ We may paraphrase this remark and say that all silos are good, only some are better than others, and when one can have the best, there seems to be no reason why he should choose one that has palpable faults or objections.

I have examined a good many silos of the various makes and interviewed their owners.

It seems to be the general opinion that a wood silo is preferable to either brick, tile, or concrete.

The cold walls of the stone, concrete or brick prevent an equal fermentation throughout the silo and along the walls and even if the material is air-tight, there will be six, eight or twelve inches of ensilage that is mildewed and spoiled. Whether the tile is hollow or not, seems to make very little difference.

With wood, the liquids in the ensilage are absorbed by the wood so as to take up all cracks and we get pretty nearly an air-tight effect with an equal temperature, although great care should be taken to tramp down the ensilage especially close up against the wood so as not to leave any interstices or open spaces.

The thicker the wood that is used, the better.

I am inclined to think that the majority of the best farmers in the future will use silos made of iron.

The first metal silos made were made of steel, but there is a deal more oxygen in steel than iron and unless the silo is very carefully coated, it will corrode or rust.

Iron does not corrode as quickly as steel and if the iron is properly galvanized, we get then a silo material which approximates the perfect

There is a fallacy that there is an acid in ensilage that eats the

steel. I believe that this is a pure gratuity, passed out by interested parties.

There is no more acid in ensilage than there is in milk.

The moisture will affect steel, of course.

Steel nails not galvanized, used in wooden silos, will show marked corrosion; but silos made from sheets of galvanized iron bolted together, will outlast any material that I know of.

The metal silo is fire-proof and it is wind-proof.

The metal silo is set in a concrete base three or four feet in the ground and so gets a mighty good clutch on Mother Earth.

Kansas seems to be the state where metal silos are most in use.

One great advantage is the metal door that does not warp but fits absolutely tight.

These silos are shipped in nested sheets with full directions so the farmer has no difficulty in putting them together.

If a farmer will buy a galvanized iron silo, not steel, and see that the iron is painted inside and out once a year, he will have a silo that will give perfect satisfaction, and last him a lifetime.

Nobody has ever lived long enough yet to wear out one of these iron silos. I have seen some that were in use five, seven and ten years, and they were as perfect as when first put in.

The agricultural department at Washington has issued a series of bulletins on the subject of silos and the proper care of ensilage.

Repeated experiments with stone, concrete, terra cotta, brick, wood, steel and iron seem to reveal the fact that the galvanized iron shows the very smallest per cent of waste ensilage of any.

And I have always noticed this, that a man who owns a galvanized iron silo is filled with pardonable pride. And it is a significant fact that criticisms of a galvanized iron silo never come from the man who owns one. He is always proud of his purchase.

Eventually Americans will choose the thing that is the best and not the cheapest.

There is a metal known as " Nocoro " which has revealed itself

as remarkably well adapted for silos. I suppose the word "Nocoro" means non-corrosive. The metal is iron, galvanized. The silos are shipped knocked down, wired together, so you can put the whole silo on a wagon and transport it across the country.

¶ In case it were necessary to move one of these silos, the task would not be very difficult to take it apart, whereas it would be impossible to move a concrete silo or a brick one, and the wood silo could only be moved with great difficulty.

It is very necessary to have a silo that is wind-proof, fire-proof, that will not shrink or fall in at an inopportune time. A silo that is likely to collapse does not add, certainly, to a farmer's peace of mind.

When you get ready to put in your ensilage, you want to put it in. Also you will want to put it into a silo that you know will take care of the fodder at the lowest possible per cent of loss.

Experiences as a Traveling Man

TWENTY years ago I was a Traveling Man. ¶ I made the Michigan towns from Detroit to Bay City and Saginaw, then across to Grand Rapids, down to Three Rivers, and back by way of Kalamazoo, Jackson, and the present place of the Breakfast Foods, where they make Beesom, Balavorax and Helta-Skelta; then over to the jayhawker town of Ann Arbor where there was nothing but a school; on to Ypsilanti, the land of the Yagerites—union forever!

I wore a dinky derby, spring-bottom pants, a red necktie, a waxed mustache, and a Warm Vest that would have made that coat of Joseph seem like the silence. I used to have a new vest every trip, and it was always a miracle in chromatics.

But this was nothing to my smile—my smile was contagious—when I arrived in a place everybody smiled, and invited others to smile. The man who deals out Red Raven Splits smiled, the 'bus drivers glowed, the babies cooed, and the dining-room girls giggled, when I came to town.

That is what!

I scattered smiles, lilac-tinted stories, good cheer, and silver small change all over the route.

Especially the stories—I always started out with three New Ones, and told 'em from Detroit clear around to White Pigeon, and back. And I sold the Goods.

I did not merely lay corner-stones and get things in shape. I did not secure a promise of an order the next time, I did not fix the man for a future trade, and then brag about it.

Not I.

I got his name on the bottom of the order sheet.

That is what I did.

Business was good up around that Saginaw country—it was the

lumber! All the rivers were full of lumber booms. Business boomed, and I boomed business.

But there came a day when things began to relax. Timber was getting scarce, and there were dire reports of failures. You had to be careful to whom you sold. Whole towns quit business and moved away before you got back. They went where there was more timber. And as for the farmers, why, you can't farm to any advantage in a stump country! Where the trees were cut off, the man who owned the land was unfortunate. If you put your hand in his pocket you would be in debt.

Things were going to the devil—everybody said so.

And I gave the land of the Michiganders the cold shake.

That was eighteen years ago.

Recently I went over that same route again. This time I was distributing the East Aurora Eloquence. I spoke at Lansing, Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Caro, Saginaw, Bay City, Owosso and Alma. At each place the size of the audience was limited by the capacity of the house. Talk about your palmy days of the New England Lyceum! At Owosso, for instance, there were fifteen hundred people in a church that was designed to seat a thousand. The people were well-dressed, appreciative, intelligent and prosperous. In each town I found the streets paved, new brick blocks were being built, there were trolley lines, public libraries, water works, electric plants, high schools and savings banks.

I looked for the lumber mills, but they were not there. Span-new brick and stone factories stood where the old sawmills once were.

"I thought this country was going to the devil!" I said to my friend Dr. George F. Butler, at Alma.

"We thought so, too, but we were wrong," smiled the Doctor as he adjusted his diamond pin—"it is the sugar beets!"

The lumber business consists in cutting down trees. It is a process of destruction. The trees took Nature a hundred years or more to

produce. And you can never grow a second crop of pine on the same land—the trees once gone are gone forever.

It was a man by the name of Bradley at Bay City, who conceived the idea of raising sugar beets in Michigan. All this prosperity was once an unspoken thought in the mind of this one man. He studied the chemical properties of the soil, and while making a trip through Germany he found out the sort of soil that was required to raise sugar beets. He put the two things together and hastened home with a valise full of beet seed.

In a year he had demonstrated that you could raise from six to ten tons of sugar beets on an acre of that lumber land; and those beets were worth five or six dollars a ton.

That was only six years ago and now there are fourteen beet sugar factories in Michigan, that each employs a capital of over six hundred thousand dollars. The total capital of these factories is nine million dollars.

In the season of Nineteen Hundred Two there were seventy-one thousand acres in Michigan devoted to raising beets.

The amount of cash paid out to the farmers for beets was over four million dollars.

The amount paid out for labor in the factories was over a million and a half dollars.

The machinery used in these factories is the product of American labor ❧ ❧

A beet sugar factory can only thrive in a small town—in a big town the farming land that produces the beets makes too long a haul.

Beets grow in the ground.

Farmers raise beets.

Beets make sugar—the best that is.

Everybody uses sugar three times a day.

This sugar industry in a town means prosperity, education—pianos, books, schools and good roads.

Wherever there is a beet sugar industry, there are efforts being put forth in the line of macadamized roads.

Good roads in a farming country mean Civilization, and where the roads are poorest there the people are the most illiterate and barbaric

At Alma, Michigan, is a man by the name of A. W. Wright, eighty years young, who has shown the world what one man can do for the town in which he lives. This man was one of the first to recognize that sugar beets were a good thing for farmers to raise. ¶ He imported beet seed from Germany and supplied the farmers, giving out literature on the subject and encouraging them in every way to do thorough and good work. Through the efforts of this man Wright a whole country has smiled with prosperity. He has dug ditches, graded roads, paved streets, built factories, hotels, a sanitarium, encouraged the schools and set thousands of men to work. And the result is that the farmers have paid up their mortgages, and the savings banks have so much money that they do not know what to do with it.

The hope of every country lies primarily in the farmers.

They are the men who fight freedom's battles—intellectual and otherwise. When the farmers are prosperous, everybody is prosperous who cares to be.

The strong men of the earth have ever come from the soil—every good thing comes out of the ground—humanity as well.

America has the soil and it has the men and women. Everything we need we can produce. And by shaping our political policy so as to work for peace—keeping out of all Old World complications—we can set the nations an example of beauty, civilization and manhood such as this tired old earth has never seen.

Time Service

AT Milwaukee, the other day, I visited the plant of the Allis-Chalmers Company—Capital, thirty millions; inventory, forty millions. It employs five thousand men, and is a model of system, order, cleanliness and economy. It is industrialism lifted to the plane of science and art, and spells human betterment.

" Do you get out a catalog? " I asked my friend Tupper, Ambassador of Advertising and Plenipotentiary of Publicity.

" No, Fra, we do not get out a catalog. We are moving so fast that a catalog would be obsolete by the time it was printed."

¶ And he showed me a turbine steam-engine, one-half the size and of three times the power of the regulation engine built a year or so ago.

As we walked through the yards I saw pig iron being unloaded from a car by the use of a magnet.

The magnet was simply a bar of steel at the end of a chain. This chain was attached to a swinging crane. By pressing buttons and moving a few little levers, a young fellow comfortably seated in a bird-cage dropped that magnet down on the pig iron, and the pig iron clung to the magnet with the clutch of a soul-kiss.

The young fellow swung the pig iron wherever he wanted it, and by simply pressing a button, the current was cut off, and down dropped your pig iron in quick response to the law invented by the late Sir Isaac Newton.

" I wish I had a magnet like that for securing advertising for *The Fra*," I said to Tupper. And Tupper said, " You have one, already, as near as I can judge."

But that is merely Tupperian philosophy, and should be taken strictly cum garbem Syracuse.

All of which is simply leading up to this: As we passed out of the

main office to go to the Clubhouse across the way, for lunch, President Whiteside stopped and rung out on the time-clock. "Do you have to do that?"

He smiled, and answered, "Well, it is n't so much what I have to do as what I should do!"

He was inclined to regard the matter as trivial, and to discuss thermal units. When we were seated at the table I said, "You get fifty thousand a year?"

"Something like that."

"And you are the head of this great institution?"

"Yes, I 'm supposed to be."

"And yet you ring up when you come, and ring out when you go, exactly as your office-boys do?"

"Certainly! You see that old man down there shoveling ashes into a wheelbarrow! Well, I am just as much the servant of the Allis-Chalmers Company as he is. We each do the thing we can do best, and I think that no one should ask immunity from discipline simply because he has a little more talent in certain directions than has some one else. Carried one step farther is the man who thinks he is exempt from the moral code, or the laws of nature just because he is more or less gifted by the gods. This way dissolution lies. The strong men around this plant are not looking for exemptions—they are looking for work."

It was a Gatling-gun, philosophic disquisition, fired between the soup and the fish, without a trace of pedantic priggishness, and ended in a laugh—the laugh of a healthy man who carries big burdens, but so adjusted to his back that he walks jauntily, sees the bluejays and watches for the first robins in the spring.

Suppose you Fletcherize on that, you pee-wee peascod artist, you voluptuaries of labor, with your noses in the air, talking patronizingly of "tradespeople" and "commercialism," chaffing at discipline! A bas, you bum!

The Trade Paper

THAT only is sacred which serves. ¶ The greatness of a thing lies not in what it has done, nor even in what it is doing, but in its possibilities.

It must have a survival value.

Possibilities presume future contingencies; and future contingencies impel thought, plans and construction

Hence, we get a policy. And a policy is formulated conduct, founded upon scientific knowledge and commonsense. A policy also implies certain conditions of moral and intellectual culture. ¶ Intellectuality is simply an association of ideas; morality is a practice of ideas—the ethical conception of a heart that understands

And success or failure depends upon the formulæ of our policy. ¶ True is the paradox that the best preparation for the future is to act in the living present. The efforts of today affect tomorrow; and as today will be yesterday, tomorrow, let us get busy!

Life is one long education in the matter of service. And to render that service in a manner that is efficient and beautiful is now the prime desiderative.

Approaching it from different viewpoints, methods naturally vary. Often our opinions blind us to the superiority of the scheme or ideas of others. And whilst it is perfectly legitimate for us to criticize the work or utterances of our fellows, there is due to him that degree of tolerance that allows for that angle of vision. ¶ In the matter of creating or fostering opinion, the press is supremely first. And I must say that I am afraid the journalistic love for a " scoop," often leaves little room for truth and reliability!

The Press has, however, done its share as an educational agency, in the emancipation of the proletariat from ignorance.

Still, at the same time, there is surely room for improvement in the quality, depth, and tone of the average newspaper.

When the Press is amusing instead of instructive, when it becomes servile instead of serviceable, then its value diminishes as a national asset. Education is what the people are looking for, not estuation.

It is here where the Newspaper and the Trade or Specialized paper so widely differ.

The Trade Paper does not deal in superficialities. It must dig deep down into the heart of things.

It has a clientele who are hungry and thirsty for truth and facts.

¶ Therefore the Trade Paper calls for the highest standard of editorial supervision, for experts in article writers, and above all for absolute accuracy.

The Trade, or Specialized Paper subscriber, has been educated by his paper, until he looks upon its pages with regard, respect and even with affection.

To its pages he refers his problems and perplexities, and he receives in reply advice and encouragement of inestimable worth.

¶ The Trade Paper earns through the ability of its editorial staff and contributors, a reputation for accuracy and truthfulness that makes it a power, both in the home and in the branch of industry in which it engages.

It is this catering to the specific needs of its subscribers, that has made the Trade Paper such a power in journalism.

Specialized Papers deal with the things near and dear to the hearts of their subscribers. And the understanding heart, and his intimate knowledge of the needs of his clientele, enables the editor to provide a suitable menu to feed their hungry, healthy appetites

I think there is no finer example of Co-operation than that afforded by our Specialized and Trade Papers.

There is a vitality of thought running through the pages, which

comes from the dynamo of truth. The pages are illumined by a steady, clear flame of utility and service. The "wiring" between the editorial chair and the subscriber's seat is perfect.

Perhaps the great charm of the Trade Papers lies in the fact that they are bright, brief and brotherly.

It is tedious to have to wade through columns of words—just words

"Oh, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

The Trade Paper sells ideas, as well as paper. It gives service. ¶ And even as the good merchant ransacks the world's markets for quality goods or material, so does the editorial department search for ideas of value and service.

These ideas are reflected in the Specialized Paper for which the subscriber pays, and by their assimilation are building up a stronger, more robust commercial and industrial life.

The Trade Paper has done great things. It has raised branches of industry from obscurity to prominence. It has fostered the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation. It has proved a means of mutual education. It is a forum, a senate, a school, a business institution

What the Trade or Specialized Paper will become, is exactly what its promoters, editors and subscribers determine.

The possibilities of these papers are only limited by the ability of the editorial department and the receptivity and support of the subscribers.

And sure there are few so shortsighted as to defer or cancel the subscription to this source of mental and moral power.

To add to your earning capacity is to add to your value, and the Trade Paper is an aid to your mentality, your inventive genius, and a developer of latent talent.

The Trade Paper, by reason of its intelligent handling of this subject, and the closeness of the relationship that exists between

it and the subscriber, has become an absolute necessity to thousands ❧ ❧

The tendency of the times is towards a unification of principles in business.

Competition is giving way to co-operation.

Quality and service are being considered before profits.

Better conditions of labor are being evolved. A better understanding is abroad between master and man.

There is the spirit of courtesy and comity everywhere.

The Trade Paper fosters that fellowship—that bond of brotherhood. It stands for human betterment—purer laws, better goods, more beautiful service.

And so long as its policy remains so, so long will the Trade and Specialized Paper receive the hearty aid and co-operation of its subscribers, and increase in power and influence in this country of ours.

COPPER CRAFTSMAN

My Lady Vaudeville

OVER at the Saint Francis the other night, vaudeville was up for discussion. A certain good man who was present had considerable to say about "loss of dignity." Some one asked him if he had read the *Essay on Silence*. He answered, "No; but I have seen extracts from it."

Bless my soul, Terese, the man whose chief asset is his dignity would do well to hug it close.

The Reverend T. Dewitt Talmage was once taken to task by a country preacher at a Chautauqua for his lack of dignity.

The man explained kindly, but frankly, that the way Talmage opened his mouth and swung his arms was anything but graceful

¶ Talmage listened with patience, and finally asked the man the amount of his salary. The answer was, "Six hundred dollars a year"

"How many people do you preach to?" "Oh, about a hundred."

¶ Then Talmage asked how he should repeat certain passages of Scripture, according to the critic's ideas. The kind gentleman explained, and offered to put Talmage through a little needed drill in elocution.

And Talmage said: "Why, if I spoke it that way, I 'd be just like you. I, too, would preach to a hundred people and get just your pay!" But the party never saw the point.

I 've just swung around the Western Orpheum Circuit, closing in Los Angeles—twelve straight weeks.

And I 've made a great discovery.

It is this: A vaudeville audience is made up of human beings.

¶ They are men and women; they have their troubles, trials and difficulties, hopes, ambitions and loves.

Some are learned; some illiterate.

But learned people are not so learned as they would seem; and simple folk are not so stupid as we usually think.

A vaudeville audience is made up of folks.

They come to laugh, to be amused, to " forget it."

Yet, if you can sound their heart strings, they will respond. This is because they are folks.

I make them laugh.

Also, I make them think.

And always and forever they listen with kindly, respectful attention ❧ ❧

Never have I been affronted or interrupted by any one in an Orpheum audience.

Sometimes somebody laughs in the wrong place, but this always happens, anywhere—even in church.

I do not play down to a vaudeville audience, I play up. I use good grammar, but not absurdly good, and I endeavor to state a few truths that will be remembered.

And my mail shows that, in degree, I succeed. Dozens write me saying they saw me and heard me and that I have benefited them and helped them to live and face the duties of the day.

I have not gone into vaudeville to make money.

Incidentally, I do make money; but the money comes simply as the result of a performance into which I put my heart and soul.

¶ To have a contempt for an audience is to get theirs.

To be indifferent to an audience is to be paid in kind.

To respect an audience, to feel it a privilege to face an audience, to realize down deep in your heart a sympathy for them as men and women, and to be filled with a great, welling desire to bless and benefit them—although it may be only to amuse, and make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before—these things are the formula of success.

I am proud of being a good vaudevillist.

I am proud I can hold the job down; that my services are in

demand; that I can go back to a theater where I 've been before and be greeted with a generous welcome.

I am glad that on my second engagement I have been paid more money than I was at first, as I was in Chicago.

I am proud that I can " come back."

Money is the measure of appreciation.

Compliments are pleasant, but it is the cash that counts.

I have heard of persons who took up vaudeville, just for the dollars there were in it.

Take my word for it, they never made much money.

People who work just to make money, don't.

To center on your pay-envelope is to linger around Seventeen Dollars and Fifty Cents a week.

Depend upon it, when you find a man or a woman getting five hundred or a thousand or more a week in vaudeville, or anything else, you have an individual who gives a unique, peculiar, individual and undivided service.

That is what genius is, if anything: the ability to put your whole heart into your tasks and to love your work.

In vaudeville, you meet just fourteen audiences every week. This means, say, twenty thousand people, or more, for you never preach to the same congregation twice.

A very good time to make a speech is when you have an audience ❧ ❧

No preacher in the world talks to as many people as I do in vaudeville ❧ ❧

No preacher I ever saw gets as much fun out of life as I do.

No preacher in the world makes as much money as I do.

Do you say that a vaudeville audience is made up of ignorant, idle and frivolous people? ¶ If so, then they need me.

Why should I pick the cultured and the educated? They know more than I do. They do not need me.

But you are wrong about a vaudeville audience—they are not

an idle, trifling lot of people. They are, as a rule, active, busy, useful people. They work with their hands and head; they often have the hands that labor, the backs that carry heavy burdens, and the hearts that grieve. They form the intellect as well as the sinew of their community.

They go to the Orpheum for rest and diversion. There they find change, and are able to forget, for a brief space, the cares that corrode and the pains that gnaw.

They laugh and they relax, and thus are they refreshed and rested

Amusement is a panacea. To divert is to bless. " The merry laugh doeth good like a medicine," saith Solomon. If this is so, then the Orpheum is a wholesale drugstore with a Peruna factory on the side

As for the players in vaudeville, they are people of purpose. ¶ It is easy to be clever on occasion, but to be clever twice a day for a month, on the minute, that is different.

These players are hired not only for their skill in supplying amusement, but also because they conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen

On the Orpheum Circuit you must not only have talent, but you must also be consecutive.

Conduct counts with the booking-office.

The rounder or the boozer may get one engagement, but there he stops

Life is too short for dealing with the man who needs a keeper. ¶ Vaudeville is business, run by businessmen who are actuated by manly motives. They keep faith with the public, and therefore the people whom they employ must be true. They must be genuine

I have never seen an intoxicated man around an Orpheum Theater stage. I have never seen rudeness or discourtesy among stage-hands or artists.

Always there is kindness, courtesy and the desire to co-operate and lend a hand.

And the tendency of Orpheum vaudeville is up, not down; more and more does it appeal to men and women of worth.

¶ It supplies the laugh, in which there is no bitterness.

It amuses without degrading. It relaxes tired nerves. Incidentally, it instructs. Always it rests and refreshes. It forms a fit preparation for the work of the morrow—more work and better work.

¶ Vaudeville does not interfere with my writing. I have the whole of each forenoon to myself, and from the stage experiences I get many a good idea.

I am proud that I can keep well and do my tasks with joy and satisfaction

I am glad that I can work, laugh, play, study.

I am glad I can mix with many people and influence them.

¶ I am glad I can laugh with them; and I am glad I can laugh at myself

Vaudeville is no place for a whipped-out man.

The very essence of vaudeville is smiling spontaneity.

The person driven into vaudeville to retrieve the hazard of a lost fortune is a failure from the moment the spot-light hits him.

¶ Now you know why so many eminent writers, singers and players have failed in the twenty-minute act.

They went down into vaudeville, instead of going up. And the gloomsters were engulfed by their own gloom. The equilibrator of fun was a thousand miles away.

They had talent, but their think-cells were not vitalized by the friendly joy-germ.

In vaudeville your works must be blended by the actinic ray of personality; otherwise, you are flat, stale and unprofitable.

¶ You can't memorize things, and then calmly shoot them into the orchestra and gallery and have them go. You have to get acquainted with your folks—be on friendly terms with them—

even chummy and confidential, for only then are they yours. ¶ You might as will commit to memory a few nice things and then go pass 'em out to your girl as to hope for success by playing vode perfunk. You can only win when you jabber to the dear one right out of your heart: then she understands, no matter what you say or how you say it.

Awkwardness is not fatal, provided there is a man behind it. ¶ In vaudeville, time and tempo are the two great things. So says Bill Crissey, artist, writer and man of brains. Ten seconds too quick or too slow and you have missed the mark—as George Washington wrote in his diary after having proposed to Mary Philipse and been turned down hard: " I believe ye ladye was not in ye moode."

Vaudeville presents no problems. It does not wring your emotions. It does not send you away mystified, in doubt, depressed. Vaudeville exercises your diaphragm, liberates the secretions, aids elimination, and fortifies your nerves, making you immune 'gainst unkind fate.

I am not trying to get a moral jackscrew under the stage. I am just meeting people in a friendly way and expressing for them a few facts they know, but which perhaps they do not know they know until I tell them.

This does not mean that I am going to devote the rest of my life to vaudeville—I 've a deal of other work to take care of. ¶ Some one, of course, has to look after things on The Roycroft Farm, and I can't leave all that to the boys and girls—fine and willing though they be.

And yet, I would be dull indeed if I did not realize that I have one great advantage over my partners on the bill, and that is, that I have a constituency in the audience.

If I went on the stage as they do, absolutely unknown, there might be a different result. For instance, there is always applause when I enter. Then there is quiet, and the auditors sit back and

say, "Show me." But the average performer enters in a vast, expansive silence, and the audience makes no sign until he demonstrates that he has the joy-goods.

I am both a performer and an exhibition.

People come to see how bad it is. In all the theaters where I appeared, at every performance we had a generous sprinkling of the Elect, who made their presence known and felt. ¶ All speaking and singing is a collaboration between the listener and the performer, and if the listener fails to do his part he gets a very poor performance; that is to say, he gets what he deserves

I noticed that vaudeville performers were almost without exception young people, that is, between twenty and thirty years of age. The average vaudevillist at forty is out of the game. The only thing that will save him then is a record. And this alone will not possess the saving salt unless he is able to do and say things that are really worth while. But his record gives him the speaker's eye, and Thomas Brackett Reed said that to get the speaker's eye, was half the battle.

Take it from me on the word of a White Rat in good standing, the world will very soon see a man who has the speaker's eye, a man of seventy-five, make an Eva Tanguay record on the vaudeville stage

This man is our old college chum, Uncle Joe Cannon. News will leak, and unless some unguessed catastrophe occurs, Uncle Joe will get his entrance music at the Majestic in Chicago the second week in November.

Chicago will have Uncle Joe just one week, and no more, although the management made big offers for a hold-ever.

Then Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles, one week in each place. The honorarium is to be simply three thousand dollars a week. ¶ I prophesy that the house will be sold out clean, matinee

and evening, a week in advance for every performance, over the whole route.

The other performers on the bill will be the regular, good, standard Orpheum talent—nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice.

All requests that Uncle Joe make his initial appearance in New York City were gently turned down. But Chicago rather appealed to Uncle Joe. As everybody knows, he himself is a resident of the Succor State, and for several years it has been Uncle Joe's custom when he wanted a little recreation to run up to Chicago, and when there he always attended the Majestic.

He and the late Ed Kohl were great friends.

They knew humanity, knew the world, and both were showmen from up the creek. Not many people knew the real Ed Kohl. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. He was one of the big boys, and was at his best only with the big 'uns

Uncle Joe and Lyman Glover have known each other for a great many years, and are fond of each other. Glover was formerly a newspaper-writer, and he and Mr. Cannon have campaigned it together many a moon.

I hope no one will consider it to the discredit of Uncle Joe when I state the fact that he is a fiend for the playlet, and a stunt or a scrap, mentally or physical, appeals to him. Incidentally he is a great joker, and has a sincere and subtle appreciation for a good wheeze, whether he puts it over himself or some one else turns the trick.

One secret of his perennial youth is the fact that he looks upon the world as God's great vaudeville, in which we are all on the bill. He fully realizes that none of us will get out of life alive. He knows the Eleventh Commandment—which is ten more than a great many people know. The Eleventh is this: Do not take yourself too damn serious.

Uncle Joe is decidedly rich, but not absurdly so. He is worth pretty nearly two million dollars. So he really does not need the money; but every good man has a dream of what he would do if he had a few thousand yen extra that he had no use for.

And it so happens that Uncle Joe's dream is to combine industry with pedagogics so that when a boy goes to college he will also be earning a living.

Uncle Joe has sent a dozen or more boys to the Illinois State Agriculture College at Champaign; and now he has hired one of the best teachers away from the Ames (Iowa) Buckwheat Kindergarten, and has placed this man on his big farm near Danville. This man was taught by Beardshear, the boss of us all when it comes to teaching. His business will be to encourage, socially and mentally, all the workers on the farm, of which there are something over one hundred. He will keep in close touch with them and endeavor to stimulate them mentally; also to look after their bodily health, so as to keep them up to the highest degree of efficiency. So here we get practical farming combined with education. It is the first time in history, so far as my knowledge goes, that a farmer has hired a college professor who will get busy and give farm-hands mental massage. The money that Uncle Joe will draw in vaudeville will, every dollar of it, go into teaching boys, not only how to be good farmers, but also how to be good citizens.

Incidentally, Uncle Joe will have a pile of fun out of the experience. He will speak anywhere from ten to forty minutes just as suits his inclination; and the general subject advertised will be "Politicians I Have Known," which will give him a chance to start with a story, tell as many as he wishes, and incidentally state a few good, sound, sensible, wholesome truths about politics in America ❧ ❧

He will have from two to three thousand people waiting expectantly for him every afternoon and evening. Those audiences will

never be the same, so a repetition of the theme will be no sin.

¶ Mr. Cannon has the qualifications of a good actor. He has the quick intuition, a thorough appreciation of time and tempo, and he knows how to be funny without being ridiculous. He is our one many-sided American, and is big enough to do this thing without losing dignity, because dignity with him is no veneer. Parties with a nice coat of paint had better keep away from the crowd.

But this man is what he is. You may like him or not, but he is genuine, and he has personality plus. When he steps out of the wings—lighting as he goes one of those great big Bull-Dog cigars, pointing out to the Northwest, wearing a Stein-Bloch smart suit, patent-leather shoes, and a soft Fedora tilted at a slightly vicious angle over one eye—the audience will howl with delight

It will be a picture long to be remembered.

It is arranged that Uncle Joe shall have a special library setting, so when he comes in and discovers the audience he will remove his Fedora and lay it deliberately on the table. As he removes his gloves, he will stroll down front smoking like a chimney. He will then throw the cigar into the footlights, and proceed to hand over the gleeful and gladsome radium.

The Orpheum Circuit simply place their chain of theaters at the disposal of Uncle Joe. His friends and admirers will take possession of them; and if any stray mavericks get into the corral, they will leave with their ears cropped and Uncle Joe's brand upon them.

In out-of-door speaking, according to the usual junket of the political junkarino, a man speaks from the tail-end of a car to a vast mob who howls at the wrong time. Usually the speaker is in competition with a brass band near at hand, so no one ever remembers what is said. But in the Orpheum theaters you get courteous and close attention, and your caloric can all be keyed

in a conversational way, which is essentially the hold of our Uncle Joe. He is a Gotch in his close, quiet, intimate, cross-buttock distinctions. It is always a joy to watch him chase a thought through a maze, for he always fetches up with the brush, triumphant ❧ ❧

A few years ago I went with a Congressional party in the capacity of a newspaper-man to the upper waters of the Mississippi. The particular plan in mind was to purchase Lake Itasca and a tract of land surrounding it, and set this tract apart as a National Preserve—which, by the way, has since been done. Uncle Joe was the big man in the party. The journey included a twenty-mile ride across the country in spring wagons. Things around that way were rather rude and crude and decidedly of the pioneer order, but we met some very charming people, just the same ❧ ❧

Some of the settlers had arranged an outdoor dinner under the trees, and here we dined. The Indians came in from the Reservation to see the representative of the Great White Father at Washington. The lumber-jacks had come from the sawmill, the farmers from the slashings, and into the spirit of the motley bunch entered Uncle Joe. He took off his coat and helped the girls set the tables. He took a papoose off the back of a squaw and carried this papoose around in his arms, and of course we did the obvious thing and said the baby looked very much like its father ❧ ❧

After dinner Uncle Joe helped wash the dishes in a stream near at hand; and I saw as I never had seen before how this man was able to bind his constituents to him with hoops of steel.

The secret was simply personality.

A gray-haired, motherly old lady asked me who he was, and I told her. She said, " He does n't look like a great man, and the Lord knows he does n't act like one! " All this was a very great compliment to Uncle Joe, for these people recognized his human-

ity and felt a kinship to him. And I thought of the story of Curran, the great Irish advocate, who took in hand an obstreperous witness who knew a lot of things he did not want to tell, and the first thing Curran did was to ask the man for a chew of tobacco. Then he sat down, put his feet on the table, gazed out of the window, chatted in a friendly way with the fellow, and got the whole story.

Probably the witness never realized that he was in the presence of one of the kings of earth.

It is a great thing to co-operate, to mix with people, to know them—the high and the low, the rich, and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, and to see the good in each and all wherever you go. And this the Honorable Joseph Cannon is able to do. He is a stock star in God's great caste, and can work anywhere, or hold horses in front if need be.

Incidentally, he has a very picturesque vocabulary, which I regret he can not use on the Orpheum stage—provided he reads and obeys the rules that are tacked on the inside of the door of his dressing-room. There he will find a list of words which are oshkerspeil. Whether our Uncle Joe will say that rules are made only to be broken, we do not know—but by paying seventy-five cents we can find out.

Protestant churches are open Sunday morning, Sunday evening, and an hour on Wednesday evening. The rest of the time, save in exceptional cases, they are closed. The Orpheum Theater is open afternoon and evening three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In the course of time it will evolve itself into a sort of public forum, without losing its distinctive characteristic as an amusement-hall. This is the ambition of both Fra Morris Meyerfeld and Fra Martinbeck.

If one looks back now to the variety-theater of twenty years ago and compares it with the Orpheum of today, he will note a wondrous change for the better. Audiences then thought they owned

the theater, and if an act did not suit some particular gang they started a disturbance, which the manager looked upon as part of the performance.

This precedent still survives in Cincinnati and some of our river towns. In a certain Pennsylvania town not long ago some one broke out in a loud ha, ha! in one of the quiet and effective parts in *The Music-Master*. Others took up the howl, and David Warfield, the gentle, the generous and the kindly, was obliged to retire from the stage and the curtain was run down.

¶ I once lectured in a certain town in middle New York, in a local theater.

The committee insisted on taking me from the hotel to the stage-door of the theater in a closed carriage. The distance was only a few blocks, and I protested. They then explained in tragic whispers that there was a gang of hoodlums, made up largely from the best families, who had a habit of lying in wait in the alley and pelting with decayed vegetables the actors as they entered or left the theater, and the committee was afraid of what might possibly happen to me.

My protest that I was not an actor went in vain—this time I was ❧ ❧

But this spirit of hoodlumism has been eliminated absolutely from the Orpheum theaters. You will find in them an atmosphere of courtesy and good will.

It seems to be thoroughly agreed that if people buy tickets and they do not like one act they can afford to sit quietly and wait for the next, and out of eight different acts they will surely find something that pleases them. Things that one enjoys some one else may not. To have fun is all right, but just remember that when your fun interferes with the fun of others, it ceases to be fun and the kibosh is needed. Orpheum audiences are always sent away happy and radiant.

Modern life supplies us with big problems that we are trying to

solve all day, and when we go to a theater we want rest and reaction ☙ ☙

Perhaps some years ago life's problems did not weigh upon us as they do now, and so we took on artificial ones at night. ¶ The *Blue-Bird* of Maurice Maeterlinck was the one play that filled the New Theater, and this was because the play was charged with charming, fascinating, compelling gaiety that rested and refreshed.

Orpheum Vaudeville is an uplift, a benefaction and a benediction, and into it Fra Martinbeck is introducing all the phosphorus that the public will fletcherize. And if this tour of Uncle Joe is pulled off as planned it will mark an epoch in the onward and upward march of the stage.

There are just two parties who can purify the stage. These are the actors and the audience. The business of the manager is to bring these two parties together so they can work like the Gold Dust Twins ☙ ☙

Uncle Joe has turned into the Home-stretch, but he is coming even and steady, with several links that he can let out before he reaches the wire, if needed.

He is slim and lithe. Also, he has the mental agility which marks the man who is filled with a noble discontent. Your Uncle Joseph has never fallen a victim to arrested development. Age can not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

I will never be quite satisfied until Fra Martinbeck rents the New Theater and gives us ideal Orpheum in New York City. Prices could be $1.50, $1.00, .75 and .50. The interior of the New Theater is ideal. The seats rise on a perfect semicircle in a gradual incline.

There are no galleries.

The third gallery in a theater is a false note, an anachronism, a hoodoo (and I am glad to see that is has been omitted in the

superb new Orpheum Theater in Seattle). When you fence off and separate your cheap seats and put these ten-cent boys by themselves, you destroy the atmosphere of your house, and run a big risk of making a ten-cent monkey of your players. This reacts on your audience. Every player of sensibility is aware, inwardly, of the gallery every second he is on the boards.

George Fuller Golden, a man of exquisite parts, told me that after playing for twenty years he was never able to overcome that dread of a discordant note coming from the gallery.

You treat people in a certain way, and you get a certain quality of conduct. The whole architectural feature of a ten-cent gallery is an invitation for a disturbance. That the disturbance very seldom comes is fortunate, but the fact that it may come any time hangs like a pall upon the house. The orchestra and boxes are aware of the mob, or supposed mob, that is presumed to prowl around up in this dark, dank and dismal place, known as " the gallery."

Put these people on a par with the whole house and where they can see the rest of the audience, and they are just as gentlemanly and quite as sensible and appreciative as are your people in the orchestra. The man who eats on your backdoor step will never have quite as good table manners as the man who is seated at your table. All patrons of a theater should be seated at the table.

¶ Seattle is going to eliminate the ten-cent gallery. The cheapest seats will be twenty-five cents.

The old skating-rink, which was used by the Orpheum people in Seattle, with only one floor, had the great disadvantage of putting a large part of the audience at a distance from the stage. However, the place gave a feeling of security to the performer which quite a number of singers and monologists remarked to me.

¶ In the New Theater you get the entire audience on one floor. There they are in a mass, rising gently seat above seat. You can see them all; they all see you. An easy conversational voice

reaches every ear. Every seat is close enough to the stage, so no facial expression need be lost, and the actor is given an opportunity to hand out the subtleties.

Every theater has two atmospheres, one of the stage, and another of the auditorium. The man who gives the atmosphere back of the asbestos is the stage-manager. This man is king in his own department, and has the powers of artistic life and death over every one who enters his domain by the alley route.

The stage-manager is always known by his first name. If he has two names, no one knows the last one, except his attorney.

Some of these stage-managers have no Christian name—like Abe, for instance, of the Majestic in Chicago. The rest are Pete, Paul, Oscar, Bill or Hi.

Pete, of Spokane, is one of the most picturesque of his class. In Vode it is always morning until after the matinee, and when you appear you are always greeted with: "Good morning! How fine you are looking! You did splendidly last night! Certainly you knocked them cold!" And this desire to encourage and spread good cheer is a specialty with Pop Pete of Spokane. Pete looks upon the performers as sort of Babes in the Wood, and exercises a fatherly care over all, and if there is a "Sisters" act or a Wire-Walking, Pete is especially full of the Republican idea of protection.

Just before the opening performance at the beginning of the week, Pete goes down to the dressing-rooms under the stage, dances a double shuffle, and makes a speech to the artists, most of whom are safely locked in their rooms. At the conclusion of the speech, there are mingled Boos and Ohs and Ahs and Zing-Zings. The first speech is usually about like this: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is the desire of this management that you should keep off the stage until your act is called, until we get the show well under way, and if you want to go up and visit with the stage-hands we will be glad. Enjoy yourselves to the fullest and best; and

don't make so much noise down here that the audience can't hear the people on the stage. You are all great folks and we know how you knocked them off their seats in Kanakee and Kawanna; but now you are in Spokane, and a becoming modesty is really not out of place. God bless you all! Thanking you for your kind attention I now retire."

Sometimes in the middle of the week, Pete comes down and gives us another wheeze as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: The Ghost walks on Saturday at one o'clock. Be here sharp to get the good Mazuma. Take care of it like little birdies going after a bug. You are making money now and everything is bright and glorious with you. But hard times are coming, and you can not turn the mill with the water that is past. Thank you very much for your appreciation and applause."

Everything Pete does he does with an eye to the gallery of his cosmic self. He is always doing a stunt, and if he was half as funny on the stage as he is off, he could give the whole show himself.

In Portland the stage-manager is a baseball fiend, and all the stage-hands, and players who care to, play One-Old-Cat on the stage every night from seven forty-five to eight-fifteen, when the lights blink for the overture. The stage is religiously cleared, and a big, soft baseball does duty.

When the program gets well under way, there is always a poker-game in the room of the prop man. The ante is ten cents and no more, and there the players play with most religious zeal.

For the most part, stage-hands and stage-managers are dead-game sports—very much like barbers. But in Oakland I struck something definitely different. The stage-manager there is a Christian Scientist with a socialistic bias. He wore clean linen, patent-leather shoes, a modest One-Hundred-Dollar pearl in his four-in-hand. All of the stage-hands seemed to partake of his peculiar qualities. If they had any spare time they read

Science and Health, or Karl Marx, or Emerson. They were full of metaphysics and artistic and economic prunes.

Every performance, while waiting for my act, I watched the stage-hand on the right wing gently and gracefully push the scenery into place. They would not think of allowing me to play in One; they gave me a library setting in order to preserve the poetic unities—masses of books, bric-a-brac, a bust of Shakespeare, and finally they placed a picture of Prince Kropotkin on an easel. On the table was a big open volume. Some one placed a pair of spectacles in this open book. These were removed, however, on the second night by the stage-manager, who did not believe in spectacles. As I watched my graceful stage-hand fix up the scene with never a rush or show of hurry in his movements, he would turn to me now and then and make remarks about Ricardo's Theory of Rent.

This man owned a little five-acre farm up in the foothills, undecorated by a mortgage. Each of these stage-hands had a bank-account; and the particular buttons known as Smiles, who rushes on and removes a chair in One, proudly showed me his savings-bank book. When I made bold to hand him a little of something to add to his balance, he proudly waived me aside and said, "Under no circumstances do we accept gratuities; but if you would present me with an inscribed copy of one of your books I would be most proud. You seem so much more like us stage-hands than one of the acts!"

On my last night in Oakland, the leader of the orchestra passed me up the biggest bouquet I ever saw. It took a bushel-basket to hold that bunch of roses, and Smiles had to pop out from the Number One entrance and help me carry off the posies. These flowers were presented by the stage-hands. It really knocked me silly. It only proves that a man can wrestle scenery and props, and yet be filled with very big and generous emotions.

As for Christian Science on the stage, however, I will say that I

found a good many performers mousing in their *Science and Health:* Jimmy Cunningham of the Empire Big Four Quartette —who would ever think it!—assuring you as you went on, " All is One, all is One—Mind is Supreme." Mr. and Mrs. Allen are Christian Scientists, and have done much to spread their beautiful faith among the stage-people. Then there is Ellison, the singer, a most charming gentleman who communes with his better self in the silence, with closed eyes, before facing the spot. And always he does good work, with never a fear of the gallery, because he has given 'em treatment.

James J. Morton, the Boy Comic, weight two hundred and forty, is another Scientist.

I met Jim, first, going over on that long Sunday day-ride from Spokane to Seattle.

He is a Harvard man with generous culture and a fine appreciation of every beautiful thing. He is as impressive as Judge Smith. But to see him off the stage no one could ever possibly imagine what sort of a performance he would give.

In the troupe with Morton was a girl who also played kid parts; but while Morton is a giant, this girl looks the genuine thing. ¶ I suppose she weighed about ninety pounds, but seeing her around in the depot waiting-room I thought that of course she was a chee-ild, until Jim pointed her out and introduced me to her ❧ ❧

Her hair was bobbed and tied with an enormous pink ribbon that flopped as she danced and jumped around over the seats. She wore red patent-leather shoes with black tops, and socks instead of stockings. Her dress barely came to her knees, and her belt was one of those loose things that dangled aroung her hips. She was a most amusing and entertaining kidlet.

" How old do you think she is? " said Jim to me; and I answered, " Oh, nine or ten, but big of her age! "

" She is twenty-eight,"said Jim, "and there is a bet on that she

can not ride to Seattle on a half-rate ticket. These duds you see her in are simply her stage-clothes. I bet that she will make the journey all right unchallenged. Joe Jenny over there in the corner put up twenty-five dollars and said she would not."

The girl bought her half-rate ticket, crouching down and putting her retrousse nose up above the window at the ticket-seller. He looked at her big pink flopping bow, and handed out the half-rate without question. She went through the gate all right and entered the Pullman. She gave her ticket to Ollie Mack, and then lay down with her head in Mack's lap and her feet up in the window, with her bare legs, Scotch fashion, toward the end in view ❧ ❧

The conductor came through, took the tickets, glanced at the " kid " and did not say a word. The car was full of acts, and we were all on, because it takes only a little thing to interest the genus actor. This was a sure-enough play. ¶ There were quiet side bets made that the conductor would pinch her when he came back ❧ ❧

When he returned, however, she was sitting up, and he merely reached over and chucked her under the chin, and gave a sort of paternal love slap at her big pink bow.

In an hour or two the conductor came back and took the only vacant seat, with his little green tin box in front of him. He began to count up his tickets. Then it was that Jim Morton went over and dared Joe Jenny to put up five more that the girl would not go and sit on the conductor's lap and help him count the tickets. ¶ The money was put up, and the facts explained to the girl. She took an orange and went dancing up and down the aisle, jumping from one side to the other. Finally she stopped and stared at the conductor, and asked him what game he was playing. He smiled, of course, and then went on to explain the matter to her. She went up closer, she looked at the tickets, she examined some of them, she leaned over on the conductor's shoulder, and

—so God help me!—in a minute she was seated on his knee with one arm around his neck.

And so they had a very jolly time of it—this beautiful, innocent child of twenty-eight and the fatherly conductor of forty.

The day wore on, as the days do. We reached Seattle, and Joe Jenny was thirty plunks to the bad. The next evening, in the dining-room of the hotel, Jim Morton, Joe Jenny and I sat quietly fletcherizing on a modest lunch; when who should come in but the conductor and this girl, now transformed into a full-grown woman by a wonderful fifty-dollar hair effect and a clinging gown with a lengthy train which she carried over her arm. They seated themselves over in one corner.

"Would n't that give you the gumwillies!" exclaimed Joe Jenny in a stage whisper.

"Oh, I don't know," yawned Jim; "I saw them dining together every evening last week over at Davenport's!"

"Then he knew she was twenty-eight all the time!"

"Certainly; that is why he passed her at half-rate!"

"Stung!" said Joe.

The Vices of Virtue

THE Ad-Clubs of America have done a splendid work

They have educated a great number of men to think, speak, write and achieve.

The getting together of people interested in like themes is always beneficial.

The Ad-Clubs have taught us to pool our knowledge and then take away all we can absorb. And this is well, for men should go to school to other men.

To play solitaire is not to find the solution of life. Mixability is the great thing. Let 's brighten up by attrition, and through contact pass along the cosmic current.

All of which truthsome truthfulness being admitted, I now proceed to warble to all Ad-Men this gentle admonition: Remember Rule Six of the creed of our Noble Order, " Do not take yourself too damn serious! "

An Ad-Club is a school. A school is made up of pupils. And when the pupils begin to think they are the Whole Thing, it is time to get out the Dunce-Cap, and stand Smarty in a corner. In various cities in America, the very success of the Ad-Clubs has bred a supercilious desire among certain silly-billies to birch the business public.

These sassy Susies have gotten so ethical that they seek to usurp the place of the Pope, forgetting that to be infallible is n't man's function

No one is so wholly right that he can afford to say that another is wholly wrong.

Orthodox advisers and advertisers are apt to get where you can't get a new idea into their heads, or an old one out.

Men intent on medical ethics, on theological ethics, or advertising ethics, should be put in the bull-pen with the rest of the

bovines, for they are going after the same old thing, only going by another route.

The ascetic is a rounder taking a rest.

And all self-hypnotized reformers would do well to do the Narcissus stunt and look at themselves in a mirror.

No one needs reformation quite so much as a reformer.

Advertise as you wish, but do not get dogmatic, and apply the litmus test to your neighbor, backing him into a corner willy-nilly ❧ ❧

Your prosecutions may develop into persecutions, and the guillotine you invent will be demonstrated, with you as the Head-Liner ❧ ❧

The cold, frigid air of virtue may be an ad—just an ad. It may be like those ladies de plaisance in Philadelphia who adopted the garb of Quakers and played the demure so well that they even deceived members of the Clover Club.

Life is what we think it is. To denature existence is n't exactly desirable ❧ ❧

Live on a pedestal, as did Simon Stylites, and you 'll be virtuous all right. No germs will get you.

But come to think of it, if we sterilize life, there will be no life left ❧ ❧

Who are these puritanic publicists, fresh from high school, who want to instruct the sophomore censorship? Back to the frat—a little bull is preferable to your wrist-watch purity.

Men who pose as being better than other men may become so nice that they are nasty.

The members of the Advertising Club who issue solemn warnings remind me of the District Attorney who wants to be Governor. His eye is not on the transgressor. He only uses the prisoner for a doormat. And oftentimes the Advertising Club is a vehicle for a Virtuous Rogue.

Read the autobiography of P. T. Barnum, a man who never

humbugged anybody, but who nevertheless told the public that it liked to be told that it liked to be humbugged!

Barnum gave everybody full value, and threw in a laugh as a premium.

Ad-Men who come forward to protect the public fail to realize that the public is an Amazon that can take pretty good care of herself.

In advertising, a certain amount of color and noise is not only allowable, but is expected. If Geraldine leaves a little of her complexion on Bill's shoulder, no court of equity would entertain a complaint. What's more, Bill makes no kick, but is rather rejoiced when he sees the beauty-mark, next day.

False pretenses are not always false—they may be funny or fugacious, or fecund.

Do not try to be better than Nature, who garlands and garnishes her purposes.

" Gangway! Gangway! " is a pretty good slogan—" Make room —make room for individuality! "

America's First Locomotive

IN Eighteen Hundred Twenty-seven, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was formed. It was the first railroad company in America. It was a horse-railroad.

Stephenson's " Rocket " in England was pulling three or four carriages at a speed of ten miles an hour, while a team of horses on the same track could only pull one carriage at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

The city of Baltimore and the State of Maryland were empowered to buy shares in the new transportation company. Thus we find Government ownership of the first American railroad.

¶ The Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State had heard that Peter Cooper had made a steam-engine which could be used for " land-carriages," and they now importuned him to come to their rescue and fight canal competition.

Robert Fulton had already proved that the steamship was practicable; but Fulton was n't interested in railroads. He maintained, as did most every one else, that the water-route was the only safe and sure and economical way of transportation.

Peter Cooper heard the wail of the Baltimoreans, and said: " I 'll knock an engine together in six weeks that will pull carriages ten miles an hour and beat any canal-boat that ever collected barnacles."

Peter Cooper went back from Baltimore to New York with a few misgivings as to whether he had not promised too much. The real fact was he had gotten a patent on his engine before he had put it to an actual test.

He had made the engine, but now he must make a boiler in which to generate the steam to make the wheels go round. This boiler he made and riveted with his own hands. It stood upright and was as high as his shoulder. It had a furnace beneath. It contained

no tubes, and the proposition was to fill it half full of water and then boil this water.

It took three weeks to make the boiler. It was about as big as the boiler on an average kitchen range. There were no water-gauges or steam-gauges. The engineer had to guess as to the pressure he was carrying.

When the boiler was complete, the great difficulty was how to carry the steam from the boiler to the engine. There were no wrought-iron pipes then made or sold in America. Cooper took a couple of army muskets and used the barrels for pipes to connect his boiler and engine. These were duly soldered into place. The engine and boiler were then placed on a small flat-top wagon and bolted down. The engine had a pulley-wheel which projected over the side, and an endless chain was run over the projecting hub of the wagon.

Peter experimented and found that the water in the boiler would last one hour; then the fire would have to be drawn and the boiler cooled and refilled.

He tried the engine, and it worked, but there was no railroad upon which to try the wagon until the machine was taken down to Baltimore. A team was hitched to the wagon, and the drive was made to Baltimore in three days.

Peter placed his wagon with its flange-wheels on the track and pushed it up and down along the rails. It fitted the track all right. He then went back to his hotel with the two boys who were helping him. After the boys were abed he sneaked off in the darkness, filled up his boiler, screwed down the top and fired up ☙ ☙

It was a moment of intense excitement.

He turned on the steam—the wheels revolved—then the thing stuck. He had a pike-pole, and using this pushed himself along for a few rods. The endless chain was working, and the machine was going—flying—almost as fast as a man could run. And Peter

ran the machine back in the barn and went home and went to bed ❧ ❧

He had succeeded.

The next day he invited the President of the road and the Mayor of the city to ride with him.

The machine had to be poled or pushed to start it, but it proved the principle was correct.

The following day a public exhibition was given. Volunteers were asked for, who wished to ride.

Forty men and one woman responded.

These rode on the engine and in a big coach attached behind. They covered the top of the coach and clung to the sides. A dozen men got hold and gave a good push and they were off.

¶ The road was just thirteen miles long. The distance was made in one hour and twelve minutes.

The fire was then drawn and the boiler refilled. Also, all passengers refilled, for whisky flowed free.

Peter Cooper was ready to start back. He ordered every man to hold on to his hat. A push and a pull, all together, and they were off ❧ ❧

They ran the thirteen miles back in just fifty-seven minutes. The engine was a success beyond the fondest hopes of Peter.

¶ There were difficulties in the way, however. One was that the pulling only on one side caused a cramping of the flange on the other side against the rail. This was remedied by putting a wheel on both sides and running a chain on the two projecting hubs ❧ ❧

The poling by hand to start was also criticized.

Next, the fact that the engine had to be shut down every hour for water was noted. Peter Cooper stopped the mouths of the carpers by calling attention to the fact that even a horse had to be watered. And as for giving a push on starting, it was a passenger's duty.

Besides that, passengers got thirsty and hungry as well as horses, and want a little change. Peter Cooper assured the critics that the boiler could be refilled while a man was getting a drink and stretching his legs.

The people who owned the stagecoach line that ran parallel with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad made a lot of fun of Peter Cooper's teakettle.

On one occasion they loosened a rail, so the thing ran into the ditch. For a time this sort of discouraged traffic, but there were others who prophesied that in a few years horses could not be given away ❧ ❧

Finally, the owner of the stagecoach line challenged the railroad folks to race from Riley's tavern to Baltimore, a distance of nine miles. The race was between a noted gray horse, famed for speed and endurance, and the teakettle. The road ran right alongside of the wagon-route. In truth, it took up a part of the roadway, which was one cause of opposition.

The race occurred on September Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty. Thousands of dollars were bet and a throng of people lined the route from start to finish. The engine pulled but one coach and had one passenger. The gray horse was hitched to a buggy that carried one man besides the driver.

The engine led for five miles, when the boiler sprang a leak and stopped, the engineer, in his anxiety, getting too much pressure. The horse won, and this proved to many people a fact which they had suspected and foretold, that the steam-engine for land-carriages was only a plaything.

Farmers in that vicinity took heart and began again to raise horses ❧ ❧

Business Banquets

RECENTLY, war news on the front page had to give way.

Great Barrington held the center of the stage.

¶ Great Barrington is not so very great, but she was great enough to get columns of rapid-fire publicity.

It was like this: Great Barrington had a banquet of its business-men

One hundred forty-four economists were at the tables. Forty ladies were in the balconies.

The banquet was opened by an invocation by a local clergyman.

¶ The feed followed. Next came three home-talent speakers—a businessman, a lawyer and a judge.

Then was launched "the guest of the evening," the Honorable Alfred P. Langtry, Secretary of State, a most able man.

Now here was ample forensic equipment for a first-class banquet. One hundred forty-four guests, four able speakers, a little sprinkling of femininity agitating the horizon, a pianist, a local quartet to lead the typical songs! Nothing more was needed.

But the "committee" was filled with the illusion that nothing succeeds like excess. Efficiency is a big word, but sufficiency is a bigger one.

And these great men of Great Barrington, not content with a good thing, insisted on importing three professional femmelettes.

¶ Sly hints were passed around that the best was yet to come. Oho, also aha!

The quartet sang, *A Hot Time Tonight,* and in burst the imported fairies, clothed in fancy, and Seymour gowns.

The cabarettists caberetted, and intent on earning their money, danced their way down the aisles, and into the hearts of their countrymen. For commerce as Emerson says consists in carrying

things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. ¶ Great Barrington is a temperance town, but everything rises to the height of its source, including booze.

The songs were natural selections, the title of one ditty being, *If You Don't Love, You Know What You Are!*

The artistic efforts of the vestal virgins were much appreciated. ¶ All bald heads were kissed.

If the newspapers have not deceived us, " A farmer from the West End " with chin-whiskers had his lilacs pulled.

Great Barrington was enjoying itself to the fullest and best, when one of the dancers plumped her person full into the lap of Deacon Jones. The president of a National Bank insisted on inflicting corporal punishment on one of the dancers, and got his face properly slapped by way of reciprocity, to the great delight of the assemblage. These little things not down on the program added a touch of artistic tobasco to the proceedings.

Several ladies in the galleries succeeded in picking out their husbands and getting them safely away, out of the Babylonian atmosphere ❧ ❧

But many of the men remained. Space was cleared in the center of the room, and there was a sound of revelry by night.

In any event, things done after midnight should not be recorded next morning. But in this instance somebody got on the Associated Press wire.

My credential for writing on this subject lies in the fact that during the year I attend upwards of a hundred banquets, possessing as I do a banquet bazzaza.

Like the three bichloride feminines just mentioned I am paid for my services, for does n't Norman Hapgood say that every man has his price?

The Great Barrington businessmen's banquet was the regular affair. Most banquets held in the interest of business tip to t' other side.

Not content with the natural stimulation of good men getting together and agitating the cosmic electrons, the management insists on importing into the situation a surplus of talent.

And the law of diminishing returns does the rest!

Two speakers at a banquet are ample, and six are nix. When there are too many speakers, no one speaks well.

Cocktails and wine at a business banquet are a superfluity.

These things lead a few on to unseemliness, and these slushy few overdo the thing, and the banquet evolves into a carousal ❧ ❧

I attended one banquet not very long ago in one of the best cities in America, where the feed was five dollars a plate, and after the speaking a thousand-dollar vaudeville program ran until four o'clock in the morning.

In fussy fear that there would not be enough "talent," they provided ten times too much, like the good housewife who puts on the table all of her pickles and preserves when the preacher comes ❧ ❧

I know managers who, if they had Thomas A. Edison on their program, would send to Boston for the O'Brien Sisters.

I have seen Howard Elliott at a Board of Trade banquet, followed by an impersonator in green whiskers, and a girl clothed in a little brief authority.

Do these things stimulate trade and foster civic pride? Not exactly; they merely mirror bad taste.

No banquet of businessmen should ever cost more than two dollars a plate, and one dollar is better. Keep the eats simple and make it a feast of reason, seasoned with flow of soul.

Let those who want boozerino get it quietly, but do not import it into the banquet-room.

Get two speakers with terminal facilities. Let them key the situation. One of the speakers should be a man with a goodly grain of humor in his composition, the other can be statistical.

¶ A little music is well, and a magnetic man like George Culp who can lead singing is splendid.

Everybody should be out of the room before midnight.

Businessmen above all other people should set an example of right living, just as much as preachers should.

Doubtless, the report about the Great Barrington banquet, as Mark Twain once said about the news of his death, was greatly exaggerated

What happened at Great Barrington happens everywhere during the course of a year. Great Barrington got a degree of publicity that she did not count on. But the white light is a mighty good thing, not only for Great Barrington, but for towns, cities, nations—individuals.

Yes, Terese, buck banquets need the acetylene, also the formaldehyde

The getting together of businessmen is beautiful, right, proper. Brotherhood is splendid, but brotherhood is not a blend when we import sisters from the Great White Way. At least, so says my brother in well-doing, the Honorable James R. Mann.

Businessmen had better cut out the booze and eliminate midnight pirouette. They will do more business, and the per cent of overhead the next day will be much reduced.

The Most Important Thing in the World

YOUR notebook, Jumbo, please—thanks!—take this:

I am quite sure that the most important thing in the world is Earning a Living.

And there is a difference between Earning a Living and getting a living.

You can get a living in several ways: borrow, beg, steal, by hook or crook—mostly crook.

But when it comes to Earning a Living, you turn the trick in just one way and no other—you work.

And the more intelligence and love you put into your work, the bigger your reward.

And congenial work—work you do through choice—is joyous work, and joyous work is just play.

In the country, when we talk about a boy or girl Earning a Living, we mean that the person is performing a needed service for some one.

If you " work for yourself " it means that you are producing something which the world needs, and that in return for the product you are paid money. And money is the symbol of value —the token of a service rendered.

I remember, when I was about ten years old, of coming home one day with a dollar bill.

I proudly showed the money to my mother.

She looked at the money in astonishment—for money was a curiosity in that family—and then she looked at me.

" Where did you get that money? " she asked, somewhat severely.

¶ And I answered proudly, " I earned it."

" How did you earn it? "

" Why, Havens' cattle broke into the corn, and I got on a horse, went and found Ol' Man Havens and we drove the steers back into the pasture and fixed the fence. And he said if I had n't seen the steers and helped get 'em back, they might have foundered—so he gave me a dollar."

And my mother kissed me and asked, " But are you sure you earned that much? " And I assured her that all of the steers would then be dead, were it not for me.

In my boyhood I earned money by picking berries, hoeing potatoes, husking corn, herding cattle, driving hogs, working on the threshing-machine, carrying water to the harvest-hands, shingling roofs, tending mason—carrying Messages to Gomez! And for these services rendered, men paid me money.

Of course I did n't know I was getting an education—that was unearned increment—Survival Value.

And always for honest labor there is a return beyond the money.

¶ The money is tangible gratitude, and must be paid; but the money is n't all.

To earn a living is the natural and safe way of utilizing human energy

Life is energy, focused and individualized.

Human energy unused makes for disease.

Human energy wrongly used is vice and crime.

Vice is direct injury to yourself.

Crime is direct injury to society.

Both tend to disease, dissolution, death.

Work tends to health, happiness, progress, prosperity.

And be it known that health, happiness, progress and prosperity are all, not only contagious, but infectious.

All good things are " catching." Life is motion. You keep good things by giving them away.

During the year I visit various prisons and reform-schools.

And I am fully convinced that so-called convicts can be divided

into two general classes: the diseased, and good men who have misdirected their energies.

If a man is sick in mind and body he should be sent to a hospital, and if he has blundered—made mistakes—done the wrong thing, he should be befriended and taught.

And so we no longer punish patients in hospitals, nor scholars in schools, so we should go one step further and separate the diseased from the well in prisons. The next step is to transform the prison into a school.

Then just as quick as the man is able and willing to Earn a Living, parole him. Everybody who can Earn a Living should be free. In fact, that is what freedom is, just Earning a Living.

Now the only reason we send people to a penitentiary or a prison is because they can not Earn a Living.

The convict is a man often intent on " getting " a living, but shy on earning it.

And the result is the law " gets " him.

The criminal law is a blind, blundering thing. The law punishes for acts, not thoughts.

But as there is no alibi equal to a steady job, so there is no defense equal to the ability to Earn a Living.

This way happiness lies.

Business is a matter of Earning a Living.

And while we are Earning a Living we are also living a life.

Hospitals, jails, asylums, are filled with people unable to Earn a Living

People unable to Earn a Living are a danger, a menace and an expense

They form the parasitic class—and the members of the parasitic class are not all in the penitentiary.

Doctor Algernon Crapsey of Rochester told me the other day that in his mind doctors, lawyers, preachers and professional writers all belong to the parasitic class.

I would n't say a thing so rude as that, and I only quote it here because Doctor Crapsey is a clergyman.

But when he speaks of " professional " writers, that lets me out, for I am only an amateur.

I am a businessman who accidentally and incidentally writes.

About all of my writing is done on trains.

I travel a good deal and always have a stenographer with me.

I run an assembly-plant. I pick up ideas, put them together, and apply them. I am always going to school.

Also, my wireless is always working.

And in this business of picking up ideas I am the most fortunately situated man on earth.

I am at home two weeks, and out one. That is about the way it works the year round.

I travel to fill lecture engagements; but when I strike a town, I endeavor to see what there is about the place that makes it peculiar, picturesque and different.

I meet bankers, bakers, dentists, laundrymen, confectioners, railroadmen. I visit high schools, universities, colleges, farms, factories, lumber-mills, theaters.

I talk in school assembly-rooms, churches, at women's clubs, to department-store helpers.

And always I am on the look-out for ideas that are helpful to folks in Earning a Living.

And these ideas I pass along.

When I have a thought I get it down.

Then Jumbo, who always has his typewriter handy, pounds out the good stuff. The next day I sandpaper it, and he copies it. Then I may have to hand-polish it and give it the once over—several times.

I travel because this is the way I get business and collar ideas.

And ideas are my raw stock.

For instance, I lectured in Fort Wayne, and while there I visited

the Wayne Knitting Mills, and they gave me an order for a million booklets.

At Wichita, where I spoke for Mother Carter, I met a man by the name of Hyde who makes a delightful product called " Mentholatum." ❧ ❧

I whispered into Jumbo's large, furry ear a few thoughts about Mentholatum, sent the manuscript to Hyde, and he ordered a million printed copies.

I gave three lectures in the " Copper Country," went down in a copper-mine a mile deep, talked with miners, visited in their homes, and on the way back on the " Copper Country Limited," wrote out my impressions of the Copper Country and Copper Country folks.

The article was printed in *The Fra,* and Rudolph Agassiz of Boston sent his secretary over to the News Company and bought all *The Fras* they had, and then cleaned up the News-Stands, and sent the Good Stuff to his friends.

In Denver, Harry Tammen and a few other newspaper crooks took me on an automobile-ride down through the coal country where there was a strike on.

I wrote about the strike as it seemed to me, and John D. Rockefeller said " Great! " and bought a dozen copies, or so.

At Pittsburgh I spoke to the Bankers' Association at the Hotel Schenley. In the afternoon I was shown through the Carnegie Technical Schools, where several thousand boys and girls are taught how to earn a living.

I had a quiet talk with Jumbo, and he hit up the typewriter while I was at the banquet. The result tangibly pleased little Hoot Mon ❧ ❧

I take Jumbo with me on my travels for another reason—so the gabby talkissimus can not invite himself to take half of my seat and tell me the sad story of his life. It is beautiful to meet friends, but the man without conversational terminal facilities, who has

nothing to do on a train but kill time, should be suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

As I travel, I speechify, and I write.

I speak for Ad-Clubs, Rotarians, Jovians, Elks, Moose, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, at factory openings. I spoke at the opening of the New Wanamaker Stores in New York and Philadelphia, at the Baer-Kauffman Store in Pittsburgh, at the Evansville National Bank, at the National Electric Lamp Works, and at dozens of other splendid industrial institutions where thousands of people are Earning a Living, helping themselves by helping humanity.

And it is all business. Business builds, constructs, devises, designs, creates—gives work and gives opportunity. Business is Earning a Living and giving other people a chance to do the same.

We do not know anything about another world—let 's admit it. ¶ But if there is one, there is no better preparation for it than to live here and now up to your highest and best.

" What kind of people will we be in Elysium? " asked his pupils of Socrates

And the answer was: " We will be the same kind of people we are here. We are getting ready for Elysium now."

Now if I can help people prepare for Elysium, I will be glad. Also, if I can help them create an Elysium here, I will do so.

A Little Journey to Lord and Taylor

OUT in Kansas I used to know a great character known to the world as Jerry Simpson, "the sockless candidate."

The legend was that Jerry, in order to show the proletariat that he was one with them, announced that he had no use for any such sartorial luxuries as stockings. ¶ When Jerry came to New York, in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, to give a lecture at Cooper Union, he walked on the stage wearing low shoes, high-water pants and sky-blue hosiery. No reference was made to socks, but the audience saw the point, and yelled with delight. It was a great advertisement for half-hose. And thus did Jerry still the pen of the carping critics. ¶ Savannah, Georgia, was once a penal colony, and one of the municipal regulations of the city was that no individual sent out of England for England's good was allowed to wear shoes or stockings

Later, we find the same law being applied to colored people who were slaves, the proposition being, I suppose, that besides shoes and stockings being more or less of a luxury, the shoes might aid the man in making an escape, where an individual in his bare feet would be handicapped, running over rocks and stones, and through briars and brush, and the tangle of the forests.

John Wesley, who was rector of the church at Savannah, Georgia, was called upon by a certain remittance-man, and a request made that he should not allow any one to attend his church who did not wear shoes and stockings. To this proposition John Wesley made no reply, but the next Sunday he appeared in the sacred chancel in his bare feet, and while he was in America he never wore shoes or stockings in the pulpit.

His argument was that, as long as some of the people he loved were compelled to go barefooted, he would do the same. He

wanted nothing that all others could not have on the same terms.

¶ Since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, hosiery has played a big part in society.

The sale of socks has steadily increased, and the consumption of hosiery today in America per capita is greater than that of any other country in the world by thirty per cent.

There is an unwritten law that a woman's stockings must match her dress, and the gentleman whose socks and necktie do not co-operate is out of the social pale, and beyond the reach of pink pills ❧ ❧

There is an immense number of men and women in comparatively moderate circumstances who buy hosiery of assorted colors by the box ❧ ❧

Even the so-called plain people have hosiery the equal of which surpasses anything worn by Sir Walter Raleigh or Queen Elizabeth ❧ ❧

We are being educated in colors and tints, all within, say, the last ten or fifteen years.

It used to be that the three primary colors—red, yellow and blue—were sufficient, and we hear that Commodore Vanderbilt, on being asked what color should be use in painting his freight-cars, said, " Use any color you wish, provided it is red."

Now, we get gentlemen's neckties and socks in something like two dozen distinct art tints, all at prices so very reasonable that they might even have allured the Honorable Jeremiah Simpson.

The finest hosiery in the world is handled by the firm, Lord and Taylor—also, the most of it.

Lord and Taylor are the largest dealers in hosiery on the planet Earth. They carry stocks of stockings that run into the millions, and put our mathematics and vulgar fractions to the bad.

Stockings are not now used so much as receptacles for money as they once were. The stocking under the bed, full of doubloons or copper pennies, lives only in poetry. Stockings are being worn,

and with the aid of sensible shoes, sanitary plumbing, and Ivory Soap, they are lasting longer than ever before.

Also, curiously enough, we have fast colors. The highest ambition of William Morris was to make a perfect blue. He finally succeeded, and his secret is now the secret of Lord and Taylor, which means that it belongs to the world. The dyer's hand is no longer subdued to what it works in. The dyer's hand never touches the dye. The dye is cast by machinery, and with the aid of science, art no longer lags behind, fearful and afraid. Art is for all.

There are a hundred million people in America. One-third of these run barefoot, so Roger Babson, the statistician, says. It seems a pretty big proposition, but we must remember that there are a good many of the hundred million that are babies, and there are whole sections of the United States that are practically guiltless of shoes and stockings, save on Sundays and state occasions.

¶ The consumption of hosiery in America is estimated at one hundred million dollars. One-tenth of all this hosiery passes through the warehouses of Lord and Taylor.

The question arises, "How does it happen that this firm has secured such a large share of the trade, in view of the fact that there are upwards of six thousand firms in the world that manufacture hosiery!" And this, of course, does not include all of the good dames who do knitting by hand.

When I heard that Lord and Taylor sell ten million dollars' worth of hosiery a year, I set about to learn, if possible, the cause why, and see if the octopus was not growing a few extra sets of tentacles, and working over-time.

This was something like six months ago, and since then I have visited various mills and factories where hosiery is manufactured. Lord and Taylor utilize the services of mills in many countries. Manufacturers in Germany and France that have the ability to make anything surpassingly well in the hosiery line find a quick and ready market with Lord and Taylor.

Also, in many instances, the Lord and Taylor folks have thought out and figured out what the American people want, and then they have scoured the world for mills that could make the particular goods demanded. They have brought the spinners, the dyers and the knitters into co-operation with the consumers, with the slightest possible expense in the haul from mill to chiffonier

Big things are done by one-man power. A committee is a thing that takes a year to do what one good man can do in a week. While the Weisenheimers argue that a thing can not be done, the man of initiative simply goes and does it.

At a guess, I would say that the hosiery business of Lord and Taylor traces to one particular man. No committee or syndicate could ever have performed the miracle.

This man's name is not on the sign, nor on the letterheads. "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man," says Emerson.

This man knows the hosiery business as no one else in the round world does today. He is king in his own particular realm, and yet is never in the limelight. His business is to select his men—and at the last, men are the prime products at Lord and Taylor's.

¶ Every man's strong point is his enthusiasm. He bubbles with good-cheer. He knows how to vaccinate everybody in his vicinity with his own animation, and hosiery is this man's particular pet.

¶ There are several big men in Lord and Taylor's, all brought up in the business.

In order to get a thing done superbly well, a man must focus on one thing

So here is a business done on the new American plan of absolute honesty, absolute truth, and everything for the benefit of the consumer—all on the basic proposition that the only way to success is to help humanity.

Charles Ferguson, Philosopher Extraordinary, has recently said

that only one man out of thirty in America is a public servant. That is to say, most men are hotly intent on helping themselves and bettering their own condition by keeping a constant eye on the main chance. But one man out of thirty puts his work before the thought of dollars, and only such a one, says Ferguson, is a public servant. A public servant's one intent is to render a service to the world.

"And this man," adds Mr. Ferguson, " is the one who today is making the greatest success in business." This one man out of thirty, the man who gives an absolutely undivided service, and who uses his energy, his education, his talent, his skill, for the protection and for the betterment of everybody with whom he deals, is the man who strikes thirteen in his own line.

Such a man is Thomas A. Edison, such is James J. Hill, such is William G. McAdoo, such is William C. Brown, each one of whom is a public servant, plus. And around such a man is gathered a group of men into whom he infuses his own helpful and courageous spirit. He is a leader of men, and a teacher. Also, he is a pupil, for the great man is always going to school. His education is never complete.

So the concern of Lord and Taylor now stands as a public servant—a great public benefactor—and yet it is simply a business house

All the world knows Lord and Taylor.

The firm was started in the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, by Samuel Lord, a young Englishman, then twenty-one years of age. His little store was at Number Forty-seven Catherine Street, a short street down near the water-front, where most of the business of New York City was then done. New York, then as now, was the biggest city in America, and it had a hundred thousand people. Just so!

Young Lord had one clerk who helped him sweep off the sidewalks, and take down the shutters, at six o'clock every morning.

¶ All stores then had to have shutters, because glass was very precious, and many sailors, who, like the cats, did not distinguish between night and day, had a penchant at that time for breaking windows. The windows are safe today, however, and when George von L. Meyer's boys anchored in the Hudson a few months ago, many of them went to Lord and Taylor's to buy socks, thus refuting that libel that sailormen change neither their minds nor their socks ❧ ❧

But Samuel Lord took down his shutters every morning for two years, and then George W. Taylor, another young Englishman, came to help him. The firm was Lord and Taylor. Their store was at the corner of Grand and Christie Streets, this being the mercantile center of New York, close to the market, where long strings of farmers' wagons used to come twice a week.

Lord and Taylor aimed to sell the best goods only. Their prices were supposed to be high. They did not deal in bargains. They were conservative merchants along the old lines; but in some way the people of New York seemed to believe in them.

The store grew, and the place proving too small, another store was erected at Broadway and Grand Street.

The years went by, as the years do, and a store was built at Broadway and Twentieth Street. This was in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy, and was regarded as 'way up town; the move was an experiment, and to hold the trade the old store at Grand and Christie Street remained until Nineteen Hundred Two.

The particular folks who wanted particular products went to Lord and Taylor's, even as they do today. Lord and Taylor serve the grandchildren of their former customers. They have served three generations, and are now on the last quarter of the century run ❧ ❧

The concern is a corporation, and the stock is owned largely by men and women who have grown up with the business.

I believe it is a fact that Lord and Taylor pay higher wages to

their employees than any other similar concern in America. Their salesmen are men of intelligence, skill, talent and worth—men who could only be held by a larger pay than is given to the average so-called " counter-jumper."

This high degree of business and artistic talent, and the willingness to pay for service rendered, has placed Lord and Taylor in a class by themselves.

A Mail Order Age

ONE thing is sure, and that is, evolution is the order of the day in which we live.

Revision is seen on every hand, and in everything. The old is being tested, the outworn discarded, the unnecessary eliminated.

Nothing is permanent but change. But a few years ago, the buyer and seller were engaged in battle. It was tierce and parry, lunge and feint, and strike and retreat.

Now the interests of buyer and seller are blended, and we say that the transaction where both sides do not make money is immoral. The wise merchant today is one who regards himself as the attorney for his customers. He safeguards their interests, and his endeavor is ever to protect them from their own errors in judgment. The modern merchant of the first class refuses to supply shoddy even to those who may ask for it. This is a demand he will not supply.

The seller who has not gotten it firmly fixed in the fabric of his mind that the buyer is " his other self " is like unto the employee who imagines that his interests are separate and distinct from those of his employer.

Both resemble that old deacon told of in a classic tale, who yoked himself up with a very sturdy bull calf.

As the pair came down the village street at a pace exceeding the speed limit the old man uttered remarks. And here is what he said—" Here we come! Goll darn our idiotic souls! Somebody head us off, before we break our goll-darned fool necks! "

¶ Avarice and selfishness yoked together in trade are headed for the bankruptcy court.

Mutuality is the keystone of success. He who benefits Society will get his reward.

In the final accounting, the consumer not only pays for the

initial cost of the goods, but for all the expenses of advertising and handling, right down the line.

To reduce the cost to the consumer, and better the quality—these are the points that interest the merchant who sees the handwriting on the wall.

In the fashionable hotels there is one servant for every guest. That is to say, the capacity of the Waldorf-Astoria is sixteen hundred guests.

And it carries a pay-roll of sixteen hundred employees.

If the hotel runs full, it makes money. If it runs half full, its force of employees is about the same—the fixed charges go on—and your hotel loses money.

The meal that costs you fifty cents at a Third Avenue Restaurant will cost you two dollars at a Fifth Avenue Hotel. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there is always and forever a waiter fluttering at your elbow, while you read the bill of fare and decide on the momentous gastronomic issue.

And this waiter continues to flutter until you go. And over him flutters a head-waiter, and possibly two.

This expense is added into your check. The extra cost is for service, which you may get and you may not, but which in any event is provided and must be paid for.

An American traveler in England found an item like this in his bill: " To peacocks—eight shillings."

He complained and asked for light on the path.

He was curtly informed that the peacocks were on the bloomin' lawn, and if he did not look at them, it was his own fault, you know. You go to a place of business where there are birds of plumage and many elaborate conveniences and luxuries, and you must expect to pay your share for their maintenance.

A finger that points the way is the popularity of the " Baltimore Restaurant." ❧ ❧

Here you make your selection and wait on yourself. There are

neither waiters nor flunkeys and so there are no tips nor perquisites. You flunkey for yourself, and the saving in service is yours.

¶ Moreover, let it be noted that the people who patronize the "Baltimore Restaurant" are not necessarily the financially knock-kneed. They are mostly people who value time, prizing economy on principle, and not through necessity.

There are men with the double-chin bias and complexion of a purple cast, whose highest delight it is to impress the Hall Boys; but the class is not gaining in numbers. The tendency of the times is all toward eliminating the unnecessary.

A remittance man dearly loves a lickspittle; but a business man with a bank balance can afford to wait on himself.

A few years ago, the wholesale merchant was a power. His mission now is to serve the smaller and less particular stores; and often to carry the financially weak.

Men with the prophetic vision see him vanishing on the sky-line.

¶ The great retail stores buy direct from the manufacturers, and often own the factory. The initiative required to supply the needs of the people anticipates and creates the fabric.

Faith forms a very large item in our business deals.

The buyer is learning more and more to trust the seller. The seller is learning more and more that his interests are identical with those of the buyer.

"I am that man," said Old Walt Whitman.

Put yourself in the other man's place. Sympathy is an asset. Honesty is another. If I know my man I order by mail at a cost of two cents for postage, rather than spend at the least ten cents in car-fare and an hour's time. Economy of nerve force is quite as important as economy of money.

We are learning to conserve.

"To shop" is the most exhausting and exhaustive business in which humanity indulges.

In future we will shop less and buy more.

The selection will be left to our friend and brother, the merchant. ¶ His catalogue will give us the general information; his good taste is acknowledged; his honesty is absolute, and his willingness and ability to " moneyback " every transaction without parley is the bed-rock of his business.

Thus are the frictions of life being gradually reduced, and its joys and satisfactions, through brotherly love and the application of the Golden Rule, increased.

When you shop, you take up the time of a clerk—one salesman flutters for you constantly, and often a floor-walker and department head as well.

Do you imagine that their services do not have to be paid for? ❧ ❧

In shopping you make your selections on the merchant's time. When you order from catalogue you deliberate on your own time. Yet it is quite likely that many men who patronize the "Plaza " equalize matters by going to the Baltimore bazaars, where Jeffersonian simplicity prevails. If I were a millionaire, it would be a great joy to rub elbows a part of the time, at least, with the proletariat ❧ ❧

It is also true that women who occasionally shop for fun, take very kindly to the directness and economy of the mail-order plan. ¶ The great Department Stores are more and more taking their places as expositions, or educating centers, where the fabrics of the world are displayed and their qualities explained.

The buying is being more and more done by mail.

As the racial Spirit of Brotherhood grows—as our faith in each other increases—the mail-order business will increase.

The largest Mail-Order House in America, last year did a business of fifty-five million dollars.

The largest Department Store in America in the same time did a business of twenty-eight million dollars.

The expense of running each business was about the same.

¶ The net profit on the year's business for each concern was about the same.

The investment of each concern is about the same.

Had the per cent of profit been the same, the Mail-order House would have made twice as much money. As it was, it did twice the business on the same capital, and with the same profit.

¶ The extra profit of the Mail-order House was given to the buyers

"The best advertisement in trade is a well-pleased customer."

¶ The first order of a buyer from a first-class catalogue-house is a little over one dollar.

His second order is three dollars.

His third order, and thereafter, is nearly eight dollars.

The quality or grade of goods handled by the Mail-order House is constantly growing better.

What does this prove? It proves that the buyer's faith increases with experience, and that the mail-order plan is becoming a habit with him.

The problem of the "country merchant" here comes in.

Let it here be remembered that trade moves in the line of least resistance, and that the laws that govern commerce are the laws of nature. Trade does not exist for the country merchant, any more than it does for the wholesale dealer or the peripatetic peddler

Commerce consists in supplying human needs, and the methods which can do this the best are the ones that will be adopted. A better adjustment is the law of life. That which is good must give way to that which is better. The office of country merchant will have to adjust itself to the proportions which the times demand. Many men will have to take up new lines of work. But there is a bigger demand for men today than ever before. Especially are there going to be rewards for those who can shape themselves to the new needs of the times.

The moral is this: Do not fight the tendency of the times. Xerxes whipped the oncoming waves of the sea with chains, but the tide arose oblivious to the King of Persia.

Job asked, " Who shall say to the sea, thus far and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed? "

And as well might we ask the tides of trade to stay because the country merchant has built his store below sea-level.

Wise are the men who move with the divine wind and waves; and instead of fighting eternal tendencies, sail into the Port of Success on the crest of the wave of Natural Law.

A popular misconception is that the Mail-order Houses are anxious for the Parcel-post. The real fact is, the Mail-order Houses oppose the Parcel-post, or at best are lukewarm on the subject, since its introduction will surely tend to decrease the size of orders.

The mail-order men are constantly trying to get their customers to increase the size of their orders, or send " Club Orders," and thus save freights.

It is the order that is filled by freight, not the one that is filled by mail, that affords the profit.

Beside that, the Parcels-post will greatly stimulate the mail-order business amongst small dealers. In fact, the country merchant will get over his scare when the Parcels-post is inaugurated, and get busy extending his trade beyond the three-mile limit.

The Parcels-post is coming, because the people demand it. ¶ And the mail-order age is arriving.

The Trust Problem

THE Trusts are a part of the natural economic evolution of the times. They are here to stay. These combinations are not to be broken up, nor are the times to be changed for the better, by spasmodic lawsuits and distracting litigation. The benefits of combination must be retained, the evils eliminated.

The end of competition is monopoly, but monopoly once attained is apt first to make prices too low for would-be competitors, and then too high for consumers.

First it was coercion; next oppression.

This is not because the managers of Trusts are bad; it is simply because in looking after their own rights they forgot the rights of others

When the State has the right to fix prices for a Trust, the prices fixed by the Trust itself will probably be fair and proper.

Mr. Roosevelt's idea of " good Trusts and bad Trusts " is as silly as the old idea that men are either good or bad, and probably arose out of it. The actual fact is that men are not good or bad, they are good and bad.

The tendencies of the times are toward construction and creation. The wealth that the Trusts create through taking up the economic slack and the elimination of lost motion is very tangible.

Anything or anybody who is in advance of the spirit of the times is going to be persecuted. The martyrs of old—say, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Ridley, Latimer and Tyndale—were all men who voiced things that were new to the many, and which, of course, they could not comprehend.

Now the doctrines for which these men stood have come to be merely commonplace truisms.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was once regarded as a heretic. His utterances cost him the good-will of his Alma Mater for thirty years,

and he was practically put out of his denomination; but now preachers of every creed quote Emerson without apology, and use his utterances as texts.

The suspicion is abroad that Big Business in America has gone forward faster than have the doctors, preachers, lawyers and politicians. Thus, Big Business has come in opposition to the popular ideals, and, necessarily, has had to suffer.

Big Business thinks in units of millions, whereas the majority of us limit ourselves to thousands at the most.

Go into any drugstore and ask for an article that is sold in two sizes, ten and twenty-five cents, and nine times out of ten your merry drug-clerk will hand out the ten-cent size, simply because he is a ten-cent man. He thinks with the dime as a unit of measurement ❧ ❧

In East Aurora there used to be a man who had a peanut-stand at the railroad-station. One day a fellow from Chicago came along and said to the peanut party: " Why do you not expand your business—take on a side-line? In fact, why do you not carry popcorn? " ❧ ❧

The peanut-man put in popcorn, and as a result got nervous prostration ❧ ❧

The trouble was that he was strictly a peanut-man.

In America we have a great many peanut politicians.

Big Business has improved the quality and bettered the service of everything it has touched.

Big Business does things that no partnership and no corporation can possibly accomplish.

Partnerships are made up of several individuals working together for a common end.

Corporations are made up of individuals, with a provision that in case of death, some one else shall take up the work of the individual who drops out and carry it on. Thus, we have a body without death, a mind without decline. The corporation is

organized to carry out a work that no man or set of individuals can accomplish in a lifetime.

The Trust is a partnership of corporations, and has been evolved out of the necessities of the time.

Progress does not consist in going backward. The thing to do is to accept these big combinations, and then see that they are properly supervised; but the supervision must not be by demagogues and politicians. The work must be done by big, sympathetic men who are economists by experience and who have brain capacity, plus.

These are times of transition, and it is well for us to exercise patience and bring our good-nature to bear.

The country is safe when the people are employed; but when the bread-line forms, mankind easily slides off into a mob.

Business is organization, and there is nothing so civilizing as the payroll. The demagogues who would lynch a payroll, in order to punish somebody, are inviting commercial disaster and national discredit ❧ ❧

Fortunately, today, there is no problem in America of the unemployed. There is only the problem of the unemployable. Everybody who wants work, and can work, has a job, and at higher wages than ever before in history.

The Steel Trust Suit

ANSWERS have been filed to the Government's complaint and prayer for the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation.

These answers are voluminous and complete. Instead of making a simple general denial all along the line, they answer every complaint and allegation with frankness and in detail.

They also display a dignity and a courtesy that is in striking contrast with the complaint.

The defense is plainly outlined in these answers. There will be no surprises and no fight on mere legal technicalities. The whole question resolves itself into the issue of whether the business of the United States Steel Corporation is carried on in a reasonable or an unreasonable manner.

The company, through its attorneys, tells how the corporation came to be formed. It traces the history of the concern, its rise and its gradual development to the point to which it has now attained. It goes into methods, the question of wages, the treatment of employees, the buying of supplies, the selling of products, and a hundred other things that pertain to the general policy that is being carried out in the management of the world's greatest business institution.

It courts the fullest publicity, and stands ready to give information concerning any branch of its business, and full information as to all dealings, past and present.

The company frankly admits that errors in judgment have occurred; but denies that any one has been wilfully wronged. Encouragement has been given to competitors, and a friendly attitude toward such has been maintained.

It even goes into the famous dinners, tells who were present, what was said and done, and gives the object of these meetings,

stating that the getting together and getting acquainted of men engaged in the same line of business is eminently in line with the spirit of the times; that competitors should know each other, realize what each other is doing, and put their knowledge into a common fund, from which all can draw all that they are able to absorb. And the hint is given out that all any one can absorb is what he gives away.

Instead of these dinners being secret and star-chamber conclaves, designed for plots and plans, dire, dark and deep, the whole thing was essentially social and aimed to give courage to men who were carrying heavy burdens and facing great problems.

It is explained that the dinners began in November, Nineteen Hundred Seven, when the country was at a crisis. These dinners gave opportunity for men to meet who had never met before, and the whole general tendency was to do away with prejudice, hate, doubt and distrust; and as such, they were eminently successful ❧ ❧

Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mr. Converse give separate, individual answers.

Any one who cares to read these answers will find them models of literary excellence.

In reading the answer of Mr. Carnegie, I came to the conclusion that the ironmaster wrote it with his own hand. It is not pitched in legal phrase, and contains a deal of good literary timber. Some of his explanations are decidedly playful and reveal a patience and good-nature and a dash of wit which one does not expect in a legal document.

On the whole, this defense seems to be essentially strong and able.

¶ No doubt, the answers were written with public opinion in mind, and as such they are effective documents.

The best legal brains of the country seem to hold the opinion that it will be a very difficult task for the Government to convict in this instance.

The prejudice that existed against the Standard Oil, in this case, is not evident in the public mind.

Many of the sins for which the Standard Oil were tried were committed in the Eighties, and in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five everybody was crooked, and now only a few of us are crooked. Also, it is the belief of men with prophetic vision, who know the tendency of the times, that it will not be long before business of every sort will be founded on the solid basis of truth and honesty.

¶ The telegraph, the telephone, quick transportation, and the publicity given to every act by the Ad Clubs and the various Civic Societies, are turning the limelight on to all of our relations in a way that will make graft and grab tabu.

Even this suit against the world's biggest business concern is n't without its use and benefit.

It puts the company on its good behavior and shows that nothing goes but that which is done right out in the daylight. Nothing is hidden, nothing is secret, nor can it be.

Secrets are things to give away.

There is only one safe policy, and that is the truthful one.

Doctor Charles W. Eliot calls truth the new virtue and intimates that having tried everything else the business world is now going to give the policy of honesty in business a thorough test.

The Steel-Trust people take their stand behind the word " reasonable," and there they are entrenched.

If the suit should ever come to trial, the general belief is that no jury can be found that will convict.

A Business Romance

BUSINESS has its romance. Here is a true story about an American Merchant that puts our old friend Munchausen to the bad.

This merchant's income is a million dollars and more a year.

He was the son of a village blacksmith—one of a big family—born in decent poverty, and brought up to wait on himself, do without things, make things, economize time and money and help his mother wash the dishes. He used to warm his bare feet on October mornings where the cows had lain down. He got his education on the run, or while others slept.

This merchant today stands at the head of the largest mercantile house in the world; a house that has more customers than all the wholesale merchants in America, combined.

Yet this man is still young. He has neither bald spot nor gray hairs. His form is erect, his eye is bright, his face is kindly, his voice suave and gentle. He is sociable, friendly and without frills. Withal he is a handsome man. He is six feet high, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Now, handsome men are seldom either wise or good—they are merely handsome. But here is a man who evidently does n't know he is handsome, and will not know it until he reads this. Yet he is a student—he is always and forever at school. He has the hungry, alert and receptive mind. He loves art, music, good books. He is a generous and magnetic man—one who inspires confidence—aye, affection. Children believe in him instinctively. He has the respect and sincere reverence of his employees, and therein is one of the secrets of his power.

This man is Richard W. Sears, the founder, general manager, and chief owner of Sears, Roebuck and Company, a concern that does a business of sixty million dollars a year.

Getting Together

Lecture given by Elbert Hubbard to the Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the Tennessee Bankers Association at Nashville.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

IT is a great pleasure to be with you here this morning and to have the honor of speaking to you. I say this for two reasons: one is because you expect me to say it and because you will feel badly if I do not say it; and the other reason is because it is true. (Applause)

I wish to talk to you on the subject of "Getting Together;" but before I begin my subject proper, I wish to congratulate myself on the fact that I am addressing an audience that can fill in between the lines, that will understand a great many things that I leave unsaid, and that will put the very best possible construction on all of my faltering words.

I believe that in the future we are going to talk less and say more; we are going to write less and mean more; we are going to eat less and breathe more; we are going to hate less and love more; and when we do not know what to do, we are not going to do it. When we do not know what to say, we are not going to say it. (Applause)

The race has passed through several economic stages; we have passed through the savage stage, where a man was a pure individual, worked for himself and was indifferent to the rights of every one else; he took his own wherever he found it. And from the savage stage we passed into the stage of the nomad and wanderer, and from that we moved into the age of feudalism, where the world was owned by a few men, and the badge of power was conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure; the world belonged to the men who could kill, to the men who could destroy.

Today we are living in a new era. The strongest men are not the men who can destroy most, but the strongest men today are the men who can confer the greatest benefit. From the age of feudalism the world moved into the age of competition, and we are passing out of the age of competition into a new age—into the age of co-operation; and as an economic factor, the age of competition is as dead as feudalism, and I will tell you when it died. It died when the genius of an American inventor devised a machine that could produce commodities beyond the present wants of the people, and then competition became suicidal.

I remember when you could ride from New York to Chicago for a dollar, when the Erie and the New York Central were in competition—a thousand miles for a dollar! I quit work to ride. (Laughter) Hundreds of other people did the same. I would n't do it now. I don't want to do business with anybody who is not making money, and any transaction where both sides do not make money is immoral. We believe in reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation—you help me and I will help you, for we will not be here so very long; too soon, death, the kind old nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep—let 's help one another while we may ❧ ❧

The scientists have told us where we came from, and Billy Sunday has told us where we are going to (laughter and applause), and there is only one fact that is really ours, that is, that we are here. (Laughter and applause) And we all agree on this proposition, we are here. We can't get out or get out gracefully, and what are we going to do now? (Laughter) We have all decided what we are going to do about it. There is a contract social which every sensible man and woman has signed as to what he is going to do about it.

We are going to recognize that one man's rights end where the rights of another man begin. We are going to work together instead of working against each other, and the religion

of the future will be monism. (Communism means the one.) Monotheism means one God, but monism means one thing, and we have discovered this, that the devils are not coal-black, nor the saints pure white, but we are all a kind of a slaty gray. (Laughter and applause) And that there is no man so wholly right that he can afford to say that another man is wholly wrong. We are in process, the six days are not yet up, and sometimes I think they have n't really begun. Emerson says, " I have never seen a man," and what he meant was this, that he never had seen a man as good as the man he could imagine. In order to make a first class man, you have to make him by hand—Roycroft him. (Laughter and applause) You have to take all the good men you have ever known, leave out all their faults, take their virtues and mix, and there is a German motto that even the best of men are damn fools for five minutes in every day. (Laughter and applause) And when you find a man in this peculiar interval, you don't imitate him, you wait, knowing that it will be your turn very soon. (Laughter and applause)

Now the other day I was at the classic town of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the home of the State Hospital for the Insane, the insane asylum, and as I walked across the beautiful grounds, a half mile from the main building. I saw a young man with a lot of patients, out for a walk and, you know, I suppose there were twenty-five of those patients and only one man in charge. I just kind of slipped in with the bunch (laughter) and nobody noticed me, and finally I worked my way up alongside of the fellow in charge of these men, and I said to him, " Are you armed? " And he said, " No, why should I be armed? " I said, " You have all these men in your charge; what is to hinder their getting together, setting up a job on you. Giving a signal and putting you out of commission? " And he looked at me and said, " You belong here all right." (Laughter) He thought I was qualifying for a degree. He said, " You belong here all right.

You ask why those fellows don't get together? " I said, " Yes." He says, " They can't, that is why they are sent here." (Applause) He says, " There is only one reason for sending a man to the insane asylum, or the penitentiary, and that is because he can not or will not work with other people." He says, " Sanity lies in the ability to do team work, and the more people you can work with and for, the bigger and better are you." I said, " You will have to give me time to Fletcherize on that." But you know when I got home, it came to me like this; he said, " If you don't get together they will send you to the insane asylum," and it came to me all at once that if you do, they will send you to the penitentiary. (Applause)

So we stand, you see, in a peculiar position; but as a general proposition, I will give you this, that the more men you can work with and for, the bigger and better are you, and the bigger your reward will be.

Now, we make money out of our friends. Our enemies will not trade with us if they can help it—and they usually can. Our business is a matter of friendship; the rewards of life are certain, and the penalties, too. You chase the rolling dollar, and you will find that it attains a terrific speed, and you may chase it clear into the penitentiary as well. I heard from a man from Nashville the other day when I was down in New York on a lecture there. He said, " I am unavoidably detained, I can't come to hear you," and he wrote from Sing Sing. He is a great and good man, with a great many splendid qualities, and I am sorry to say it, but he came from Nashville; yes, I think if he had remained in Nashville he would have been all right, but when he got out of Tennessee he got into trouble; a great and able man. And do you remember the little boy that went to the bank with his papa, and while his papa was waiting to get the book balanced the little fellow says, " Papa, why do they have the bars in front of the man? " And papa says, " Hush, Johnny, that is so he will get used to them."

(Laughter and applause) And so you will find these bankers' colonies all over the United States. (Laughter) These are not bad men, but they were men hotly intent on making money. I know how to make money. I know everything that will not work. (Laughter) And some of them I have tried, but if I wanted to make much money I would n't focus on money making. I would focus on giving the world *service;* any man who gives the world a big service, is going to get a big return. The money is secondary to the service rendered. Business is the medium, and business is the counter in the game; while I would not for a moment appear to be indifferent to money, yet as a man who knows how to make money and a man who has had the privilege of losing it, I know a little about it. So I give it to you as my opinion, to make money secondary if you want to make money and render the world a service. (Applause)

You know we live in a brand new world. Do you remember the old time banker, who used to shave his upper lip so as to eat apples? That impeccable pillar of society who never smiled—very economical—was pointed out in every town, you know, as the pattern of all that was good and beautiful and right and proper—yes, sir, this man in solemn black. (Laughter) The President of the First National Bank. (Laughter) Well, he is n't here, so I will not give offense to anybody. (Laughter) This man, the last of his race, was hugged to death by Cassie Chadwick. (Laughter and prolonged applause) He was easy, because a rogue is always easy. This farmer with the billy goat whiskers that goes to town intending to do up the smart fellows at the circus, he is always easy. But, bankers are better men than they ever were before, because they have been taught lessons, and Cassie Chadwick has taught us a few. She had an easy scheme to plant, and she worked the lake shore from Buffalo to Toledo and back, one in every town she gave the exclusive opportunity, and her method was very simple; yes, and papa fell for it. She picked

a man of sixty-five. You give us time and we will all be virtuous. (Laughter) Now a nice man could n't borrow a postage stamp from papa, but here comes this woman, an unknown woman, forty, in widow's weeds, and carrying a box—two interesting things—a widow and a tin box. And papa saw them both; she was admitted to his private office, and she says, " I am going to buy a home in this town, I have recently been bereaved, I have most of my fortune in this box, I dare not leave it at the hotel, I have two hundred thousand dollars there in some bonds and would you mind my leaving this box for just a few days? "

Papa had no business to ask what was in the box, she only wanted to leave it with him, and he says, " De-lighted! " She slipped a twenty dollar bill across the box and said, " You have your rents and expenses, will you accept the twenty dollars? " She goes away; she comes back, it is a month before he sees her again, and then when she comes back she takes a letter from her pocket, which is from her broker, advising her not to sell steel bonds, that steel is going up, and she wants five hundred dollars for thirty days. That is all very nice, and as papa is hesitating, she slips another twenty dollar bill across the desk, and says, "I don't know much about business, but a commission is quite the proper thing in business, this is for you," and she gets her loan. At the end of thirty days what happens? She comes back and pays the note, and papa is twenty dollars to the good and the incident is closed. But she has established a credit. In two weeks she comes back with one steel bond in her hand; she asks this man to sell the bond and place it to her credit. She borrows a thousand dollars and pays five hundred, and then follows up this thing of partial payments and a little on account, and then she invites him to come and meet her at the Hollenden, at Cleveland, because she has n't time to come to meet him, and he meets her there, and she borrows and she pays and the thing goes on and on. You know the result—a dozen men committed financial suicide. This one died

in a penitentiary. Do you think you could work that on a Tennessee banker? Not on your life. Any one who comes in with a tin box to talk to you, and you have never seen the individual, what do you say? You say, " Tie the Bull Moose outside." (Laughter and applause) But this is the man, a type of man that fell for that because he was hotly intent on making money. Twenty dollars slipped across the table at you, you are not so anxious for money and that very act would forfeit the respect for the individual. You know how to make money. It is not twenty dollars you are after, on your life, no—two hundred thousand, anyway

Now we are all down on the time book for five dollars a day. Why don't we get it? Whenever you find a man who gets four dollars a day, you will find a man who pays one dollar for supervision. I once heard a man say that every man is worth two dollars a day from the collar down, and all you get over two dollars a day is from the collar up. All you get over two dollars a day is for the exercise of the bean, as we say in Boston. (Laughter)

Now when a man does a thing when he is told and does the right thing, he gets five dollars a day; when he does the right thing without being told, he gets six dollars a day. If you do the right thing without being told and get other people to do their task, you get seven to eight. If you get ten dollars a day you only get three thousand dollars a year, and if you get thirty dollars a day you only get ten thousand a year, and if you get three hundred dollars a day you only get a hundred thousand dollars a year. I met a fellow the other day and he was offered a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year, and he says, " Why Mr. Hubbard, I could n't afford to work for a hundred thousand dollars a year." I said, " Truly not." (Laughter) When I tell you who that man is, you will agree with me on the proposition. But I was talking not long ago to a man, a hunchback at that, whose salary is a hundred thousand dollars a year; that is his

salary, and he gets it, too. A man came to me a while ago and said to me, " I will work for you for my board." I said, " Not on your life, I am a poor man, I can't afford it." So I bought him a ticket to Detroit and gave him a letter of introduction to Henry Ford. I could have no use for a man who would work for his board, but, sir, you will always introduce him to somebody else. I bought him a ticket to Detroit, one way, and I made money by the transaction. I told him there was work for five dollars a day. But suppose a fellow requires more than five dollars a day worth of supervision. Suppose you had to spend six dollars a day looking after him, you will lose a dollar a day. That is not a very deep proposition. This little fellow is getting his hundred thousand a year, he is one of the uncrowned kings of the world. Some day he will come here to speak for you, and whenever he does, and you see him, you will feel sorry for him and then in about two minutes you will feel sorry for yourselves. He has imagination, he has good nature, he has education, he is a financier, he is an economist, and he is an inventor, he is the last word in electricity, he has gone beyond Edison.

Edison can never die. You can never look out of a window in Christendom but you see his work; but Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz has gone beyond him. He is the cheapest man on the payroll of the General Electric. His ideas set thousands of men at work, at profitable work, and theoretically and actually all of these men contribute to his support; and so the salary of Dr. Steinmetz paid to him by the General Electric is an insignificant hundred thousand a year.

Why not?

Well do you know, while I was talking to this fellow, along comes another fellow that I used to know in Illinois, and he was a farm hand and he ran a threshing machine, and the farmer that I worked for had some threshing to do, and this man came and threshed for us, and I remember sleeping in the garret where

this fellow slept, and we were awakened in the early morning, or more nearly midnight, by a scratching kind of noise on the roof, and in the morning, we said to the old farmer, " Say, what is that noise that kept us awake last night? " And he says, " That is the mortgage, it works while you sleep." (Laughter)

Who was this farm hand ? Well, his name is Frank A. Vanderlip. He went up to Chicago and got a job — and it is just as beautiful to get a job as it is to accept a situation. (Laughter and applause) And he got a job and he worked for a fellow by the name of Lyman J. Gage, and he was errand boy and then a stenographer, and if you are a good stenographer, you don't remain a good stenographer long. I hate to say this in the presence of these eminent people who are taking down what I am saying; when I come here next year, they will not be here; there will be somebody else here next year, because they do their work so well they will graduate. So a stenographer gets twelve a week, unless he does one thing, puts in the enclosure without being told. And then you have to punctuate, and then it is more or less desirable that you should spell, and there is much precedent for it. And then you paragraph, and the paragraph is the arranging of the sentences so they are easily read. So you have to correct the old man's English. If you are in the office and the old man says, "Dose pig irons we order from you last week shall not came," you will have to correct this. Sure. I got an idea from the Nashville paper this morning. (Laughter and applause)

I am a very original man. One day the old man, instead of dictating the letters to you will take a blue pencil and write on them like this: " Yes." " No." " Sure." " Let them down easy." " Sure, of course." " Throw the gaff in to them." " Get the order." And then he will say, " Bill, answer these letters, I have got to go to the ball game." (Laughter) And then Bill answers the letters, or Genevieve, and when he comes back, and if her pay was twelve a week before, why suddenly it jumps to

twenty or twenty-five. And Frank A. Vanderlip's wages went up until he was paid a hundred dollars a week, and that is not much; you will never get the best out of a man until you make him a partner in your business.

The biggest thing to-day, gentlemen, is the man-hunt. Kipling is right, civilization is a search for a man who can carry the burden, and I tell you in all seriousness, if you have a job for a hundred thousand dollar man, you will hunt for him a great while before you find him, because there are hundred thousand dollar men, but they have all got jobs. Frank A. Vanderlip was hands, feet, and eyes for Lyman J. Gage, and he did n't differentiate between position and the job, and this is what people need, and we will never be civilized until we get it; we need conditions where we evolve good servants, and we add to these things the dignity of being good servants. And Frank A. Vanderlip is a good servant. And if every big business man had his due, he is a great public servant. So when Lyman J. Gage was sent down to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury under McKinley, he took Frank A. Vanderlip with him. And then there was a little mix up there, a man was needed and this man was sent there to straighten out a few knots and tangles, and Frank A. Vanderlip proved himself a diplomat ❧ ❧

Now a diplomat has the ability to please humanity, make the other fellow pleased with himself, and when he is pleased with himself he is pleased with you. There would be no war in Europe today were it not for the fact that Europe is short on diplomats and diplomacy. If I met you out here on the street and talked with you for a few minutes and then we began to talk loudly and raise our voices louder and louder, each imagining the other fellow is hard of hearing, then you reach for me with your right, and I reach for you with my left, and I grab into your hair—if you have got any. Why, I don't have to prove to you that diplomacy has broken down. Reason has absolutely abdicated. Some one

says to a big man, " Bill, look here, I want to talk to you, and I will give it to you straight, can you stand it? " And he says, "Yes." The big man is the man who can stand the jar, and when you find a man that is big enough to take it as it comes and not answer back, you are in the presence of a pretty big man. We all want to justify ourselves, and when you tell the average man what he ought to do or should do, he immediately gives you a line of conversation, tells you that this has never been done before, can't be done now, and why can't you let Bill do it. He is making excuses for himself. I saw a fellow the other day that said to a man, " Do you see that shovel out in the street? How many times have I told you not to leave shovels in the street? You go get that shovel and put it away in the tool house." The fellow smiled and went and picked up the shovel and put it away. And then I asked him, " Did he leave the shovel in the street? " And he said, " On your life he didn't leave it in the street." I said, " You accused him by implication of leaving the shovel in the street." " Sure," he said, " and he would never leave a shovel in the street, he would never swear a 'hell' about it." He says, " That man's life justifies itself, and at the end of the year there is one line in red that shows what he is doing. We understand each other." There is one type of man that is always putting up a little " bull-work " of defense. (Laughter and applause)

Yesterday a man by the name of Pike—I do not know the gentleman—made you an address here. He made an awful good speech. Pike is no piker, but there is one thing in that speech that pleased me very much; I seized upon it, and you will find it in the *Philistine*. And in this speech Mr. Pike said that credit is a matter of character, and I know that bankers are always telling their customers that " you fellows should always have character;" but Pike said " we " should have character—bankers and customers as well. I like that phrase, " we."

There is a man at Oyster Bay who divides the world into two

parts, " me " and " them." (Laughter and prolonged applause) If there is any credit being given out, he pulls it his way; but if there is any blame, he puts it on the other fellow. But Pike says we bankers must evolve character.

And then he reminded me of how, when J. Pierpont Morgan was up before the Pujo Committee being Pujoed—say, what a great word that would be! I don't know where the old man came from, and I don't know where he went, but they do say that the man who invents a new dish benefits humanity, and the man who supplies the world with a new word benefits mankind. So Pujo came out of a hole and has gone back and tucked it in, and nobody knows who he was or where he came from, but he left the world a word, Pujo. And J. Pierpont Morgan was being Pujoed, by that great, self-sacrificing man, Mr. Untermyer. Mr. Samuel Untermyer says, " Mr. Morgan, what is the best security for a loan; what is the best collateral for a loan? Speak it right up in your own words." And Mr. Morgan says, "Character." And Mr. Untermyer says, " What! Would you make a loan to a man who did n't have anything but character? " And Mr. Morgan says, " I have never lost money when I loaned it to a man who had character, when they did n't have any other collateral, and I have loaned it to other men who had collateral and I have lost money." And then Mr. Untermyer said, " Mr. Morgan, what is character? " And the question deserves to rank with Pilate's when he asked, " What is truth? "

" What is character? " Mr. Morgan says, " It consists of three things principally—intelligence, morality, right intent." Mr. Untermyer says, " Explain yourself, what do you mean by that, sir? " Mr. Morgan replied, " I mean this: when a man comes to me to borrow money, the first thing I think of is, not his tangible collateral, but who is this man, what does he do, and what is his business, what is his record, and what are his intentions, what is his intelligence? Is he well enough composed to say

no at the right time? And if in my mind I decide—and I decide very quickly—that this man has character, I say, " Yes, I have faith in you, I believe in you, I will loan you the money." And Mr. Untermyer says, " Would you loan a man a million dollars who did n't have anything but character? " And Mr. Morgan says, " Yes, sir." And when I saw this in the paper I thought I would go down and call his bluff. (Laughter) But when I got pretty near to the corner of Wall Street and Broad Street, this came over me. A million dollars, of course I will get it, but what will I do with it? And I came to the conclusion that if I were to borrow a million dollars, and succeed in getting a million dollars, I certainly would not be a man of intelligence, for when you borrow money that implies you know what your are going to do with it; you will have to use it wisely and well, and know how you are going to pay it back. I had no use for the money.

And then I thought of a banker in Detroit who had a row with a fellow named Henry Ford ten years ago. Henry Ford wanted five thousand dollars to meet a payroll, and Henry Ford made the mistake of being absolutely frank—you must never be frank with your banker (laughter), unless he is a man of character. (Applause). And if possible I would n't bank with a man who is not a man of character. (Applause) I want to do business with the man to whom I can tell the truth. I want to do business with the man who knows the worst about me and yet who believes in me. (Applause) Therefore, I say with Brother Pike, it is not only necessary that customers of bankers should have character, but it is doubly necessary for bankers to be men who live right out in the open. You used to have a private office—yes—and a negro and a man who kept people waiting while you pumped your cigar and talked business with Cassie Chadwick. (Laughter and applause) Now you can find a banker, nobody lies for him, he tells his people to tell the truth. When you go into a bank you find his name on a brass plate on his desk and that desk is not in

a private office but outside. You go up to him and say something to him and he says something to you and you tell him where he can get a good loan. (Laughter) And is n't it a joy to do business with frank people—people you can throw the gaff into and who don't seem to resent it—people who are big enough to stand the truth? That is what the average banker is today. Otherwise he would n't stand the strain, he would n't last as long as that snow ball lasts in New Orleans. (Laughter)

But ten years ago Henry Ford went to a banker and he said to this man, " Mr. Jones, I have got to have five thousand dollars to meet my payroll tomorrow, and I am depending upon you, and I can't meet the payroll, and you will have to carry me a while, and yet I want you to have faith in me; this thing is going to come out all right, Jones, I know what I am doing, I make a machine that is going to sell, and I make a profit on it, and you have got to tide me over and help me out for a little while." This banker was n't big enough to stand the truth, and was n't big enough to recognize that Henry Ford was a very honest man, so instead of giving him a loan, he turned him down and gave him advice. (Laughter and applause)

Now that is always a mistake. The more advice you give away the more you have left, and it is not a banker's province to coach the business public. The business man may know just as much about it as he does. Henry Ford happened to know, and then he is a master hand with psychology. So Jones says, " Henry Ford, you are covering too much territory, you are expanding too widely, and you are going to bust inside of a year. What you want to do is discharge about nine out of every ten of your men, and do a nice, cautious little business; you are building a machine that is an all right little machine, but your old machine is not a first class machine, and I would go and just do a little business that I could run properly." That banker had cold feet and he should have run around the block to better his circulation.

Instead of that he showed Ford out. So Henry Ford is a diplomat, and he goes across the street to another banker, and he says, " Do you know what that son-of-a-gun told me over there? He said he was n't going to loan me a dollar more." The old fellow says, " Did he say that? You can depend upon me." He played the hate of one man against the other—that is genuine diplomacy. Then Henry Ford in his exuberance presented this man with a block of stock for five thousand dollars.

When I tell you what is the result of that you will call me the fabricator from East Aurora, but truth is stranger than fiction. I am talking to you as one business man to another, and the business man is the man that looks the payroll in the eye and kites checks. (Laughter and applause) A business man and an executive—an executive is a man who decides quickly, and is some times right. (Laughter) So Henry Ford in his gratitude made out a stock certificate for five thousand dollars and presented it to that banker, and that banker is drawing dividends on that stock of forty thousand dollars a year. And a year ago this banker who turned Henry Ford down, wrote Henry a letter, and it ran thus: " Dear Henry: We are both getting older "—that is the way to begin a letter, always begin with a platitude, begin with something that can not be controverted nor denied; if you are a writer, or a historian, always begin with a truth. (Laughter) Don't start anything. Give him something that he can say, " Sure, That is right." Get him walking down the street with you before you throw the gaff into him He says, " Dear Henry: We are both getting older." That is genius. Paragraph. (Laughter) Something is coming. " Ten years ago you came to me for a loan and I gave you advice." Paragraph. " I was wrong. You have succeeded. You have more cash than any man in this town, or any man in the United States. You have money in every bank in Detroit excepting my bank. I want you to open an account with me, not because I need your help, but because I want to feel that you are my friend."

¶ He sent the letter, and Henry Ford sent a boy around with a check to deposit, and the check was for a million dollars. He pushed it through the window and the fellow at the window says, "Just a minute," and he ran back and found the president of the bank, and says he, " W-h-a-t does that mean? " " Well," the banker says, " He is trying to bust us, I know what he is trying to do." (Laughter) I need n't tell you how you can use a million dollars. You can't use it. When a man has a million dollars to his credit, you will sit up nights wanting to know when that fellow is going to come around. Then you have visions of this fellow coming up, derby cocked over one eye, pushing in a check, strikes a match on the seat of his electric runabout. (Laughter and applause) You are afraid of that fellow. And so what does this man do but write another letter back to Henry Ford, and he said, " Dear Henry Ford: I don't know what this means; and I remember a line, a paragraph, a word, once propounded by Roosevelt to Harriman, and the words were these, 'We are both practical men.' Tell me what you mean by sending me a million dollars." And Henry Ford understood without explanation, and he wrote back this letter: "This money is to be deposited to my credit, and I write you this letter to inform you that I will not draw from this money more than fifty thousand dollars during any period of six months. Keep this letter as your authority for taking care of this money and using it wisely. Yours, Henry Ford."

Now Henry Ford makes a good machine—I have three—and it is the most popular machine in the world; the reason it is popular is because if you have one nobody will want to ride with you. (Laughter and applause) Now that is psychology, as our president says; our president says that is *mere* psychology. Well, he is right about psychology, but he is not about the " mere." There is no such thing as mere business, mere scholarship, mere work, mere man, but other tides flow through the human heart. Henry

Ford's foreparents were born in Ireland, and in the South of Ireland at that. I never knew of a man being born in the South of Ireland before. The world is owned by the Scotch and it is run by the Irish—with the help of the Jews. Now I know how Henry Ford makes his money. I bought one of his machines and I sent it to Harvard laboratory and had it analyzed. (Laughter) And I know everything about it. It is steel at three cents a pound, iron at a cent and half a pound, copper at fifteen cents a pound, wood at eight cents a pound, and leather at ten cents a pound, and then they take a pot of paint and a dab of glue, and they throw all these things in a hopper and start the machine going, and out comes the Ford. (Laughter) One every two minutes, a thousand a day, three hundred thousand a year.

I told you that Frank A. Vanderlip's salary was a hundred thousand dollars a year—I don't know how much he makes. (Laughter) And I have told you that little Steinmetz got a hundred thousand dollars a year. And what is Henry Ford's income? Twenty million dollars a year. How much is that? Nobody knows but me, and I only because I took a day off and figured it up. Twenty million dollars a year is sixty thousand dollars a day, and sixty thousand dollars a day is only eighteen million, and then he has two million a year so as to go to the moving picture shows. Henry Ford is the second largest tax payer under the Federal income tax law in America. And you know who the first man is, don't you?

The other day I played golf with that man, and he had just bought his pastor a second-hand Ford. (Laughter and applause) Because Mr. Rockefeller is a very religious man (laughter), and the Rev. Dr. Bustard was very proud of his second-hand Ford, and we very naturally asked Mr. Rockefeller why he bought his pastor a second-hand Ford, and so we said, "Mr. Rockefeller, why did n't you get him an automobile?" And Mr. Rockefeller, who has a very subtle wit, he smiles—he never laughs, because he is a

very economical man. (Laughter) He never wastes energy, and we say, " Why did n't you get him an automobile? " And he said, " Say, if gasoline keeps going up the way it has been going up lately, and I am afraid it is going still higher, we will all be happy to ride in Fords." Big enough to joke, big enough to laugh, there is a man that has been more misunderstood and more reviled than any other living man, but when you meet Mr. Rockefeller face to face, you will find when he speaks of any one, he speaks well of him, he never speaks ill of any one, he reviles no one

What kind of a man is it, gentlemen, who is always complaining of the attitude of his customers to him? Are n't all these things a part of the great game of credit? Is n't it our business to be bigger than circumstances, to rise above them? Certainly so. Mr. Rockefeller is n't resentful. You say, " why should he be, he has won out? " He certainly has won out. And so has Mr. Henry Ford. I would like to see Henry Ford General Manager of the the United States. I would n't replace the President. Half of his business is social anyway—social piffle. We need some one to occupy the position he occupies, and beyond this we need a general manager, a business man. I hope to see the time when business and politics will be separated. Politics remind me of a man in my little town. There is a man in my little town who had a peanut stand at the railroad station, and my friend here, Joe Holman, came along and said, " Why don't you enlarge this, why don't you put in pop corn? " And the man took Joe's word for it and put in pop corn and got nervous prostration, because, you see, he was legitimately a peanut man. (Laughter and applause) And a peanut man should stick to the peanut business. But if the peanut man can not succeed in selling both peanuts and pop corn, all is not lost; he can run for the legislature. (Laughter and applause) You can send him to Washington so that he can make laws for the regulation of big business.

I believe in big business, big people, in big organizations. I believe in a vast number of men working together for a common end and a common purpose. Strangely enough the State of Illinois has produced some of the big men of the day. George W. Perkins, is the man who organized the International Harvester Corporation. I saw a beautiful building over here in your city devoted to their interests. A great man is Perkins, only he has been in bad business politically. Of course the Bull Moose is all right until it comes to milking time.

And a little way away from George W. Perkins was born William Jennings Bryan. He is a good financier too—he made six thousand dollars in the Chautauquas last year. He is big in development and he has been a big figure before the American people for many, many years. For a year he has made himself look like a quail in a stubble field ❧ We did n't think he was capable of doing it. (Laughter and applause) But I remember a villainous joke of John J. Ingalls, who, when Bryan was called the boy orator of the Platte, said, " Yes, yes, but to know the true beauty of the simile you must know the Platte." (Laughter) " The Platte is an inch deep and a mile wide at the mouth." (Laughter and applause) And if you want to stir up something, you say Ingalls to Bryan. And he will say, " Please don't." But Bryan is not resentful, and you read the letters of Bryan and in all the time you will find him taking his lesson. He is a cheerful loser and he plays second fiddle, and the fellow who plays second fiddle may some day be leader of the orchestra. (Applause) Bill Bryan may have made a few mistakes politically but he has an exuberance of spirit that is beautiful to see. He was born a few miles from where I was born. It is a wonderful soil. (Laughter and applause)

And just forty miles away in an adjoining county was born John W. Gates, and up the road at Joliet, Illinois, was born William Van Horne, a telegraph operator, assistant dispatcher, train

master, president of the railroad. The Canadian Pacific picked him out because he was the best railroad man in America. He put the Canadian Pacific on a paying basis, and when he resigned he named his successor, Tom Shaughnessy, and Tom Shaughnessy is no Greek. (Laughter) He is perceptibly Irish. He made out somehow to see the world. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir William Van Horne, our big English railroad presidents. Now Charles Melville Hayes was the general manager, the builder of the Canadian Pacific. We expelled Sir William Van Horne, Charles Mellville Hayes and Canada pays us back when she pays back James J. Hill, who has gone through life with one good eye, and has seen more with his one good Welsbach than most of us have with two

Now I know of nothing in the world more beautiful than a pay envelope. Thomas Jefferson said, "That country is governed best that is governed least." A railroad man said, "When I hire a hundred negroes I get one singing negro." And when we hire a hundred, we get one foreman, but out of a thousand men you will pick one man who is able to lead the rest. The real leader perhaps is one man out of a million, and Henry Ford is one such man. I would say that James J. Hill is another; I would say that Elbert H. Gary, President of the United States Steel Corporation is another, a man who does not lose his temper, a man who gets men to go; he is a fisher for men. The greatest hunt is a man hunt. Gary has fifty men is his employ that make upwards of fifty, a hundred and two hundred thousand dollars a year. They make this money on a salary and a bonus. And you will never get the best out of a man in life until you take him into partnership

I am nearly through. I called on James J. Hill, and I want to tell you this; I called at seven-thirty in the morning, and was directed to go two squares north, two east, up one flight, push in the door, and there I was; and there he was, writing a telegram, the

first man on the job. He looked at me with that one good mazda and says, " I know you, you are the man that writes the Little Journeys." I said, " Discovered, Watson," and he said, " You love art." I said, " I dote on it." He pressed a button, in jumped a boy, a tall, fair-headed Swede. He said to him, " This is a man who loves pictures; take him up and show them to him." Then he put three fingers under my elbow, and in half a second I was out of the door and that closed the very pleasant interview. (Laughter and Applause) Is n't he a wonderful man? You know that is the use of the social inclined plane. (Laughter) Get rid of the man who has no business calling on you. When a man comes to you for a loan, he may have no business, but turn him down and make him feel sorry for you, because he goes away and borrows money and puts it in your bank to help you. (Laughter and applause) That is the fine art of friendship. And so when I saw that beautiful art gallery of James J. Hill's, it came to me that those pictures have a use that the public does n't fully appreciate. (Laughter and applause) But I saw the pictures and I met Mrs. James J. Hill, a grand, motherly woman, with children clinging all around, and she said to me, " That man is always sending people up here to see pictures." We saw the pictures and we gravitated down into the kitchen, and there I saw a table where two people had just eaten their breakfast. And she said to me, " You know I didn't have a chance to clean up the table; Mr. Hill and I have our breakfast together, we are up long before the servants, and I get his breakfast just as I did forty years ago. You know he retired from business twelve years ago." (Laughter) Without a business! (Laughter) So she says, " We always eat breakfast together, he says my cooking is better than that of anybody else. I like to hear him say it, anyway." And you know my mind went back to a time when that woman was a waiter girl at the Garcia hotel, and James J. Hill was station agent at $42.50 a month, and he sat with forty boarders, and Jim says, " Boys, it

is getting towards Christmas time; should n't we take up a collection for this girl?

The Boys say, " Sure, take up the collection." And he says, " Will you put on this plate the same amount of money that I do? and the boys say, " Sure. " And Jim took out of his pocket a twenty dollar gold piece, spun it on the plate, and the boys fell out of their chairs backwards. The boys thought it was going to be what our Baptist friends call a silver collection. (Laughter and applause) And one of the boys says, " Lend me half of that, Jim; I have only got ten dollars," and Jim says, " Don't get so nervy, put it on the plate and I will loan you ten and take your note." Everybody that did n't have twenty dollars Jim loaned them the difference, and the girl stood there looking out of the window modestly and demurely, and they went out and left the girl and left the money, and the next day Jim and the girl were married. (Laughter and prolonged applause) Oh! he is Scotch all right. Knew some banking, eh? Well, I guess. They were married and they lived happily ever afterward.

You know, I went on up to Winnipeg and I came back in three days and met Mr. Hill at the Elks Club at 11:45 at night, with all that implies—at 11:45 you call everybody by his first name; I called him Yim and he called me Fra. And one of the boys there said, " Yim, press the button; you will never miss it, loosen up, you are one of the richest men in the country, Yim." And Yim pressed the button. Mr. Hill reached over and somewhat disgustedly pressed the button, and says, " Fra, why did that man say that I am one of the richest men in the world? " He says " I am worth five hundred million dollars; that fellow does n't know that I owe more money than all the men in St. Paul." And then Mr. Hill said, " Fra, do you know that every good man is busted now-a-days? " I said, " Sure." (Laughter and applause) Then I knew that there was something in common between us. Now he says, " You know this, that the American business

man is an investor, he is a borrower, he is always reaching out, and one investment calls for another; you have got to protect your investments. There is no such thing as liquidation, we are all in this business, we can't get out. Do you know what the reward of good work is?" (You have seen it, I had it in *The Philistine*.) "Well," I said, "What is the reward for good work?" He said, "More work and harder work." There is no such thing as ease or rest, and you work that you may rest, you get tired that you may rest, and the man who never works is always tired —tired of himself. I met such a man over in England a few years ago. We were both getting a square meal for nothing at a dinner, and we were taking great joy in our "work." We got in a little argument about Socialism, and we argued pro and con—mostly con—because we were both Mexican athletes. He was bragging about England and I was saying a few things nice about America. The Englishman says, "But you Americans, you know you have no leisure class." I said, "Yes, we have, we call them hoboes," and he smiled, and I smiled, only I knew what I was smiling at. (Laughter) And he says, "Most, amusing, what is a hobo?" And I said, "You are one."(Laughter) Only I said it to myself. (Laughter) The point was too subtle for him. I knew him. I don't cast my pearls before the Durocs. But it came to me that he was a hobo, a well-dressed, educated hobo, who lives off the labor of other people, of the labor of men who are dead. No choice between him and Schedule K. I believe that the man who works, the man who gets a job and holds it down, a man who is getting ahead for a better job, because after every piece of good work well done, you will always hear a voice that says, "Arise, get thee hence, this is not thy rest."

We make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before. (Laughter) We are getting together. We are standing by each other; we believe in each other; we tell the truth. Now, for the first time in history, businessmen tell the truth. We tell the truth

for the best possible reason—because it pays, and we know that the doctors, lawyers and preachers will also tell the truth. (Laughter) Business is human service; economics is the science of consumption, and transportation is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. We believe in the hands that work and the brains that win. I give you Robert Louis Stevenson's saying, said Robert;

" Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor. "

(Prolonged applause)

Hubbard, the Ad Writer

DEFYING all rules, ignoring precedent, refusing to be cribbed, cabined or confined, Elbert Hubbard splashed colorful messages in orange and black on the advertising pages of the *Fra* and *Philistine,* booklet, brochure and bill board.

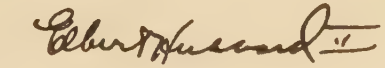
His ads mark an epoch in advertising in America—the breathing upon the dead bones of publicity.

Hubbard's ads were different. They had the actinic ray. They were alive, virile, forceful and interesting. And they pulled!

Elbert Hubbard pushed the publicity pencil to a purpose. His advertising literature made him friends. It shoveled millions of dollars into the coffers of his clients.

And Elbert Hubbard's ads also made him enemies. "No crime is so great to the envious as that of daring to excel,"—and as an ad-writer Elbert Hubbard had no peer.

In the following pages of this volume of *Selected Writings* we reprint a few of Elbert Hubbard's advertisements which show his versatility



CONCERNING COPY

UR word " advertise " traces to the Latin *adverto,* meaning " turn to." Hence, advertising may be defined as that science which is designed to make folks " turn to " and give heed to your sales story. ¶ Advertising is telling people who you are, and what you have to offer in way of commodity or service. It is publicity on paper, or, if you prefer to call it printed salesmanship, you will bing the bull's eye.

There is considerable difference of opinion about advertising " copy," but it seems to be generally agreed that the best copy is that which sells the goods. For this is the purpose of most advertising copy—this and building up a bulwark of good-will. Good-will is a very tangible asset. The man who disputes this dictum is qualifying for the down-and-out club. Also, he is in partnership with Ananias, who is said to have been the first ad-man. There is no hope in him.

We live in a busy age. Most people are too busy to read many ads. Every advertisement should yield certain definite information. It should tell what and why, and above all, where. Also, it should sometimes tell how and who.

If possible, it should be illustrated. An illustration goes far to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Advertising will sell good goods at an astonishing rate. It will even sell poor goods—for a little while.

The best advertisement conveys its message in straight, plain language that any one can comprehend. In the main, it should be serious, but an excess of seriousness may have a bad effect. A little humor now and then, provided it be timely, and not stretched to the breaking-point, will serve to break the ice, and put the reader in a receptive mood.

Most people put themselves on the defensive the minute they

begin reading an advertisement. Hence it is the better part of wisdom to write just as you would talk; and above all, avoid the use of meaningless superlatives. A superlative is nearly always discounted thirty-three and a third per cent, anyway. Exaggeration is the rock on which many a fair business brig comes to untimely disaster.

In the last analysis, advertising, like most everything else, is what you make it. To some it is a " game," to others a science. It can never be an *exact* science until the time comes when we can chart human nature. To me, advertising is an art, and like art, it is a " way "—the reasonable, the convenient way.

Now, as to media—but that should form the subject of my next talk

Auf wiedersehen!

WHERE GUSH THE GEYSERS

THERE is just one objection to Yellowstone Park and that is, it exhausts your supply of adjectives.

¶ Usually we describe things by saying they are like this or they remind you of that.

But the Yellowstone Park reminds you of things you have seen and experienced in dim eons past and ages gone. You look upon the gushing geysers, the towering crystal peaks, the dashing streams, the limpid lakes, the mountains lifting themselves to the skies, cold, solemn and imperturbable, and your eyes turn at last to the eternal blue overhead, and you are hushed, awed, subdued, and the Sense of Sublimity holds you fast. Tears come as a great relief.

No one can ever describe Yellowstone Park, because what you see and feel there is beyond compare, and therefore beyond

speech. The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth, the flesh, the chin stand for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something we call " expression." This Something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of the Summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide-and-seek over the bosom of a placid lake. You feel there as did Leonardo when he tried to portray the face of his lady-love. To do so would have been to picture his own fleeting, changing, moving mood.

You see Niagara Falls and you go away and talk about it; you see Yellowstone Park and you go away and think about it. It is an Experience, and never again are you quite the same person. You have been close to Infinity.

Robert Browning tells us of Lazarus, who, having come back from the confines of Death, could not speak of what he had seen, because there was nobody he could talk with who had had a similar experience.

The person who has been to Yellowstone Park can only talk about it with those who, too, have seen, known and felt.

But great as is Yellowstone Park, I have found something that almost parallels it. It is a book on Yellowstone Park, wherein artist and writer have collaborated.

This book is called " Where Gush the Geysers," and it is an advertisement for the Oregon Short Line. It tells you how to reach the Yellowstone with ease, and gives you a foretaste of what you will see when you get there. The illustrations are mostly reproductions of paintings.

How much the work cost I dare not guess. Yet I know a little about the art of the illustrator, a little about literature, a lot about printing, and look you, neighbor, I now say that this book, " Where Gush the Geysers," is the finest and most satisfying

piece of commercial literature ever put out in America, Europe, Asia or Africa.

It is the work of Poole Brothers, Chicago.

A beautiful girl in Vaudeville was once asked this question, " What do you find the most difficult thing in your profession? "

¶ And the answer was, " To live up to my lithographs."

I know, I love and I reverence Yellowstone Park. But splendid as is the Park it now has a task set for it—to live up to this beautiful book, " Where Gush the Geysers."

I bound my copy in full Levant. A man came along and offered me twenty-five dollars for it, and I 've held him off until I find whether I can get another.

If you want a copy of this superb book, it will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. Address: General Passenger Agent, Oregon Short Line, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO.

EMERSON said, " The first man who made a pair of shoes carpeted the earth with leather."

By making a rubber tire, Doctor B. F. Goodrich paved the roadways with rubber. The B. F. Goodrich Company is the lengthened shadow of Doctor Goodrich.

The man is dead, but his spirit abides, and his soul goes marching on. If, from his reserved seat in the Valhalla Ad Club, he looks down on us now, he must be proud of Akron, for without The B. F. Goodrich Company, there would be no Akron.

Having just spent a half-day at The B. F. Goodrich Company Works, my adjective tank is exhausted. An expurgated chapter of *The Essay on Silence* seems a fitting thing to recite.

The roadways of the world are carpeted with Akron productions.

And in the Goodrich Tire I see the gradual and sure, certain, absolute evolution and revolution of the tire industry.

Any tire that minimizes friction, lessens the danger of wear and tear on your vocabulary, and tends to keep not only your temper but your walletoski intact, is bound, in time, to get the tangible recognition of mankind—granting, of course, that it is properly publicized

The rubber tire made the automobile possible, just as the iron rail made the locomotive a fact. If Doctor Goodrich had invented the rubber tire before Stephenson utilized the steel rail, the railroads would never have been built.

Possibly yet the streak of rust and the right of way will live only in history, passing into the realm of things that were, like the high-wheel bicycle, the beaver, the wild pigeon, the buffalo, the dodo and side whiskers.

Transportation is the second most important thing in the world; and he who lubricates transportation is a world-builder, a benefactor of his kind, and will live in the hearts of humanity.

The rubber tire traces a pedigree to the rubber hose, and the rubber hose, reinforced with cotton, traces to the brain of Doctor B. F. Goodrich.

Great was Doctor Goodrich. Great, passing great, is the institution that he founded. Every one of this vast Goodrich Family should be proud that he is connected with an institution so widely beneficent. The B. F. Goodrich Company lessens the jars of life, minimizes its bumps, speeds us on our way, and supplies a meal-ticket to one hundred thousand people. Such is modern organization

Adios, Doctor Goodrich, my Stetson 's in my hand.

Elbert Hubbard wrote the following interesting notes on this ad: On the evening of January Eighth, I attended a banquet of the Ad-Craft Club of Akron, Ohio. Akron is the " Rubber City "—

a beautiful, growing, prosperous, progressive town possessed of one spirit, and that the right spirit. As I sat munching, trying to hang on to a few Rameses fairy-tales, a fellow came up to the table and leaning over, said, " Do you write ads? " " Sure! " I said. " Well," he answered, " There is a man back here who says that all of your ads are written by ex-convicts. In fact, he says you run a publicity sweat-shop, making use of the services of boys in knee-breeches and girls under age. If you can really write an advertisement, just dash me off one now. I am looking at you! " And so, as he and the bunch looked on, I dictated to Percy an ad, and Percy hit up the Remington right there before them. And here is the ad. It was passed around the merry banquet-hall, criticized, jumped on, but in the main O. K.'d. In any event, the Goodrich people liked it so well they gave me an order for an insertion of the Good Stuff in *The Fra.* And here, today, comes an order from them for two hundred fifty thousand reprints to be used as circulars. How do you like the ad? Also, do you want one covering your own products, for *The Fra* or *The Philistine!* Did I hear you murmur " Yes? "

THE GREAT "WHITE" WAY

THREE hundred twelve years before Christ, Appius Claudius began the making of the Appian Way. When this European War is over and you go Abroad with your White Car, you may have the pleasure of motoring over parts of the original Roadbed of the Appian Way.

It was a Roadway eighteen feet wide, extending south from Rome to Capua—and thence on and on to Brundisium; parts of it are still in daily use.

The Appian Way was the symbol of abundance. It made the Oil

and Wine accessible. It became the Milky Way of Roman Commerce. It was a Great White Way of Prosperity.

The Romans, two hundred fifty years later, while occupying Britain, constructed Watling Way, leading from Dover to York, and the great North Road from London to Edinburgh; and of this road, too, portions still remain.

Caesar's Legions, by establishing that broad stretch of Roadway, endowed the Britons with one of the primary principles of Civilization. Also, it may have suggested to them that thoroughness is a quality that commends itself to all men.

Undoubtedly the American more than the Roman or the Briton will live in History as a Roadmaker; at least he deserves to. In the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen we have ten thousand Appian Ways and as many Watling Ways here on this continent; ribbons of brick and stone and macadam stretching from County Seat to County Seat; from State to State. All of which effect for good the lives of one hundred million people.

These WAYS are memorials to great builders. They show Vision, and Courage, and Stick-to-it-iveness. They bespeak an intelligent desire to " get there! " They animate the spirit of the times —" Forward! March! "

The evolution of Roadways depends upon modes of transportation. The modern automobile has been the greatest factor in scientific highway construction. Perfection in the one has brought perfection in the other.

And of all the Automobiles that have inspired road-builders to " make a road worthy of the car," the WHITE CAR—with its staying qualities, its wearing qualities, with its long life and its super-ability to render a service—is supreme. Hence we call a particularly fine bit of road a " WHITE WAY."

The WHITE " WAY " is the beautiful way, the efficient, economical, safe—the thoroughgoing Way. The White Automobile is more than a Car—it is a Masterful " WAY."—It is a " Way "

that endures. The thoughtful man travels in The WHITE CAR because the WHITE "WAY" leads to satisfaction—to Health, to Happiness, and to a broader appreciation of all things.

I Carry The White Man's Burden

I AM the tireless servant of man. ¶ To the intelligent merchant or manufacturer—the man who prizes economy, efficiency, sanity, sanitation and safety—I am a necessity. No animal that lives has strength and endurance such as I possess

Congested highways cried aloud for me, that the channels of commerce might be cleared, delays to distribution destroyed—and the quicker enjoyment of life's luxuries might be yours. ¶ Then Inventive Genii waved a wand, and I CAME!

I—WHO am more powerful than fifty horses—swifter than flesh and blood—tireless and sleepless;

I—who eat little and drink seldom—who feel not the lash of the driver and fear neither heat nor cold;

I—who ask no mercy—expect no kindness—to whom day and night are as one;—born full grown and full strength, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove, full armed;

I—whom age does not weaken nor illness harm.

I—lengthen the reach of the merchant's arms a thousandfold, and daily help him win the battles of life;—bring from the fields and marts of plenty the overplus that feeds the rest of the world;—to the factories the food from the field—to the stores the cloth from the looms—from the press the news of the world;—to your home what you wear, eat or drink—the music you play, the books you read;

—to the trains the passengers who ride and the goods whose shipment is the commercial life of a community;
—to you the wealth that comes from bridging space come I, compressing time, saving money, eliminating uncertainty.
Various imitators have I, but no competitors.
The brains of a thousand inventors have seethed, dreamed, contrived, thought, so as to bring me up to my present form.
I render useless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals;
I represent a maximum of carrying power with a minimum of cost—
I symbol safety, surety, sanity, sanitation;
I carry the White Man's Burden!
I AM THE WHITE TRUCK

KEEP YOUR CAR

Advertisement No. 1

I HAVE a saddle-mare that is nineteen years old. I have ridden her almost daily for fifteen years. This animal is not for sale, nor do I care to trade her off for a younger horse.
I have a watch that I have carried across seas and over continents, on mountain peaks and down into mines, for over twenty-eight years. When I lecture, it lies patiently on the table, where I can see its restless hands and open, honest face.
I have a violin made by Joseph Guarnerius in Seventeen Hundred Ten. The thought that it was made by a pupil of Stradivarius—Stradivarius, who made violins to the glory of God—means much to me
I do not care to exchange this violin. It serves and it satisfies.
I have an automobile that I bought six years ago.

Conservative in outline, perfect in mechanism—it has been run almost every day, eight months in the year.

It has never flirted with a street-car, argued with a telegraph-pole, disputed the right of way with another, nor shown a fondness for the ditch.

And because it never was freakish in outline, it will always be in style. We call this automobile " Old Betsy."

Last year I was offered a glittering machine in trade—the newest creation of a factory whose principal business was to create new creations so often that none of their customers could remain in style—or the style as outlined by that factory—and keep their car over six months.

But instead of trading, I sent " Betsy " to the sanitarium, where she was overhauled and painted.

On her return my two little grandchildren raised the joyful cry, " Betsy is home—Our Betsy is home! " For no new car would ever replace, in the future, in their affections a car that had done so much for their happiness in the past.

And so when I read the glorious slogan of The White Company that has made literature of their advertising campaign this season—" Keep Your Car," there was an extra circulation of red corpuscles in my veins, for here was at once the solution of what is the matter with the automobile-manufacturer, the automobile-dealer and the automobile-owner today.

" Keep Your Car! "

You would do so if you knew what these three words really mean.

¶ It means first, careful buying—a clinging to conservatism, propriety in outline, in your selection, because you are going to buy for keeps and not for trades.

It means a great load off your mind to think that not next year nor the year after that, nor for half a dozen years to come do you have to worry about a trade, for if the car you buy this year is right, that car will be right then.

But in a broader sense, it means still more. It means that the automobile-dealers—those men who have made the world marvel at the growth of the American automobile industry—will make money from the sale of new machines and will not have to take their place as merchants on the level with dealers in second-hand furniture or secondhand articles of any kind.

What matters it if only one manufacturer in America today is broad enough—big enough and confident enough in the perfection of their manufactured article to advise " Keep Your Car! "

¶ Other manufacturers will follow—shall follow—must follow!

Keep Your Car! Buy a good one and keep her. She is worth more to you than to any one else. Treat her well and do not trade her off to satisfy a spasm of vanity.

Keep Your Car!

The old aristocratic family used to buy a family carriage, and it lasted a lifetime. Then it was passed on in the will to a new generation ❧ ❧

The modern, completely equipped automobile approximates the perfect ❧ ❧

That you should want to have a new car every year is silly and absurd ❧ ❧

It tokens the Newly-Rich—the Bounder who may be poor tomorrow ❧ ❧

Keep Your Car!

When you do, it does not suffer that thousand-dollar slump.

When the auto was being evolved, and every year meant marked improvements, " there was a reason."

Don't buy a car that was built for trading purposes.

There are various makes of good cars. Select the car that is built to keep, not to trade—your ideal of what a car should be, and buy it. Then treat it well.

Automobile extravagance does not consist in owning a machine. It lies in the bughouse idea that you have to have a new one

every year. If your chauffeur gives you an especially good run, hand him a V, and say: " Good boy, Charlie! Some machine, eh! "

¶ Once in a while at the garage, hand a crisp, green one-dollar bill to the chap who gives her " treatment." Not that the man needs the money but you owe it to yourself to let him know you are a gentleman, and not a gent.

Show the cop at the crossing that you are no piker.

Loosen up, and be a big, kindly, generous human being. The world is short on this kind.

Instead of throwing good money away on "swaps," keep your car and pass out a little love and small change as you journey. Then note how much better you feel; and others will feel just as good as you do.

Keep everything that serves. Don't be a jing-bing—get credit for the past, and the present, then the future is mortgaged to you—A bas the bounder! Love is the great lubricant. Keep your temper. Keep your friends. Keep your health. And lastly—

My hat is off to the automobile-maker whose work and worth enable him to popularize the three greatest words ever used in automobile advertising: KEEP YOUR CAR!

KEEP YOUR CAR

Advertisement No. 2

SOME advertisements are overlooked. Most advertisements are merely scanned. A few advertisements are read. Occasionally there is an advertisement that is re-read.

" I 'll praise your book, but damn me if I 'll read it," said Doctor Johnson to the aspiring and perspiring poet.

But even to have a book read, is not enough.

No author has achieved, until people read his book to other

people, and buy copies to give away. ¶ Literature is a point of contact between minds. I produce both literature and advertisements—and admit it.

In *The Fra* Magazine for May appeared a double-page advertisement of The White Company entitled, " KEEP YOUR CAR." ¶ This advertisement attracted more attention than anything in the text, which is no reflection on the text.

It also attracted more attention than any other advertisement ever printed in this Magazine. The White Company paid for the ad, but their competitors distributed it.

Hundreds of people have written us, ordering extra copies of *The Fra,* because they wanted others to see the " KEEP YOUR CAR " advertisement.

Wives have shown that advertisement to husbands; husbands to wives; employers to employees; brothers to brothers; neighbors to neighbors—friends to friends.

It struck a responsive chord in the great welling common heart of the bronzed boys who sit at the wheel, as well as those good people who ride in the tonneau.

We had fallen victims to the swapping proclivity, and foolish fashion had us in a grapevine twist.

Pride and prosperity had set up a job on prudence, and extravagance umpired the game.

Today, all automobiles made are good ones. But, perhaps, as they used to say in Kentucky, some are better than others.

And they ought to be, since they cost more.

The slogan, " KEEP YOUR CAR! " inaugurated by The White Company has gone ringing and singing round the world, swelling into a resounding chorus.

Originally written with the " WHITE " in mind, the cry has been taken up by manufacturers, dealers and owners, and the words have become a shibboleth—legal tender in the coin of commonsense. The White Car has qualities which make it,

peculiarly, the car of the patrician—no peon owns one, and the proletariat is not interested.

Yes, even in America there is an aristocracy, an aristocracy of manhood, and a royal line of intellect and enterprise.

The car you drive should mirror your character. Any family that has a White Car is proud of it. It does not belong to the men folks alone—it is a car in which ladies take a pardonable pride. It is a family inheritance, and is everywhere so regarded.

Beautiful in outline, artistic in design, strong, serviceable, satisfying, it appeals not only to the eye but to the judgment. It tokens taste. The " White " has survival value.

And yet while " KEEP YOUR CAR " applies essentially to the " WHITE," the words also make their appeal to manufacturers, salesmen, owners and drivers of all other good cars.

Hence, the response to that *Fra* advertisement, which one dealer —and not a White agent, either—writes us was " the biggest, best, most sensible and far-reaching advertisement ever written."

¶ And now, in order to meet the demand for that ad, which was more than an ad, The Roycrofters have reset the Good Stuff in poster form and pulled a few rubricated proofs on Japan Vellum.

¶ This poster is a masterpiece of the printer's art.

It is a set-up which all loyal sons of Caxton, and loving disciples of Gutenberg, will prize and appreciate.

And here is the gist, the crux, the nugget, and the medulla oblongata of this whole screed:

The WHITE CAR is the lasting car. It is supreme in strength, style, luxury, comfort, safety and economy.

It is not a cheap car—it was not meant to be.

But every dollar you invest in a WHITE brings back a generous dividend, in the pleasure that comes from owning an Automobile that goes and keeps on going—a Good Car when you purchase it—a Good Car for years afterward.

Whatever Road you travel in a White Car is a " White Way "—

a Road of ease and comfort, of smooth, satisfying swiftness—and of superb scenery—of freedom from worries large and small. The White Car is for the person who can take pride in a Perfect Piece of Mechanism—not for the one who is primarily interested in PRICE.—The Price of The White Car is what it is worth!

¶ I remind you that William Morris said, "Art is not a thing—it 's a Way."

You should know more about the White Car.

SAFETY AND SANITY

Or the Has-Been and the Never-Was

TWO Irishmen were seated on a pile of bricks, eating their dinner

McGinty, the foreman, walked by.

Now, it seems that McGinty had occasion to call these two particular men down, a few hours before, and they are a bit grouchy.

" There goes McGinty! " says Mike.

" He is n't the man he was once," says Pat with a deprecating sigh, a wave of the hand and a mouth full of pie.

" Indeed, he is n't the man he was once—and begorrah, what 's worse, he never was!" answered Mike.

The man with no Life-Insurance probably is n't the man he was once—and there is a suspicion that he never was.

¶ A good time to get Life-Insurance is when you can. Many a good man " goes past"—we all do, in time. Some never were.

To use the word " beneficiary " as applied to the person to whom the policy is payable, as if all the benefits were his, is a lapse of logic and linguistics.

The value of Life-Insurance is just as much to the insured as to the insuree. Both are beneficiaries. The consciousness that you

are an insurable quantity makes you carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. The man with a hundred thousand or so on his life is a bigger, better, stronger, safer and more competent man than one who ambles through life with a dark cloud of doubt over him as to what would become of wife and kiddies should the benzine-buggy catch him on the curve.

In very truth, you are enough bigger to earn and pay the premiums on your policies. If this is not so, then set me down as a soused gurnet, a has-been and a never-was.

Among other good things, Life-Insurance insures you against your own indiscretion when the fit is on to go after a financial wildcat, which, as Lincoln said, may be only a louse on your eyebrow. But do you think it fair or reasonable to suppose that your loved ones, after you have gone hence, will prove themselves better able to manage money wisely and well than you are now?

¶ You insure yourself, through insurance, against your own indiscretion, but how about your loved ones when you are no longer here to give them counsel?

Life-Insurance is based on the elimination of chance by large numbers through the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average is gained in but one way and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics not only as to the life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums.

¶ A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is, five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. And anyway, if you have never made a financial fool of yourself, you are not in my class.

Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class, who know just how to double it in a month.

Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death the remainder is to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments as she may devise.

Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way. We would like to tell you more about this plan—whether you want insurance or not—because we feel that the public should know about this great modern betterment.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

"THE ART OF AD"

ABOUT thirty years ago, there began to appear in the columns of the Wire-Grass Weeklies a new style of Advertising. ¶ It started in as a news-item and ended as an appeal for Bush-whacker's Bitters.

It was a cheap and seductive literary illusion—a sort of bucolic practical joke, nettling and disappointing to the reader.

It had one virtue: It was interesting—until you discovered that you were being treated like a troglodyte.

The fact that this sort of advertising has gone out of fashion is pretty good proof that it was not profitable.

It was like that peculiar form of Holiday Card, designed in imitation of a New York Draft, making payable to you on demand, " One Thousand Blessings."

Only the crossroads humorist would use a thing like that as a token of friendship. It excites a person's hope, curiosity, credulity, and then reaps his resentment. It is like filling Christmas Stockings with sawdust.

It is a mistake to raise false hopes—'ware of the reaction.

But now comes a new style of advertisement, founded on the old idea of luring the reader on, but without its disappointing features

I write advertisements for rest and recreation. But I only write about the things I know have merit plus.

If your heart is in a theme, when you write about it, the product is easy to read, instructive and amusing. These publicity articles, I frankly head, " An Advertisement."

Thus at the start, I disarm disappointments and make peace with prejudice. Some of these advertisements are readable. A few are read from the first word to the last, and some of them impress good people and great, with the truth, beauty and desirability of the thing advertised.

"No sane man could read your advertisements for 'The Equitable Life' without wishing he had a half-million dollars on his life," thus wrote to me a certain eminent Railroad President.

And here is something a good woman said: " I could love any man with a million dollars' life-insurance, because only a decent, brave, healthy and manly man could secure such an honor."

¶ The woman who made this remark had been reading *The Fra* and had gotten a brand-new view of life and life-insurance.

¶ She could not now imagine a man with a nice big policy on his life, who kept bad hours, had a bad breath, used bad language, fell into downhearted moods, or lost his buoyant smile of faith that life, love and work are good.

The chief value of life-insurance seems to be that it gives the man insured an increased capacity for meeting the natural and inevitable trials, difficulties and obstacles of life.
We fight the cussedness of inanimate things, the stupidity and inappreciation of the public—also, we fight our own limitations. But to meet these things with faith and fortitude and know in advance that you are victor—this is to live.
That is the big thing at last—to live!
And all that which helps us to live is good.
The man who lives rightly will die gracefully when his time comes.
¶ And he 'll not die a hundred deaths before.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

THE ROYCROFT TRADEMARK

THIS is the Roycroft Trademark. Any one who uses it will have his maternal pedigree lambasted in the *Philistine,* even unto the third generation. I got this trademark out of a book printed at Venice in the year 1472. Since then I have found the device was used by the makers of manuscript books as far back as the year 1300, and where the merry monks who used it then got it, I do not know. I am often asked what it means: I do not know what it means, and if I ever find out I 'll change it to something else.
But Marcus Quinn, Music Doctor, (Auditorium Annex) of Chicago, who boasts of a lineage running back to a Roman Emperor and an Irish Queen, and who knows everything, tells me that the circle stands for eternity; the upright device means progenity; the bar across the circle symbols prohibition; and the double cross is a Dagonic device, the meaning of which Quinn is not at liberty to divulge.

I first used this trade mark in June, 1895, and continued to use it peacefully and without protest until 1898, when the Bum Biscuit Balavorax Company adopted it, and bereft it of all sanctity by pasting it on any Antique Thing. More than that, a pudgy, peascodical, pestiferous, pettifogger who called himself the Attorney for the Bum Biscuit Aggregation, wrote me a letter demanding that I cease using their trade mark on serious penalty. I wrote back, " Uneeda punch in the mazzard, and so do your clients." Later the virtuous Biscuit lawyer really brought suit against a firm in the Michigan Celery District who were using a conventionalized copy of this trademark. I was summoned by the Celery man as a witness, but so far the case has not come to trial

The Development of the Dictionary

THE Year Seventeen Hundred Fifty-five stands out boldly in literary history. In that year, Samuel Johnson published his famous Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes, then and there laying the foundation of all subsequent compilations

The work of the great lexicographer was published without the complimentary dedication which the Earl of Chesterfield had confidently and fondly expected would add luster to his name. However, as Macaulay puts it, Johnson " repelled the tardy advances of his patron," with a retort courteous of such " singular energy and dignity of thought and language," that it stands today as a model of epistolary diction of the high style.

Chesterfield was properly rebuked, and his eleventh-hour enthusiasm cooled off in the refrigerator.

Johnson's Dictionary at once became standard, and though now

long since superseded by completer and more authoritative works, is still quoted occasionally. It had but one serious imperfection: Johnson was a " wretched etymologist."

The definitions, to cite Macaulay once more, are so apt and so pertinent, and his quotations from English authors so admirably well chosen, that " a leisure-hour may always be very agreeably spent in turning over the pages "—provided you are fortunate enough to come upon a copy. The truth is, Johnson translated his own vigorous personality into the pages of his dictionary. Even in the preparation of so solid and massive a work as a dictionary, Johnson could not shake himself wholly free from the prejudices which had from early youth marked him as a person of violent and eccentric temperament.

Many of the very definitions themselves bear eloquent testimony to his pronounced likes and dislikes. To cite the classic example, Johnson defined " oats " as a food used alike by horses and Scotchmen. His violent Tory propensities likewise crop out here and there throughout the book, particularly in his definitions of " excise," " lord privy seal," " pension " and " pensioner."

The Dictionary Habit is one to cultivate assiduously, for it is quite as important as the Prophylactic Habit.

There is something to the dictionary besides orthography and preferred pronunciations. When you look up a word, get not only these fundamental facts, but if possible, tackle the etymology of the word. See whether it comes down to us from the Latin or the Greek, the Romance or the Teutonic, the Saxon or the Slavonic. Word-study is a most profitable form of entertainment, leading by easy degrees to the acquiring of a wide and elastic vocabulary.

¶ Read also the excerpts quoted in connection with a word, to show its proper usage. These are an index to English authors and books. Look down the list of different meanings of a word, then glance at some other word on the same page. Ten minutes daily with the dictionary will make you an authority on words

and their use. And not only that, but you glean interesting and rememberable historical, literary and biographical facts, bits of useful knowledge on a thousand and one different topics.

Just ask Grenville Kleiser what he thinks about the study of words in its matter-of-fact relation to a job!

The Dictionary is a reference-work primarily, of course—not a thing to be committed by rote. Yet we read of the boy in the cheap circus sideshow, who was bawled out by the barker as a marvel of precocity. The lad's daily stunt was to recite offhand the definition of any word in the dictionary (a bulky dictionary being handed to the nearest spectator, as an earnest of good faith) ❧ ❧

The spectator took the book, turned to any page, pronounced a word, and the boy gave the correct definition.

The book contained hundreds of copies of the same page, and the *enfant terrible* simply got one page of definitions by heart, and was prepared to meet all comers and galvanize the gullible.

¶ And now we have the *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language.* Samuel Johnson never heard of the *New Standard Dictionary,* but we rather believe he would discover it to be a book fashioned quite after his own heart, and would give it a guttural O. K., accompanied by sundry twitchings of his ungainly body and complicated contortions of countenance, all indicative of delight ❧ ❧

This monumental masterpiece contains three thousand pages very nearly, and more than four hundred fifty thousand words and terms, or about as many as are found in *The Philistine.* It has more than fifty plates and full-page illustrations, and many hundreds of smaller pictures.

Four hundred specialists and experts collaborated in the compilation. The work is complete in one goodly volume, printed on India Paper, thin, tough, pliable, and withal opaque. The work is characterized by scholarly commonsense, and a saving leaven of

humor—vide Page 1192, first column, toward the bottom: *Hubbard*—A winter variety of squash. See *Squash. Hubbard Mother*—See *Mother Hubbard.*

The *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language* is a colossal undertaking. It is a court of last resort on everything pertaining to the study of words—a lingual review of reviews—an invaluable compilation, complete and down-to-date in every minutest detail—alike a delight to the eye, a joy to the touch, and a source of unending transport to the inquiring mind.

THAT MOUSETRAP

> If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book, make a better mousetrap than his neighbors, the world will make a pathway to his door though he live in a forest.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson—Nix.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was a great man. We all admit that. But there were a good many things that he might have said and would have said if he had happened to think of them. ¶ That mousetrap crack-out-of-the-box caught a lot of literary mice intent on orphic cheese.

One thing, trivial, of course, and not worth mentioning—and that is why I write it down—is that the mousetrap guff is n't true

No one will make a path to your door nowadays, no matter how good your mousetraps are, unless you advertise them widely and extensively and arrange to have a free lunch at the mousetrap-factory with automobiles to meet all visitors at the railroad-station. ¶ Good mousetrap-factories have concrete walks and luring flowerbeds along the way, where hollyhocks grow lush and lusty

The men who have made the best mousetraps the world has ever

seen have usually languished in garrets or were forgotten in their sylvan dales, the tall uncut, showing not a footprint, surrounding them on every side. ¶ Mousetraps should be widely and wisely publicized, all of which Emerson knows, being wise, as he smiles serenely from his reserved seat in the Valhalla Ad-Club.

'GENE FIELD LETTERS

THE Reformers tell us that this country needs this, that and the other, to save it from dire dissolution.

These things are true, or not, as the case may be, but to my mind the one vital thing needed in America is an increase in the 'Gene Field Letter. We are suffering from epistolary elephantiasis ❧ ❧

Every college should have a 'Gene Field Chair. Very few folks know how to write a letter, what to say or when to stop.

A 'Gene Field Letter always contains an element of joy.

Next, it bears a message of wisdom.

Third, it has a jigger of wit that gives the wisdom flavor.

Fourth, it closes when it is done, and there is no postscript.

¶ A 'Gene Field letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love, truth. The owner clings to it, shows it to friends, preserves it. If you own an original, you 'll not part with it any more than you would sell your mother's portrait.

'Gene Field may not have been a great man, but he had a great heart. He knew the secret of friendship. To live so you will love and be loved is a fine art. Field was a friend.

Now let the world learn at his feet and follow his example.

¶ The age demands it. A long letter robs you of time and thus shortens your life. A vacuous news-letter does the same.

A long letter of counsel and advice tends to make us do that

which we ought not. The missive that contains a grain of good hidden in six bushels of wordy chaff tries eyesight and temper, turning the milk of human kindness to bonny-clabber.

Sensible people do not go around putting everything straight. Things will not stay put, anyway, unless it is in their nature to do so. 'Gene Field never called you down. He always called you up—up out of the mire of selfishness and despondency, up into the sunlight ❧ ❧

On the Rialto, where manuscripts and autographs of the great and proud are sold, 'Gene Field—like Abou Ben Adhem—leads all the rest ❧ ❧

'Gene was not as profound as Emerson, not as learned as Greeley of the *Tribune,* nor as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters today command a price that those of the good men just named do not. When 'Gene wrote a letter he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself he was pleased with 'Gene and everybody. He put you for the moment *en rapport* with the world.

Never write a grouchy letter—telephone. The grouchy word passes, and if you write in the the mood it is fixed, and only the charming should be perpetuated.

A 'Gene Field letter is always brief. It is a lettergram of love. ¶ It is written with the exquisite care that tokens deep respect. 'Gene wrote copperplate, getting the idea from Thackeray, and of all letter-writers, Colonel Newcome alone surpasses our 'Gene Field ❧ ❧

Of all living men no writer's letters are so valuable as those of James Whitcomb Riley. Jim may say foolish things, but he never writes them. Riley's letters are like bunches of violets with the morning dew upon them. Jim caught the idea from 'Gene. ¶ As a relief to pent-up emotions, the writer of a nasty letter has its use and purpose. So, if you must, then write it, fold it up, put it in the envelope, direct it in a bold hand, and mark it

Personal. Next, stamp the envelope, placing the stamp upside down in the left-hand corner of the envelope. Then tear the whole thing into bits and throw them into the wastebasket.

PEACE, POISE AND POWER

THE other day a lady asked me this question: "What is your best book? " And I was going to say, *The Essay on Silence,* but the earnestness expressed in the lady's eyes indicated that persiflage was tabu, and so I answered truthfully, " The best piece of writing I ever produced is a little booklet entitled, *How I Found My Brother.*"

" Where and when did you write it? " continued the lady, who was evidently in search of literary statistics.

I thought a moment, and then the fact came to my mind that I wrote this article one evening after dinner on the de luxe Minnesota Limited, that leaves Chicago at 6.30 p. m., via the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

On board the train on that particular evening was a baseball contingent, headed for Minneapolis. In the Buffet-car, baseball talk abounded, and naturally, my mind went back to the days when I was some twirler. I did not take part in the talk-fest. I just sat back, listened and smiled; they were a fine healthy lot of boys, out after the pennant—and they got it.

But there came swirling into my mind a little cross-section of life, long left behind, and I just reached for my trusty pad and Faber and wrote out that story to the soft, smooth purring of the train

If you are interested in the story, I will gladly mail you a copy gratis, if you care to waste a postcard by sending your name and address

I went over this same route a week ago, and the train is still finer and better equipped, if possible, than it was five years ago. There is a library, or club car, big and generous, with a private compartment for ladies. Here is a brand-new proposition that symbols the growing tendency of the times—especial consideration for women!

Did you hear that, Mr. Asquith?

When you go on the de luxe Minnesota Limited, you are at home.

¶ The porter smiles you a welcome.

The dining-car conductor is your old familiar friend.

When the conductor picks up your tickets, he thanks you, and you notice that he is a well-fed, well-paid, fairly well upholstered individual, on good terms with the world and with himself. And so he is on good terms with everybody. He keys the situation to one of friendliness that makes for peace, poise and power.

The engineers are trained, tried and trusted men who know the temper of the air-brake, and try no rough-house experiments.

¶ So here is a train on which you can sleep, rest at all times, eat little or much, pay for what you get, receive your money's worth, and get no jolt or jar either for your feelings or for your physique.

¶ There may be other roads running from Chicago to Saint Paul and Minneapolis—I really do not know. But as for me, there is only one route, and that is, the Burlington. Here there are no grades and no curves that you are aware of. There is no " song of the rail "—just the gentle hum of the wheels and the sweet lullaby that rests your nerves and makes for peace, poise and power

If I were going through to the Pacific Northwest, I would take the Oriental Limited, leaving Chicago at 10.15 p. m., and then by the Great Northern from Saint Paul.

If you want to go via the Northern Pacific, you take the Northern Pacific Express, which leaves Chicago every day in the year at 9.30 a. m.

Here is a direct route to the Twin Cities—the modern route, the sane, sensible and safe route.

Businesslike, kindly, generous, friendly, everything about the service makes you feel at home!

Perhaps that is how I managed to write the Good Stuff. Writing is a matter of inspiration. You get your inspiration from your environment, but if the environment is not right, the little balance of brain upon which you do business is vapid. When you want peace, and poise, and power, choose the conditions that give the perfect environment.

When you go from Chicago to Saint Paul and Minneapolis, go by the Burlington Route, and then thank me for calling your attention to the route that approximates the perfect, where peace, poise and power prevail, and the passenger is pleased.

SO HERE ENDETH " MODERN BUSINESS," SAME BEING VOLUME EIGHT OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXVIII